April 5, 1969

THE NEW YORKER

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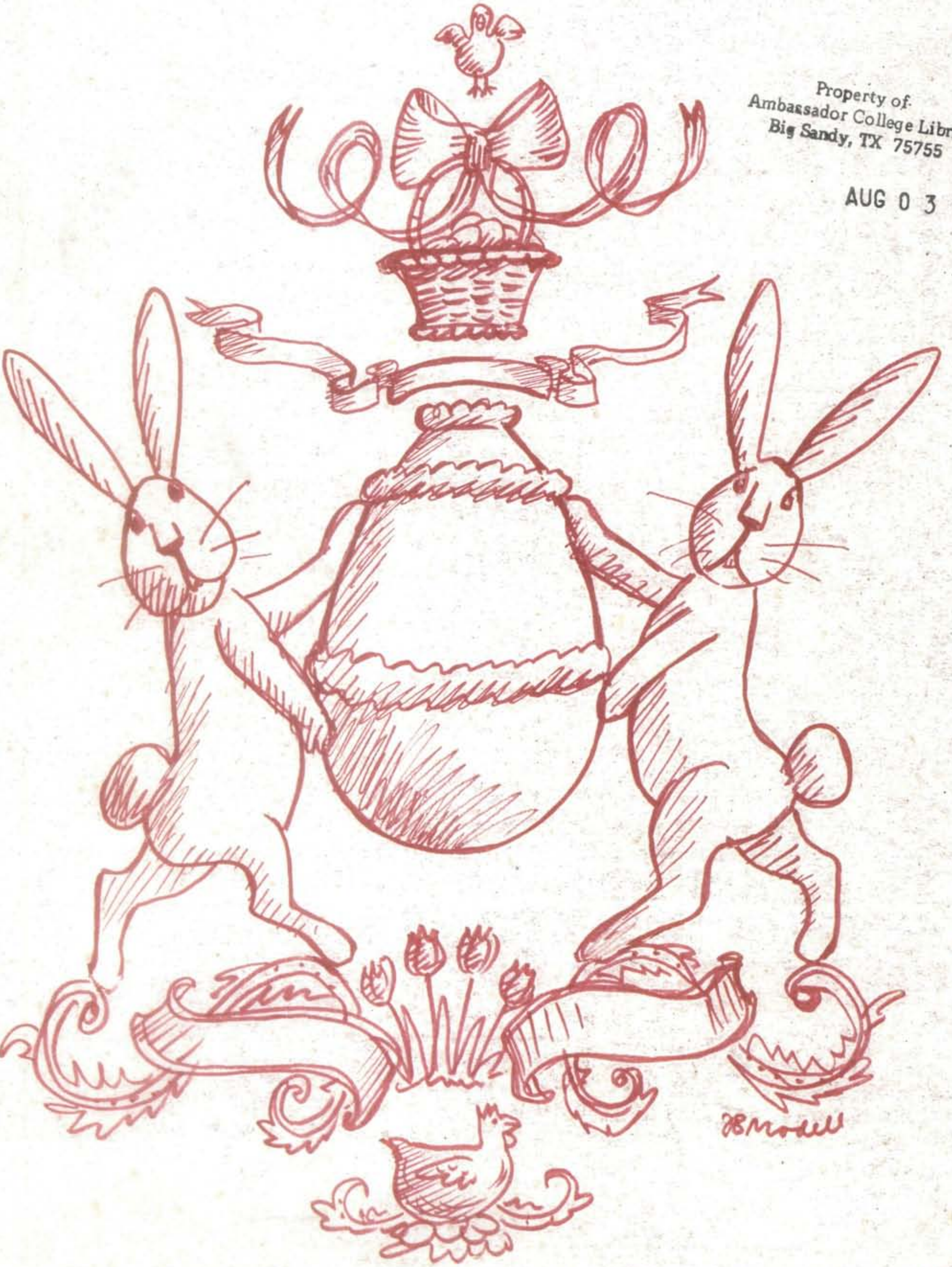

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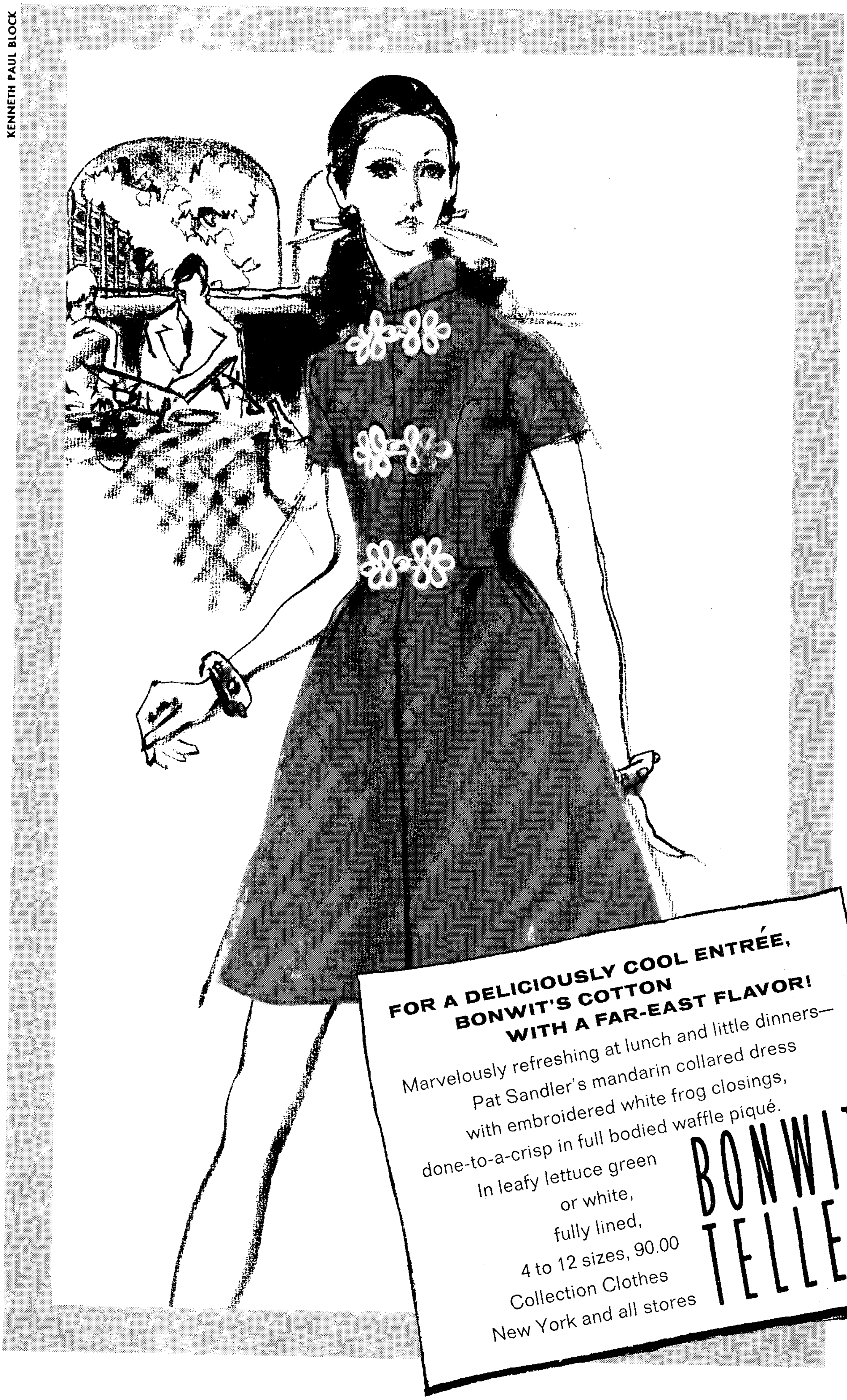

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BONWIT TELLER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Adaptation and Next—Two one-acters (the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May) that together make the funniest evening imaginable. Gabriel Dell and James Coco are the respective stars. Highly recommended. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

APA Repertory Company—Shakespeare's **HAMLET**: Thursday and Friday, April 3-4, at 8:30; Saturday, April 5, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Tuesday, April 8, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Molière's **THE MISANTHROPE**: Wednesday, April 9, at 2 and 8:30; Friday, April 11, at 8:30; and Saturday, April 12, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ Sean O'Casey's **COCK-A-DOODLE DANDY**: Thursday, April 10, at 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877. Closes Saturday, April 26.)

Cop-Out—A comedy by John Guare, with Linda Lavin and Ron Leibman. Melvin Bernhardt is the director. Previews through Sunday, April 6. Opens officially on Monday, April 7, at 7:30. (Cort, 48th St., E. 245-4289. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

An Evening of One Acts—A program composed of "String," by Alice Childress; "Contribution," by Ted Shine; and "Malcochon," by Derek Walcott. The third in this season's series of five offerings by the Negro Ensemble Company. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 20.)

Forty Carats—Adapted by Jay Allen from a French farce, and given a brassy local polish by the director, Abe Burrows, this mindless trifle provides an occasion for Julie Harris, Marco St. John, Murray Hamilton, and a number of other superlative actors to show off their skills. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Geese—A twin bill by Gus Weill. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

God Bless You, Harold Fineberg—A comedy by Maxine Fleischman. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Great White Hope—James Earl Jones turns in a superb performance in this long, noisy, pageant-like play, loosely based on the life of the Negro prizefighter Jack Johnson. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hadrian VII—The bizarre career of a real-life scamp named Baron Corvo provides a juicy role for Alec McCowen, who takes full advantage of it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Invitation to a Beheading—A whimsical and mannered adaptation of an early novel by Vladimir Nabokov. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3.)

Jimmy Shine—A ramshackle comedy by Murray Schisgal about a wistful little loser who keeps on losing. Dustin Hoffman is the whole show. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, April 26.)

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Lime Green/Khaki Blue—Two two-character plays by Ben Piazza. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 477-4410. Thursday and Friday at 8:30, and Saturday at 7 and 10:30. Closes Saturday, April 5.)

Little Murders—A revival of Jules Feiffer's black farce about violence—indoors and out—in New York. Alan Arkin, its new director, has made a hit out of this Broadway flop of a couple of years ago. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Man in the Glass Booth—Robert Shaw has taken the Eichmann case out of history and into melodrama, and it makes for an exciting if preposterous couple of hours. Jack Warden has just replaced Donald Pleasence in the leading role. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Perfect Party—Moses Gunn and Kert Lundell are the best words to be said for this unconvincing melodrama about racial matters. Mr. Gunn is the star, Mr. Lundell designed the setting. (Gate, Second Ave. at 10th St. 982-3255. Thursday at 8:30 and Friday and Saturday at 8 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 6.)

Play It Again, Sam—A comedy by Woody Allen, starring Woody Allen. The play is not up to Mr. Allen's gifts, but it makes a pleasant enough evening, and the many girls in it are young and warm and full of promise. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, April 6.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Heinar Kipphardt's **IN THE MATTER OF J. ROBERT OPPENHEIMER**, a fascinating mock-documentary account, sometimes true and sometimes false, of the famous hearing at which Professor Oppenheimer was denied security clearance. In the able cast are Joseph Wiseman, Herbert Berghof, Tony van Bridge, and Charles

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COVER: *F. B. Modell*

DRAWINGS: *James Stevenson, Donald Reilly, Stan Hunt, William Steig, Dana Fradon, Edward Koren, Bruce Petty, Mischa Richter, Charles E. Martin, Whitney Darrow, Jr., William O'Brian, Lee Lorenz, J. B. Handelsman, Warren Miller, Barney Tobey, F. B. Modell, William Hamilton*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Cioffi. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30: Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, April 20.) . . . ¶ At the Forum (362-7618) in the same building is James Hanley's play **THE INNER JOURNEY**, a drab bore. (Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, April 19.)

Someone's Comin' Hungry—A play by McCrea Imbrie and Neil Selden, directed by Burt Brinckerhoff. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Spitting Image—Colin Spencer's comic fantasy about a pair of male homosexuals who have a baby. Wisely done as a knockabout farce in the Mack Sennett manner by an expert company. With Sam Waterston, Phil Bruns, Walter McGinn, and Barbara Cason. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Stop, You're Killing Me—Three brief, acrid comedies in which the principal speakers get their comeuppance, if not from the other characters, then from the playwright himself. The playwright, James Leo Herlihy, is promising and often funny. He will be even better when he has learned to check his sentimentality and conceal his hand. The performances, by the Theatre Company of Boston, are uniformly satisfactory. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

To Be Young, Gifted and Black—A selection from the letters and diaries and a sprinkling of scenes from the plays of the late Lorraine Hansberry, as recited and performed by a cast of eight. Somehow, the show is not as affecting as it might be, but it has stirring and poignant moments all the same. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**THE BOYS IN THE BAND:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PLAZA SUITE:** Three skits by Neil Simon. Barbara Baxley and Dan Dailey are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **SCUBA DUBA:** Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is about an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

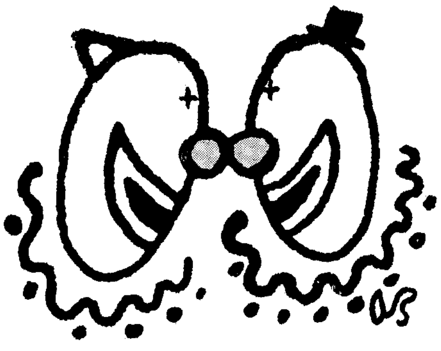
MUSICALS

Canterbury Tales—A falsely jaunty betrayal of the great poet, with silly music and amateurish acting. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Celebration—A musical by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, with four pleasing performers—Susan Watson, Ted Thurston, Keith Charles, and Michael Glenn-Smith—and several very singable songs. The time is out of time, and the place is no place. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Dames at Sea—An entertaining takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, with a delightful performance by Bernadette Peters as a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. 674-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dear World—A big, soft sofa-cushion of a musical, appealing more to the eye than to the ear, and redeemed by the gallant trouping of Angela Lansbury. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)



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An Evening with Max Morath—A one-man show to cheer the heart. Mr. Morath, at the piano and on his feet, reintroduces us to some of the foolish popular songs that prevailed at the turn of this century, and to the intrusion of cheeky, wonderful ragtime. His words may sag a bit occasionally, but his music is always stylish, bracing, and merry. (Jan Hus, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 4.)

Peace—Aristophanes' funny satire on war, brought up to date and turned into a musical, with songs by Al Carmines and words by Tim Reynolds. Mr. Reynolds' words are good enough, but it is Mr. Carmines' score, along with his dynamic presence at the piano, that makes the show the delight it is. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Promises, Promises—Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara may spend the next twenty years in this breezy adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

1776—A childish retelling of a heroic chapter in our history. Little music, no dancing, and two thin girls. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Zorba—An old-fashioned, all-purpose musical, which pretends to be Greek but whose true country is Broadway. With Herschel Bernardi and Maria Karnilova. Book by Joseph Stein, music by John Kander, and lyrics by Fred Ebb. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CABARET:** Germany just before the Nazis took control. Lotte Lenya and George Voskovec are among those in the cast. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3; special matinées Wednesday and Thursday, April 9-10.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** "Christmas won't be Christmas without any presents," grumbled Jo, lying in her teeth. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Harry Goz in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **GEORGE M!:** A sketchy account of a great performer who appears to have been singularly unlikable in private life. With Joel Grey as Cohan. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 27.) . . . **HAIR:** Lots of clatter in lots of clutter, and the sooner your mind gives way the happier you will be. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. Reopens Monday, April 7, after a week's vacation. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MAME:** A musical interpretation of the Patrick Dennis novel about an antic aunt and an orphaned nephew committed to her care. Jane Morgan is the lady in question. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Robert Wright plays the title role; David Holliday substitutes for him at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

Martha Graham and Dance Company—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, April 20—Tuesday, April 8, at 7:30: "The Plain of Prayer," "Canticle for Innocent Comedians" (New York première), and "A Time of Snow." . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 9, at 8: "Phaedra," "Canticle for Innocent Comedians," and "Cortege of Eagles." . . . ¶ Thursday, April 10, at 8: "Part Real—Part Dream," "The Plain of Prayer," and "Cortege of Eagles." . . . ¶ Friday, April 11, at 8: "Dark Meadow," "The Lady of the House of Sleep," and "The Archaic Hours" (première). . . . ¶ Saturday, April 12, at 2:30: "Errand into the Maze," "Phaedra," and "Acrobats of God." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 12, at 8: "Canticle for Innocent Comedians," "The Archaic Hours," and "A Time of Snow." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey, with two hundred performers, three hundred animals, and thirty-three new acts, are calling Madison Square Garden Center home this month. (Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday, April 3, at 2 and 7:30; Friday, April 4, at 2 and 8:30; Saturday, April 5, at 10:30, 3, and 8:30; Sunday, April 6, at 1:30 and 6; Monday through Friday, April 7-11, at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Saturday, April 12, at 10:30, 3, and 8:30. The performances on Saturday and Sunday, April 5-6, and Thursday, April 10, may be cancelled because of basketball and hockey playoffs. Closes Sunday, May 11. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around the menagerie.)

Blue Hill Troupe—Presenting benefit performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Trial by Jury" and "The Pirates of Penzance." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Wednesday through Saturday, April 9-12, at 8:30, and a performance primarily

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Twenty five rings that deserve a hand.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

for children on Saturday, April 12, at 2. For tickets, call RH 4-0652, Mondays through Fridays between 10 and 12 and 6 and 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Coffee and cider are representative of the drinks, and the quarters are cramped, but the entertainment sometimes overshadows the wooden benches. Folk singer Jerry Jeff Walker is on the current bill. Shows begin at nine-thirty. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers.

Café Au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. (777-4530)—Dim, congenial, and frequently a groove. Through Saturday, April 5, the singing and strumming will come from Tim Hardin, who has an ingrained feeling for an honest song. (Performances at eight and eleven-thirty.) On Sunday, April 6, from nine, various country-and-Western people are expected to turn up. Ice cream is served in very large dishes.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some fairly provocative jazz from eleven to one—on piano and bass, with horns sitting in occasionally—as well as dining and drinking in a serene, red-brick setting. No live music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—No strain. It's an easeful spot, currently made even more easeful by singer Anita O'Day and a quintet led by Roy Eldridge and Richie Kamuca. The bandstand is in the middle of the bar, which is in the middle of the room, which is large enough for tables and a dance floor. Some light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—An honest kind of place for traditional listening, where the patrons seem as much at home as the musicians—a group that includes, at one time or another, Freddy Moore, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bobby Pratt, Conrad Janis, and Marshall Brown. They play a confident, hale Dixieland from nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Eighteen-nineties rinky-dink, complete with fire engine, but the banjo band is above average, and has even been known to come up with its own alluvial arrangements of some Top-Forty tunes, for what they're worth. Old movies are shown from time to time. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another ode to the banjo—a small, neighborly place where people can buy straw hats and frilly garters and commune with their ancestors. The three-man band twangs from nine to three or four. The peanuts are free.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's a trip getting to this spectral part of town, and wheels may be needed to get back, but the clientele knows pretty much where it's at. The Pharoah Sanders quintet plays most nights from nine to four. On Tuesday, April 8, a six-piece band led by Cecil Taylor will arrive. On Saturday, April 5, from five to nine, the C-Sharpe Quartet and singer China-Lin will perform before the regular session, and on Sunday, April 6, Sam Rivers' orchestra will do the same. Mondays, from nine to four, are devoted to sundry jazz groups.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—In the rustic upstairs you can drink or dine while listening to the Junior Mance trio and pianist Dave Frishberg. Beginning Tuesday, April 8, the Bill Evans trio will alternate with the solo piano of Toshiko. On Mondays, the regulars are off, and new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Friday and Saturday, April 4-5, Hugh Masekela's quartet will take turns with Herbie Mann's septet. Friday and Saturday, April 11-12, blues singer and guitarist Albert King will share the stage with a quartet led by Larry Coryell, thus presenting the audience with two very different, very capable guitar players.

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Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A subsurface box with a bent for jazz. Thursday through Saturday, April 3-5, the Tony Williams trio will make music, as will the Herbie Hancock sextet. Tuesday through Saturday, April 8-12, the Williams combo will be back again, this time with the Sonny Rollins quartet. On Sundays, from eight to one, Duke Pearson's sixteen-piece band performs. Mondays are reserved for the loud sounds of the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—On a quiet corner in an empty area, where you wouldn't expect to find much of anything. The jazz, swingingly subdued, is on piano and bass; Nat Jones and Herman Wright play Monday through Wednesday, and Lance Hayward and Bill Lee play Thursday through Sunday, from eight-thirty to two. Sawdust is on the floor, and collard greens and black-eyed peas are on the menu.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—Gosh, gang, here's *another* one of those places where you can put on boaters and listen to a banjo band and drink beer from mugs. On Sundays, from four-thirty to nine, a Dixieland band plays before the evening fun begins.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—A faintly Britannic, Plasticine scene for people who like to be thought of as swingers. Tiny tables, a minimal light show, and rampant recorded rock that shifts to rampant live rock and back again several times during the evening. Dining is possible. Closed Mondays.

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—A small restaurant-discothèque whose advantages manage to outweigh its pretensions. Waiters glide about discreetly, and the trappings—lacquered cabinets, Teutonic chandeliers, gilded griffins, and the like—are for sale. The clientele looks imperturbable, and the dinners are distinctive, if slight. Dancing to records from ten until three or four. Closed Sundays.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—Pin-striped wallpaper, red velvet draperies, and moody, muted murals are reminiscent of the years 1795-99, when France wasn't quite making it. The cuisine—dinner and supper—is good, and a generally svelte-looking crowd dances to records on a small dance floor from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Reopening, with appropriate flackery, is scheduled for Thursday, April 3. On Sundays, as well as on Tuesdays through Thursdays, dancing will run from nine until two. On Fridays and Saturdays, it will run from eight until four. Live music will come from Sirocco (through Tuesday, April 8), and from Sly and the Family Stone (through Thursday, April 10). Nothing alcoholic. Closed Mondays.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—A fairly low-keyed, dressy establishment with Ivy overtones, where the lights are dim and the music is less than urgent. Table reservations are recommended on weekends. Without them, you can stand at the minuscule bar. The supper menu is sturdy enough. Closed Sundays.

Salvation, 1 Sheridan Sq. (675-3810)—Dancing belowstairs to records from ten until four Sundays through Thursdays, and from nine until three or four Fridays and Saturdays.

Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (PL 2-4365)—Limited in size but rife with light and sound, including a Day-Glo floor, strobe lights, and recorded music that owes much of its vitality to Stax-Volt. The view is magnificent. Things run till three or four each night.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Ceiling fans turn, and a sphinx guards the door. Is it the Nile? Musically speaking, it's the Mersey, Lake Michigan, or sometimes (oh, wow!) the Danube. Between record sets, the New Zealand Trading Company, a four-man group from the Southern Hemisphere. A substantial dinner menu. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—An indoor street of sorts, with many aspects of an outdoor one—trees, lampposts, a bar, café tables, and shops. Dancing on the pavement to records, from six to three every night but Saturday, when the doors open at eight. The whole thing sounds contrived, but it works.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Trafalgar Square has been crossed with a barn dance, undated, and Modified—see how it runs. The place moves, and so do the folk, whose dress is casual and whose look is knowledgeable. The Albatross alternates with records, which are mostly contemporary juke. On Tuesday, April 8, the Sonnets will move in. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Paisley walls in a burnished underground cave, with music that comes on big and stays there disc after disc. Action nightly from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations—which may or may not be honored at the door—are a good idea on weekends. Crêpes and other light fare are available at street level. All the comely people—where do they all come from?

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): A handsome reward is offered to all who enter upon the little kingdom of the Café Pierre. The jaunty music is supplied by Phil Wayne's band Mondays and Tuesdays, by Stanley Worth's band Wednesdays through Sundays; Ellen Harwicke, whose specialty is song with piano, fills in the chinks between the Worth sets. . . . **El Morocco,** 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): Dig we must, if we are to trace the course of Empire that once held sway. The music still plays on, for auld lang syne—some of it people (Lester Lanin) music, some of it pre-packed. Closed Sundays. . . . **Delmonico's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The ways and miens of the restaurant are decorous, even when Ernie Warren's small band gets the dancers out on the floor. Eight to one in midweek, eight to two Saturdays, not at all Sundays and Mondays. . . . **Roseland Dance City,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): Early native cottage industries, such as the two-step and the fox-trot, are still being carried on, simon-pure. No others need apply. Argueso's Latin crew is spelled by a pair of North American units; all are on view every night but Monday. Seven-thirty until one, mostly; Sundays, though, begin at 3:30 P.M.; Wednesdays run from six-thirty until twelve. The dietary arrangements are almost invisible.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—As far as Saturday, April 5, Joan Rivers will be delivering her advice to the American housewife ("Spare the rod and spoil the husband"). On Monday, April 7, the stand (a wild and woolly one) will be taken by Tammy Grimes, the singer whose career just about began in this room. She'll

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

be there through Saturday, April 12. Closed Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Hands across the Aegean, the Gulf of Corinth, and tributaries. Among the hands are Avram Grobard, head man and joker; Yakov Uriel, trumpeter; George Mgrdichian, oudist; Yasmine, *ventriste;* and Itamar, a real Yemeni cricket. Dancing for the listeners, too, and good home cooking, some of it Israeli. Closed Mondays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The Royal Box comes to life again on Thursday, April 10. A sort of Sir Galahad is Sergio Franchi (he does have the strength of ten), who will sing with manly grace during dinner and supper. The Lee Evans orchestra will be saying grace in its own fine fashion.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The Spanish population explosion; i.e., the ballet troupe assembled by Ramon de los Reyes, which projects all over the place. Glenda Grainger, an English girl who has gone native, sings Latin nowadays. The stint is dinner and supper during the week, and thrice on Saturdays. . . . ¶ In the much smaller Flamenco Room, life goes on, likewise on a no-nights-off basis, enhanced with guitar from five o'clock on, and voice after nine-thirty. Neither of them stops until way past bedtime.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—The séances commence with Carmen McRae, whose free-form voice occasionally outwits a vast orchestra in love solely with itself; they end with the caperings of Sammy Davis, Jr., who has rather the same emotion about himself. Every night. On Thursday, April 10, the fun-loving and Rover Boysy Temptations will take over the joint. . . . ¶ In the lounge, the chords that course through the instruments blow in from Miami and Las Vegas. They belong to The Pacesetters, whose alphabet ranges from alacrity to zest. From ten on and on, every night.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—The lower deck of this particular Longchamps in a new state of mind—living, breathing music from six-thirty until two every night but Sunday, though solely for listening. The World's Greatest Jazz Band, the main bout, involves the likes of Billy Butterfield, Bob Haggart, Bud Freeman, Lou McGarity, Yank Lawson, Ralph Sutton, and Bob Wilber. Addenda: George Van Eps, who has Jack Lesberg and Cliff Leeman as back-up men; Maxine Sullivan, who lends her cool voice to the proceedings; and Ram Ramirez on interlude piano. On Friday, April 4, the foursome of Joe Venuti (fiddle on a hot tin roof) replaces the Van Eps mob. Do not ask for anything more.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The grand old Persian Room is host to grand old Tony Martin, a troubadour upon whom not a trace of Las Vegas has rubbed off after all these years. He ends his dinner and supper sessions on Tuesday, April 8; next evening brings along (just once, at ten) Dana Valery, Sergio Franchi's little sister and a credit to this sound-of-music family. Thereafter, she'll be a dinner and supper item. The bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte will keep on lowing o'er the luxurious lea. Everything quiet on Sundays. . . . ¶ It's another matter entirely in **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ**, where Earl Hines, beamish as ever, plays high-stepping piano whose infinite variety can never be dulled by mere time. His quartet is for spectator sportsmen; Mousie Alexander's threesome is for dancing. On Tuesday, April 8, the Glen Covington trio will succeed the Hines crew. Dinner is sufficient, supper is fragmentary. Closed Mondays and Easter. Events begin at eight. . . . ¶ The Edwardian Room offers, from seven to nine, dinner music—Sandu Marcu's fiddle and a piano—usually every evening but Sunday, but from noon until nine on Easter. . . . ¶ Palm Court, we love thy templed hills! No rock, but rill music begins with the Marcu teatime duets (four-thirty to six-thirty every day) and ends with another set of violin (almost always Gunnar Hansen's) and piano (eight to one, except Sundays).

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The walls of Jericho are again imperilled as Jonah Jones, the great leveller, takes up his horn at the head of his dance crew on this topless tower. The spokesman of the occasion is Gene Baylos, who has come up (sixty-five stories) the hard way, and sounds it. On Monday, April 7, a new deal: Billy Ekstine, who remembers the good old days (he manages to look like an honest riverboat gambler), doing his favorite songs so blandly. Closed Sundays.

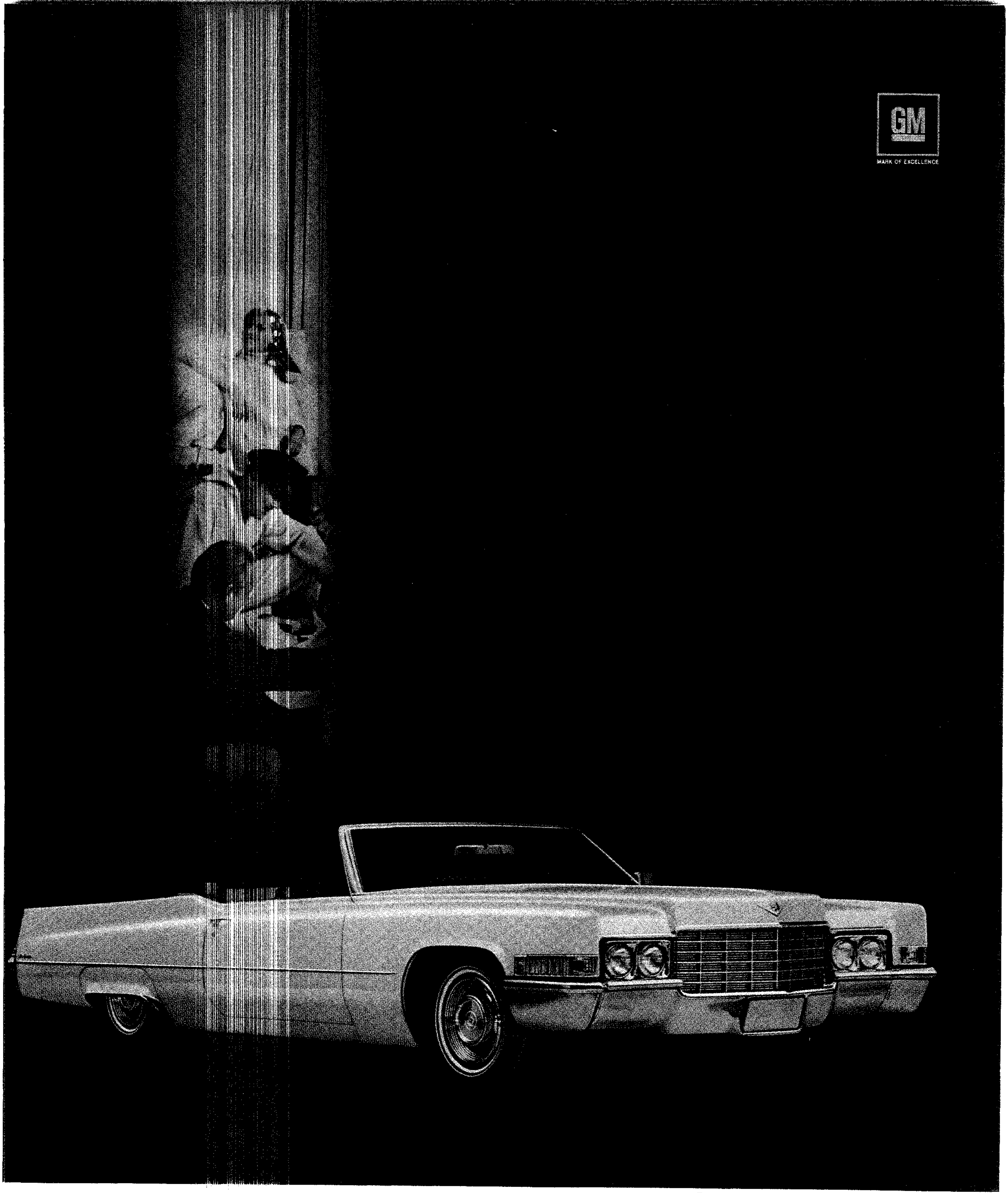
St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, a celebrated groaning board, is a sounding board twice a night for Mara Lynn Brown, a pretty girl who has sung mostly Off Broadway and entirely Off Fifth Avenue. Dinner and supper are her hours. George Cort's orchestra and Quintero's Latinos are in charge of the consumers' footwork. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Tranquillity and rectitude are the two graces of La Boite, across the way from the Maisonette. Ernest Schoen's Mitteleuropa fiddle and Jules Kuti's piano are paired off in calm interludes of music. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—On Monday, April 7, the Empire Room reopens to receive Miss Peggy Lee, who breathes promises, promises, primroses, primroses into all her *chansons d'amour*. Dinner and supper will be her hours of triumph. Dance tunes will flow freely, the best of them from the Re Vells, who are Op as well as Pop. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In Peacock Alley, a rather industrious (almost industrial) trio issues dance tunes from eight until one or so, and dinner and supper are on the hob (but not the house). This happens Tuesday through Saturday each week, and on Easter there will be dancing from three until eight. A piano works out in the bar from four through eight every night but Saturday and Sunday.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Community spirit in an all-seasons resort on an Our Town basis. The permanent residents are led by the double piano of Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders, who are generally on hand from eight until forever. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Where the niceties of life after dark are considered the necessities. The ways of life trod by both the idle and the idyllic rich are the concern of the lyrics sung by Bobby Short, whose background is his own piano and his idyllic sidemen, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Not before nine-thirty, and not on Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The Jamaica rum blends with the dishes and the decoration, both (like the rum) indigenous; the Jamaica ginger is made on the spot by the carolling, peripatetic singers. Listening begins between eight and nine during the week, and ends between one and two. Closed Sundays; no music Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The fish-and-game laws are rigidly enforced, because many of the denizens are barely old enough to be out without their mothers. Chuck Wayne's pensive but persuasive triad intersperses the conversation pieces until late at night. No music Sundays. . . . **GRENADIER**, 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): It's not quite the Ivy, though it offers resemblances to that London retreat, but it *is* sort of Ivy League. No Ivy, though, on the brow of Lynn Richards, who sings, loud and clear and Manhattan, at her piano in the bar from nine until two, except on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): She would have been named Fifi or Mimi in Paris when it sizzled, but in the twentieth-century New World she is Rita Dimitri, an open bottle of champagne on a piano top. She sings at nine-thirty during the week and nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. There is dance music, too, quite subdued, from eight o'clock on. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Act I, Scene I of a Hungarian operetta in rehearsal. Tibor Rakossy is host, tenor, and local nobleman; Béla Babai's band is thoroughly Hungarian. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Asti, yes, implies the sort of menu and wine card, but La Scala at audition time is the attitude of the irrepressible



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waiters. Closed Mondays. . . . **THE APARTMENT**, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Most everything on Second Avenue is, as it should be, off limits; exception can be made for Charles De Forest, who, though he must spend his nights in a piano bar, sings distinctly non-piano-bar songs all night long. Marian McPartland's threesome, which never loses the melodic line of the jazz she loves so well, is his boon companion, but she finishes up on Saturday, April 5. Mr. De Forest lays off Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The majesty of the Loire, so to speak. Within, the violin of Norbert Faconi awaits the weary traveller until late at night. He and his faithful pianist, Herman Arminski, begin their week's work on Tuesday and end it on Saturday. All is quiet Sundays, and on Mondays the piano of Victor del Monte goes it alone. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Rome by night indeed, though not in a Gray Line bus. The musicians, both vocal and instrumental, lap up the evening with soft Lydian airs. They are usually present from seven-thirty until two. Closed every Sunday. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The bar, where a piano gets to perform from six to midnight, except Sundays, is quite New York, but the great outback is an opulent villa in the Alban Hills. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Ship of state, and a shipshape one—a rarity in these times. Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone fills in for him. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): Is this upstairs suite Ottoman Empire, a hanging garden of Babylon, or just plain Camp (both High and Kill Kare)? The piano music in one room is American for sure, though. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Supra dig.* is how the bar-restaurant operates. Piano every night, five-thirty to eight and nine to twelve-thirty. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven-thirty and eight. He does not cease until somewhat past midnight. No music Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Perfect pitch—that describes the setting in which the ancient art of Viennese dinner music is still carried on. Fred Fasler's violin and Karl Inwald's piano will be retired on Friday, April 4, but next evening George Feyer, last of the Hapsburgs, returns to his pianoforte. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Herman Honigsberg's strolling players (fiddles and music boxes) have returned to the scene of their prime, and they do help make the scene. From seven until curfew, except Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The Casino-on-the-Park, neat and as expansive as the playing fields of Eton, affords well-put-together piano by Bob Kail from six-thirty until one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **POLO BAR**, in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Far from the madding crowd, and therefore lost (but not least) in calm and contentment. Joe Miles conducts the piano from nine-thirty until one. He has Sundays and Mondays to himself. . . . **UMBERTO**, 13 E. 53rd St. (688-3344): Time is measured here in Roman numerals, and the architecture is Roman candles. In the midst of it all, Franco Pagani serves as ambient and articulate minstrel, from seven until midnight. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

RICHARD ANUSZKIEWICZ—This Op artist introduces variations into his eye-tricking color patterns; through April 26. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

AVIGDOR ARIKHA—A widely exhibited Israeli art-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ist's romantic abstractions in oil, gouache, and collage; through Sunday, April 6. (Gallery of Israeli Art, 4 E. 54th St. Closed Saturdays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Edgar Barton and Paul Muick—Abstract wood sculptures by the former, Abstract bronzes by the latter; starting Saturday, April 5. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Leonard Baskin—Sculptures and drawings; through April 25. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Fletcher Benton—Kinetic sculptures of aluminum and Formica, some of which open and close to reveal lights; through Saturday, April 5. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St.)

Max Bill—Geometric paintings and sculptures by a prominent European Constructivist; through April 19. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Camille Bombois—Thirty-six paintings of women and girls by the celebrated French primitive; through Saturday, April 5. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Fernando Botero—Social-commentary paintings with a folk-art quality by a Colombian artist now living in New York; through May 13. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, noon to 6.)

Joe Brainard—Paintings and collages featuring flowers; through April 17. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

Doris Chase—Sectional sculptures in wood, steel, and Plexiglas which the spectator can rearrange; through April 19. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Minna Citron—An artist long known in New York has turned to the subject of "Dials;" through Saturday, April 5. (Spectrum, 1043 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Ed Colker—Airbrush paintings of shapes floating in light; starting Saturday, April 5. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ben Cunningham—Jewel-like patterns of color in oil on canvas; starting Saturday, April 5. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Manierre Dawson—Paintings by an American early influenced by Cubism; starting Saturday, April 5. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Walter De Maria—Sculptures of stainless-steel spikes, which spectators are warned not to hurt themselves on; through April 23. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles Loring Elliott (1812-68)—Paintings by an indigenous American portraitist; starting Saturday, April 5. (Lewison, 35 E. 64th St. Closed Mondays.)

James Ensor (1860-1949)—Drawings and other graphic work by the Belgian fantasist; through Saturday, April 12. (Loeb & Krugier, 119 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lyonel Feininger (1871-1956)—Paintings, drawings, cartoons, and toys represent this American identified with German Expressionism; through May 3. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Herbert Ferber—Copper sculptures by an American welder; starting Saturday, April 5. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Julio González (1876-1942)—A comprehensive exhibition of sculptures, pastels, and drawings by the pioneer in welded-iron sculpture; through April 30. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Graham—Small wax figures in Plexiglas-covered "environments;" through April 17. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Nancy Grossman and Martin Carey—Leather-covered wooden heads by the former, and ink drawings by the latter; through Saturday, April 12. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Cleo Hartwig, Louis Schanker, and Anita Weschler—Figurative carvings, abstractions, and color constructions; starting Saturday, April 5. (Sculptors Guild, 797 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Robert Harvey—Paintings of groups of figures against backgrounds of geometric patterns; through April 19. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Clinton Hill—Paintings consisting of overlay transparent color washes; starting Tuesday, April 8. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Hirsch—A social realist and symbolist exhibits thirty recent paintings and fifteen drawings, including portraits of such contemporaries as Peter Blume, Chaim Gross, Raphael Soyer, and the late Ben Shahn; through Saturday, April 12. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Nat Hoover—Figurative paintings and drawings that emphasize scale; through April 19. (Spectrum, 1043 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Hoyland—Seven large color-field paintings; through April 24. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Hutchinson—Scale models and photomontages of landscapes, chemical processes, and plants; through Friday, April 11. (Gibson, 27 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

John H. Jacoby—A fabric designer's heavily painted compositions of decorative shells, flowers, and figures; through Friday, April 11. (York Gallery, 70 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alexej von Jawlensky (1864-1941)—Fifteen oils, plus drawings and watercolors, by a leading Russian modernist; through Saturday, April 12. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lila Katzen and Stephen Edlich—A combination of lights, forms, vinyl sheets, coal crystals, liquids, and other materials constituting nothing less than "the universe as environment" by the former, and fifteen reliefs and free-standing sculptures in sheets of acrylic and bronze by the latter; through Monday, April 7. (Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Weekdays, 8 A.M. to 11 P.M.)

Alfred Leslie—Figures, landscapes, and seascapes by a former Abstract Expressionist; through Friday, April 11. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Ethel Magafan—Semi-abstract paintings and drawings of mountains in the West; through April 26. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Constance McMillan—Semi-abstractions based on landscape and figure; starting Monday, April 7. (Panoras, 62 W. 56th St.)

Richard A. Miller—Bronze female nudes in geometrical constructions; through Saturday, April 5. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Louise Nevelson—Reliefs, walls, and free-standing sculptures in wood or Plexiglas by a foremost American artist; through April 25. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Barnett Newman—Eighteen paintings, some huge, and one sculpture, all done since 1960 by an influential Abstractionist; through April 19. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Kenneth Noland—A color-field painter continues his experiments with horizontal bands; starting Saturday, April 5. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Novros—Multi-sectioned paintings on fibre glass; through April 24. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Philip Pearlstein—Nudes and portraits by a leading contemporary figure painter; through April 26. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Otto Piene—Eight sculptures produced by inflation, heat, and light, some created in collaboration with M.I.T. engineers, by a founder of the German "Group Zero;" through Saturday, April 5. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

David Porter—White plastic boxes or blocks of variously shaped parts; through April 30. (American Institute of Architects, 20 W. 40th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Abraham Rattner—Expressionist paintings with Abstract elements by an important American contemporary; through April 26. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Pierre Auguste Renoir (1841-1919)—A major benefit show comprising ninety-five oils and pastels; through May 3. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Morteza Sazegar—Geometric paintings developed in tiny segments; starting Saturday,

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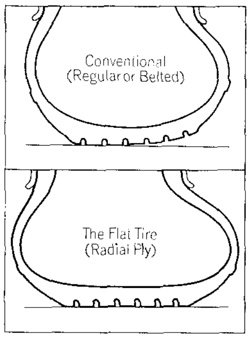

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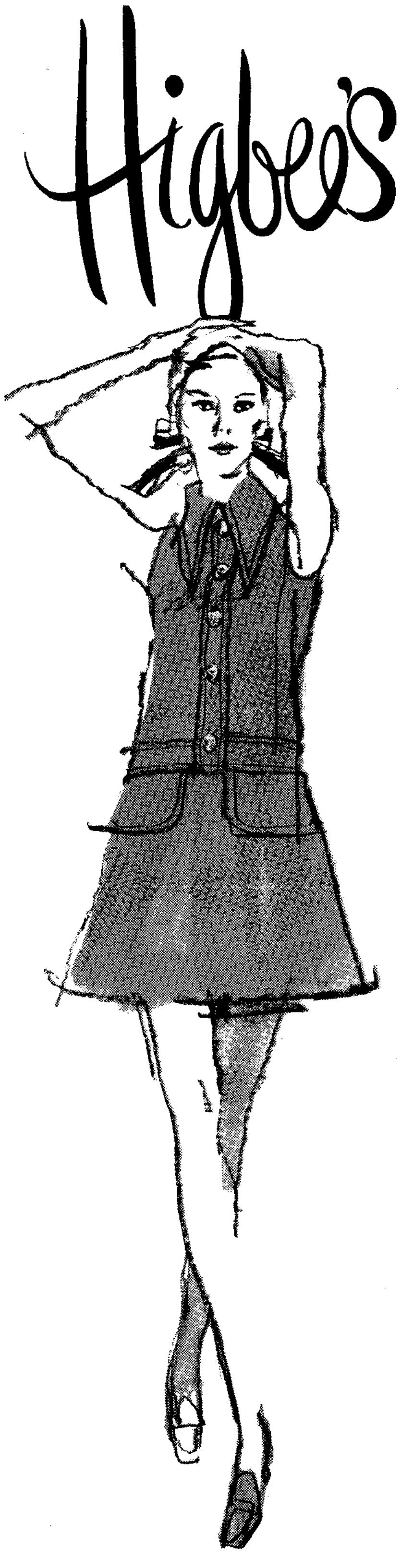

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

April 5. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Scarpitta—More of this artist's racing cars constructed of parts he has himself made; through April 19. (Castelli Warehouse Gallery, 103 W. 108th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Henry Schnakenberg—Still-lifes and landscapes, in oil and watercolor, of Connecticut, Spain, Portugal, Jamaica, and the Bahamas by an American prominent in the thirties; through April 19. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Joaquín Torres-García—Abstract primitivist paintings done between 1931 and 1946 by this artist, who died in 1949. Also Oceanic figures, shields, and masks. Through April 26. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

Aijiro Wakita—The artist's first American exhibition consists of wound-wire sculptures in mathematical and organic shapes; through April 19. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

June Wayne—Fifty-six lithographs in Op and symbolic modes, arranged in series, by the founder and director of Tamarind Lithography Workshop in Los Angeles; through Saturday, April 12. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Mahonri M. Young (1877-1957)—Sculptures, oils, watercolors, and drawings; through Saturday, April 12. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **AUSTRIAN INSTITUTE**, 11 E. 52nd St.: Fifteen postwar Viennese artists influenced by Surrealism; through Friday, April 4. . . . **DANENBERG**, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings from 1910 to 1919 by Dove, Hartley, Marin, and O'Keeffe (to mention a few); through Saturday, April 12. . . . **500 PARK AVENUE**, at 59th St.: Masters of modern Italian art, among them the great Futurists Severini, Balla, Carrà, and Boccioni; through Friday, April 4. . . . **GIMPEL**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: An important exhibit of twentieth-century Europeans and a few Americans marks the opening in New York of a branch of the famous European gallery; through Saturday, April 5. . . . **GRAHAM**, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Large-scale drawings by such artists as Norman Bluhm, Elaine de Kooning, Mary Frank, Knox Martin, Motherwell, Newman, Rivers, and Wesselmann; starting Tuesday, April 8. (Closed Mondays.). . . **IBM GALLERY**, 16 E. 57th St.: Prints by David Hockney, Bridget Riley, Eduardo Paolozzi, and other contemporary British artists; through April 19. . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists, among them Alechinsky, Bissier, Pol Bury, Jorn, and Sugaï; through April 26. (Closed Mondays.). . . **PARSONS**, 24 W. 57th St.: Five gallery artists of the Minimalist persuasion; through April 19. (Closed Mondays.). . . **ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by Austrian Expressionists, including Klimt, Kokoschka, and Schiele; through April 19. (Closed Mondays.). . . **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Afro, Glasco, Lanyon, Mabe, and others; through Saturday, April 12. (Closed Mondays.). . . **DORIS WIENER**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Seventy Indian miniature paintings from 1500 through the eighteenth century; through April 30. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Harlem on My Mind," the show that has been causing all the noise. Photographs, slides, captions, voices, sound, and music, going back sixty years, from which Harlem emerges as the capital of urban black culture in the United States; through Sunday, April 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A large retrospective, previously shown in Amsterdam and London, of Willem de Kooning's paintings, drawings, and pastels from the mid-thirties to 1967; through April 27. . . . ¶ An impressive exhibit of approximately forty tapestries and weavings by contemporary craftsmen working as artists in this medium; through May 4. . . . ¶ Twelve bronze relief panels by Giacomo Manzù made as studies for his much discussed door of St. Peter's; through April 13. . . . ¶ Fifty watercolors, many never seen here before, by Wassily Kandinsky (1866-1944); through May 11. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A chronological retrospective of the entire career of the leading American sculptor David Smith, who died in 1965; through April 19. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Forty-six paintings by Helen Frankenthaler, a "second-generation" Abstract Expressionist; through Sunday, April 6. . . . ¶ Forty-five paintings and sixteen drawings by William Sidney Mount (1807-1868), a founder of American genre painting; through April 13. . . . ¶ A hundred and seventy-four paintings, photographs, and drawings by Charles Sheeler (1883-1965), famous for his clean-cut compositions representing machine-age America; through April 27. . . . ¶ Three camels in mixed mediums by Nancy Graves, to whom the camel is equivalent to the square of Albers; through April 30. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 11; Sundays, noon to 6. . . . ¶ On Tuesday, April 15, at 8:30, there will be a concert of American music by the Collegiate Chorale, directed by Abraham Kaplan. Tickets, which are very scarce, will be issued on a first-come, first-served basis starting Wednesday, April 9.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A hundred prints and drawings collected by the Museum during the past thirty years, including examples ranging from Dürer and Rembrandt through Matisse, Miró, and Albers; through April 27. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The treasure chest of the Morgan Hall has been reopened to an array of minerals and gems, among them the Star of India, the DeLong Star Ruby, and the Midnight Star. Murph the Surf is occupied elsewhere for the moment. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Figurines of the T'ang dynasty (618-906 A.D.) representing non-Chinese who played various roles in Chinese life, and also ceramic vessels influenced by the West; through May 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Selected manuscripts, drawings, letters, printed books, and bookbindings presented to the Library between 1949 and 1968 by the Association of Fellows; through July 31. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A display of a hundred and fifty manuscripts, books, letters, typescripts, and illustrations new to the Berg Collection, a sizable portion being the Lady Gregory Archive; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Contemporary paintings and sculptures by approximately thirty self-taught black artists of Haiti, accompanied by tapes of the country's music and language, slide projections of the land and the people, and objects and designs related to the voodoo religion; through Sunday, April 6. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, April 3: "Tosca," with Renata Tebaldi, Placido Domingo, Anselmo Colzani, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 4: "La Bohème," with Radmila Bakocevic, Clarice Carson, Franco Corelli, Mario Sereni, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Gene Boucher. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 5: "Peter Grimes," with Lucine Amara, Lili Chookasian, Jean Madeira, Jon Vickers, and Geraint Evans. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 5: "Il Trovatore," with Leontyne Price, Grace Bumbry, James McCracken, Sherrill Milnes, and John Ma-

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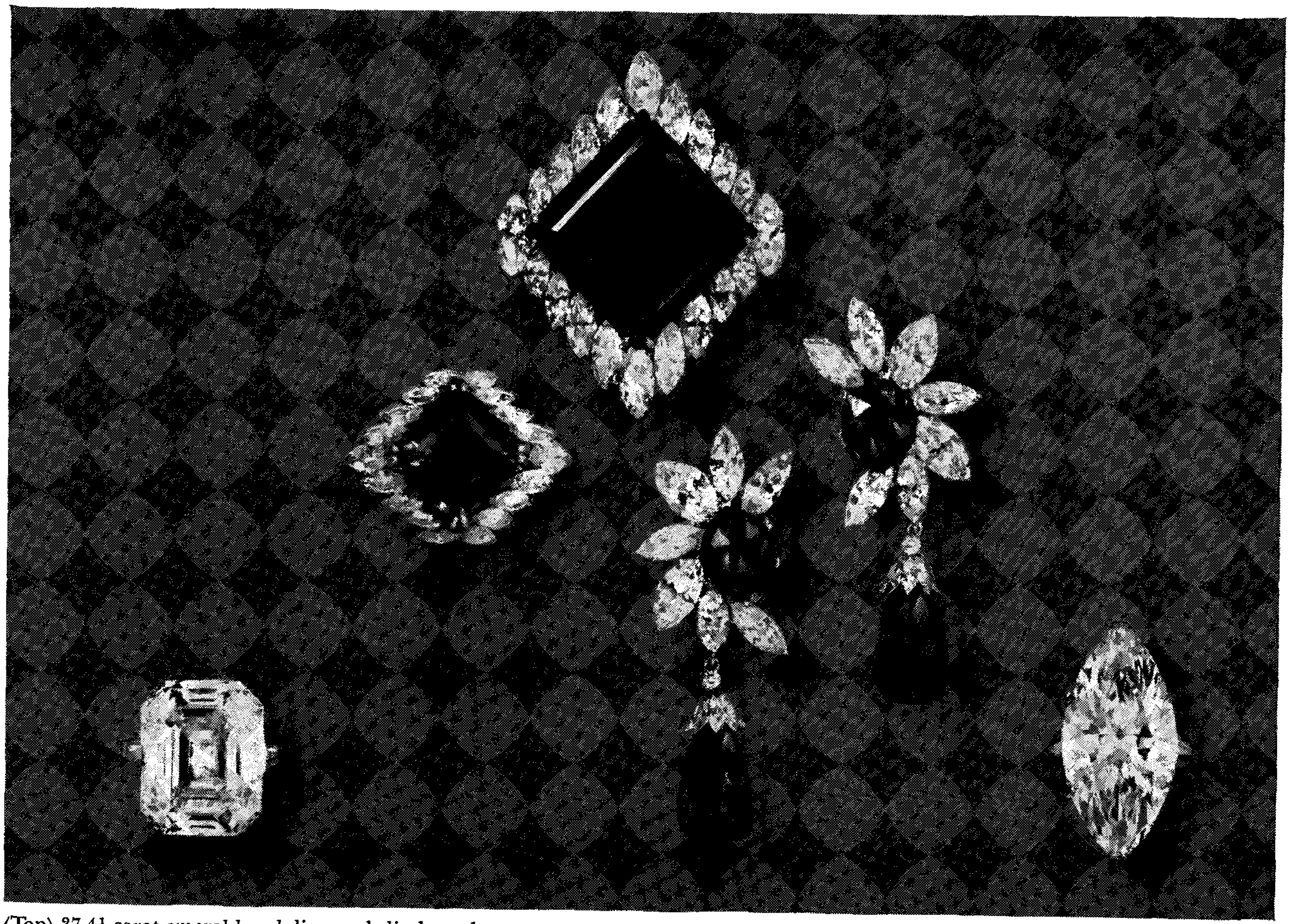

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

curdy. . . . ¶ Monday evening, April 7: "Tosca," with Renata Tebaldi, Barry Morell, Anselmo Colzani, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, April 8: "Wozzeck" (in English), with Evelyn Lear, Geraint Evans, Robert Nagy, Paul Franke, and Donald Gramm. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 9: "Il Trovatore," with Leontyne Price, Mignon Dunn, James McCracken, Mario Sereni, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 10: "Peter Grimes," with Phyllis Curtin, Lili Chookasian, Jean Madeira, Jon Vickers, and Geraint Evans. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 11: "Carmen," with Grace Bumbry, Radmila Bakocevic, Richard Tucker, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 12: "Wozzeck" (in English), with Evelyn Lear, Geraint Evans, Robert Nagy, Paul Franke, and Donald Gramm. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 12: "La Bohème," with Renata Tebaldi, Clarice Carson, Franco Corelli, Mario Sereni, and Russell Christopher. A non-subscription performance. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Thursday, April 3, at 8:15: "Faust," with Heather Thomson, Frances Bible, Michele Molese, and Roy Samuelsen. . . . ¶ Friday, April 4, at 8:15: "Rigoletto," with Patricia Brooks, Louis Quilico, Pierre Duval, and David Clements. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 5, at 2:15: "Il Trittico," consisting of three short operas—"Il Tabarro," with Eileen Schauler, Claramae Turner, Harry Theyard, and Chester Ludgin; "Suor Angelica," with Maralin Niska, Claramae Turner, Janet Winburn, and Barbara Blanchard; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Barbara Blanchard, Claramae Turner, Richard Fredricks, and Enrico DiGiuseppe. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 5, at 8:15: "The Ballad of Baby Doe," with Marylyn Mulvey, Frances Bible, William Chapman, and Joshua Hecht. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 6, at 1:15: "Le Coq d'Or" (in English), with Patricia Wise, Muriel Greenspon, Michael Devlin, and Enrico DiGiuseppe. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 6, at 7:15: "Rigoletto," with Anne Elgar, Kay Creed, Louis Quilico, and Michele Molese. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 8, at 8:15: "Il Trittico"—"Il Tabarro," with Eileen Schauler, Claramae Turner, Lino Savoldi, and Chester Ludgin; "Suor Angelica," with Maria DiGerlando, Claramae Turner, Janet Winburn, and Barbara Blanchard; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Barbara Blanchard, Claramae Turner, Richard Fredricks, and Nico Castel. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 9, at 8:15: "Le Coq d'Or" (in English), with Karan Armstrong, Muriel Greenspon, Michael Devlin, and Nico Castel. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 10, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Joy Clements, Frances Bible, Spiro Malas, and Malcolm Smith. . . . ¶ Friday, April 11, at 8:15: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Anne Elgar, Janette Moody, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Joshua Hecht. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 12, at 2:15: "Il Trittico"—"Il Tabarro," with Athene Lampropulos, Muriel Greenspon, Lino Savoldi, and Chester Ludgin; "Suor Angelica," with Maria DiGerlando, Muriel Greenspon, and Janet Winburn; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Maria DiGiglio, Muriel Greenspon, Spiro Malas, and David Clements. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 12, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Francesca Roberto, Kay Creed, Michele Molese, and Seymour Schwartzman. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 20.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Pierre Boulez conducting on Thursday, April 3, at 8:30; Friday, April 4, at 2; Saturday, April 5, at 8:30; and Monday, April 7, at 7:30 (no soloists). . . . ¶ George Szell conducting on Tuesday, April 8, at 8:30, for the benefit of the Philharmonic's Pension Fund (with Artur Rubinstein, piano). . . . ¶ George Semkow conducting on Thursday, April 10, at 8:30; Friday, April 11, at 2; Saturday, April 12, at 8:30; and Monday, April 14, at 7:30 (all with David Nadien, violin).

English Chamber Orchestra—Daniel Barenboim conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, April 4, at 8:30, with Mr. Barenboim as piano soloist. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 5, at 8:30, an all-Mozart program, with Pinchas Zukerman, violin.)

American Opera Society—Otto-Werner Mueller directing a performance of D'Albert's "Tiefland" in concert form, with Angela Gulin, soprano, and Ion Buzea, tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 9, at 8.)

Chamber Orchestra of the Saar—Antonio Janigro conducting and acting as cello soloist. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, April 11, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Master Virtuosi of New York—Gene Forrell conducting the final concert of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, April 11, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Erica Morini, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday and Sunday, April 12-13, at 8:30. All seats for the first concert have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Lehigh and Yale University Bands—A joint concert, with Jonathan Elkus, Keith Wilson, and Albertus L. Meyers conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 10, at 8:30.)

National Chorale—Martin Josman directing a performance of Bach's Mass in B Minor, with vocal and instrumental soloists and an orchestra. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, April 4, at 8.)

New York Choral Society—Martin Josman directing. (Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. Friday, April 11, at 6:30. A limited number of free tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 4 on the day of the performance.)

RECITALS

Jorge Morel—Classic guitarist. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 5, at 8:30.)

Denis Brott—Cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, April 8, at 8:30.)

Montserrat Caballé—Soprano. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, April 9, at 8:30.)

Fine Arts Quartet—The last in a series of all-Haydn concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, April 9, at 8:30.)

John Pennink—Piano, in a benefit recital. (Town Hall. Friday, April 11, at 8:30.)

Alexander Schneider and Jean Bernard Pommier—Violin and piano, in a sonata recital. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 12, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Chambers Brothers, Hello People, and Elephant's Memory—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, April 4-5, at 8 and 11:30.

Ten Years After, the Nice, and the Family—Fillmore East. Wednesday and Thursday, April 9-10, at 8 and 11:30.

Blood, Sweat, and Tears; Jethro Tull; and Aum—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, April 11-12, at 8 and 11:30.

Pete Seeger—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 12, at 8:30.

MISCELLANY

Metropolitan Opera National Council's National Semifinal Auditions—Approximately twenty singers chosen from regional auditions and hoping to be numbered among the finalists who will compete in November. (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. Friday, April 11, at 2. For information about tickets, call 799-3100, Ext. 301.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **yankee stadium**: Yankees vs. Giants (exhibition games), Saturday and Sunday, April 5-6, at 2. . . . **shea stadium**: Mets vs. Montreal (first official league games), Tuesday through Thursday, April 8-10, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. St. Louis, Friday, April 11, and Saturday, April 12, at 2:05.

Fencing—International Fencing Tournament—Friday, April 11, at 9 and 7:30: Men's individual foil. . . . ¶ Friday, April 11, at 2, and Saturday, April 12, at 5: Women's individual foil. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 12, at 9 and 7:30: Men's individual épée. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 13, at 9 and 5: Men's individual sabre. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 13, at 6: Men's three-weapon team. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-5100.)

Hockey—Stanley Cup Playoffs: Rangers vs. Canadiens. (Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, April 5, at 7:35, and Sunday, April 6, at 7:05.)

Horse Show—Boulder Brook Club Spring Horse Show. (Scarsdale. Saturday and Sunday, April 5-6.)

Hunt Racing—Deep Run Hunt Race Association. (Richmond, Va. Saturday, April 5.)... ¶ Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, April 12.)... ¶ My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point. (Monkton, Md. Saturday, April 12.)

Racing—At Aqueduct: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 31. The Toboggan Handicap, Friday, April 4; the Gotham, Saturday, April 5; and the Excelsior Handicap, Saturday, April 12.

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, May 24. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43.)... **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15, from Thursday, April 10, through Saturday, Nov. 15.

FOR CHILDREN

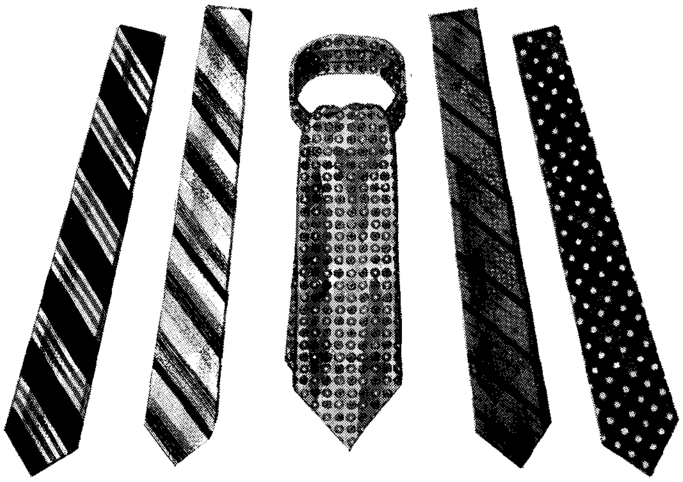
Ballet—Benefit performances of "Peter and the Wolf," by members of the New York City Ballet, with Cyril Ritchard, narrator, plus a pantomime drama, "Today and Now," by the Merry-Go-Rounders. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Thursday through Saturday, April 3-5, at noon and 3.)

Music—By the **AMATO OPERA COMPANY**: "The Magic Flute," Wednesday, April 9, at 2:30. ... ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturday, April 12, at 2:30. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424.)... **MASTER VIRTUOSI OF NEW YORK**: Gene Forrell conducting the final children's concerts of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, April 12, at 11:30 and 2:30.)... **BLUE HILL TROUPE**: A benefit performance, primarily for children, of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Trial by Jury" and "The Pirates of Penzance." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, April 12, at 2. For tickets, call RH 4-0652, Mondays through Fridays between 10 and 12 and 6 and 8.)

Stage Shows—By **BIL AND CORA BAIRD'S MARIONETTES**: "Winnie-the-Pooh," Thursday, April 3, at 1, plus Friday through Sunday, April 4-6, and Wednesday through Saturday, April 9-12, at 1 and 3:30.... ¶ "The Wizard of Oz," Monday and Tuesday, April 7-8, at 1 and 3:30. (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060.)... **SALVATORE GUIDA**: "The Magical Red Fan," Saturday, April 5, at 2:30.... ¶ "The Golden Tambourine," Sundays at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.)... **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS**: "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1.... ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.)... **PIXIE JUDY TROUPE**: "Sleeping Beauty." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and also Monday through Friday, April 7-11, at 1 and 3, plus Sundays and Thursday, April 3, at 2.)... **ROD YOUNG'S PUPPET THEATRE**: "Creative Puppetry." (Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. Monday through Wednesday, April 7-9, and Friday, April 11, at 1:30. Free tickets are available at the Amsterdam Avenue entrance, but only to those applying for them in person after 10 on the day of the performance.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition, "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques," demonstrating the techniques employed in pictorial art and including examples of various mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)... ¶ Paintings, drawings, and mosaics by children in the public schools of Harlem, in a display entitled "Young Harlem Creates," arranged to coincide with the Metropolitan's special exhibit, "Harlem on My Mind." Through Sunday, April 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Sunrise at Stonehenge." (Special holiday schedule: Thursday, April 3, at 1, 2, and 3:30; Good Friday at 11, 1, 2, and 3:30; Saturday, April 5, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Easter at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Monday, April 7, at 11,



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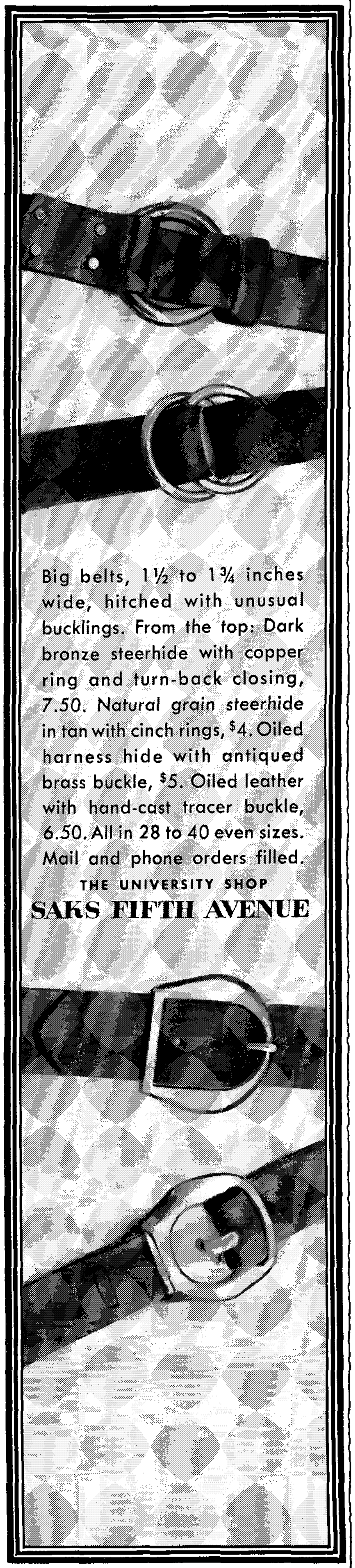

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SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

12, 1, 2, 3, and 4; Tuesday through Thursday, April 8-10, at 10, 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4; Friday, April 11, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4; and Saturday, April 12, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

CHILDREN'S ZOOS—In CENTRAL PARK: A turreted castle, a Peppermint Stick House, Jonah's Whale, and many other delights make up this fairy-tale world, and the resident animals include kids, lambs, deer, chickens, and monkeys. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.)...¶ At the BRONX ZOO: Reopens Saturday, April 5, with about twenty kinds of domestic or tame animals. (Open daily, weather permitting, 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Saturday and on Thursday and Friday, April 3-4, from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

INTERNATIONAL AUTOMOBILE SHOW—You, too, can be Steve McQueen. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Saturday, April 5, through Sunday, April 13. Weekdays, 11 to 11; Sundays, 1 to 8.)

NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN, Bronx Park—The annual Easter show in the main conservatory repeats the traditional white lily cross, and also offers a Dutch-bulb exhibit that includes a small Dutch village, a windmill, a canal, and fields of spring flowers. (Daily, 10 to 4; through Sunday, April 13.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, April 5, at 1:45: Continental furniture and decorations, belonging to several collectors....¶ Wednesday, April 9, at 8: German Expressionist and other twentieth-century paintings and sculptures by such artists as Kandinsky, Klee, Pascin, and Laurens; from the Leonard Hutton Galleries.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—April 3 at 1:30: "Tih Minh" (1918), a seven-hour French film, with a dinner intermission; no English titles....¶ April 4 at 2 and 5:30: "Moderato Cantabile" (1960), in French, with Jeanne Moreau and Jean-Paul Belmondo....¶ April 5 at 11:30: "The Awful Truth" (1937), with Irene Dunne and Cary Grant....¶ April 5 at 3 and 5:30: Seven short French films by Alain Resnais, four without English titles....¶ April 6 at 2 and 5:30: "Eldorado" (1921), directed by Marcel L'Herbier....¶ April 7 at 2 and 5:30: "La Pointe Courte" (1954), in French, directed by Agnès Varda....¶ April 8 at 2 and 5:30: "Night and Fog" (1955) and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959), both in French, directed by Alain Resnais....¶ April 8 at 8: "Agony" (1967), with the Living Theatre, and "Partner" (1967), both Italian films, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci....¶ April 9 at 2 and 5:30: "J'Accuse" (1939), in French, directed by Abel Gance. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

BASEBALL—At SHEA STADIUM: April 13, April 21-27, May 6-7, May 9-11, and May 13-15.... YANKEE STADIUM: April 15-17 (first official league games here), April 19-20, and April 28-May 4.

CREW—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Princeton. April 19.)...¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Yale. (Derby, Conn. April 26.)...¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Cambridge. April 26.)...¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Syracuse. April 26.)...¶ Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Philadelphia. May 3.)...¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell, Princeton, and Yale. (Ithaca. May 3.)...¶ Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, Mass. May 10.)

HORSE SHOWS—Sugartown Horse Show. (Rosemont, Pa. May 3-4.)...¶ Keswick Hunt Club Horse Show. (Keswick, Va. May 9-11.)

HUNT RACING—Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. April 19.)...¶ Grand National Point-to-Point. (Butler, Md. April 19.)...¶ Maryland Hunt Cup Association. (Glyndon, Md. April 26.)...¶ Virginia Gold Cup Association. (Warrenton, Va. May 3.)...¶ Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. May 10.)

RACING—At GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: April 23-May 30.... CHURCHILL DOWNS, Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, May 3.

TRACK—Boston Marathon. (Hopkinton, Mass. April 19.)...¶ Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. April 25-26.)

MUSIC—METROPOLITAN OPERA, Lincoln Center (799-4420): The season continues through April 19.... PHILHARMONIC HALL (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 17....¶ Washington National Symphony, April 13....¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, April 15....¶ Brooklyn Philharmonia, April 19....¶ Little Orchestra Society, April 22....¶ New York Choral Society, April 25....¶ Symphony of the New World, April 27....¶ Leontyne Price, soprano, April 27....¶ Peter Serkin, piano, April 30....¶ Masterwork Chorus, May 2.... CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): American Symphony Orchestra, April 13-14 and 27-28 and May 4-5....¶ Henryk Szeryng, violin, April 18....¶ Lucine Amara, soprano, April 20....¶ Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, April 23....¶ Gina Bachauer, piano, April 24....¶ Carlos Montoya, flamenco guitarist, April 25....¶ Houston Symphony Orchestra, April 30....¶ Toronto Symphony Orchestra, May 1....¶ Mstislav Rostropovich, cello, May 2....¶ Galina Vishnevskaya, soprano, and Mstislav Rostropovich, cello, May 4....¶ Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra, May 7.... TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, April 18....¶ Music from Marlboro, May 5.... GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Lili Kraus, piano, April 19....¶ Itzhak Perlman, violin, May 10.... HUNTER COLLEGE ASSEMBLY HALL (535-5350): Itzhak Perlman, violin, April 26.

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS—New York City Ballet, at the New York State Theatre, April 22-June 15....¶ *Royal Ballet, at the Metropolitan* Opera House, April 22-June 1....¶ Paul Taylor Dance Company, at the City Center, May 6-11.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "The Gingham Dog," a play by Lanford Wilson, in which George Grizzard and Cicely Tyson will appear....¶ Jackie Mason and Mike Mortman are the authors of "A Teaspoon Every Four Hours," a comedy starring Mr. Mason....¶ Vivian Vance, Robert Alda, and Dody Goodman in "My Daughter, Your Son," a comedy by Phoebe and Henry Ephron....¶ Molière's "The Miser," with Robert Symonds in the central role, the fourth production of the season by the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center....¶ A limited engagement of the Hecht-MacArthur 1928 melodrama "The Front Page," with Robert Ryan, Peggy Cass, and Bert Convy.

POETRY READINGS—At the POETRY CENTER, Y.M.H.A. (348-1500): Senator Eugene J. McCarthy, April 21.... SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM AUDITORIUM (YU 8-6783): Richard Wilbur, April 29....¶ Elizabeth Bishop, May 6.

OTHER DATES—Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax returns for 1968 and estimates for 1969 are due Tuesday, April 15....¶ April Garden Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, at Essex House, April 23....¶ Daylight-saving time starts April 27....¶ United Nations Economic and Social Council meeting, May 12-June 6.

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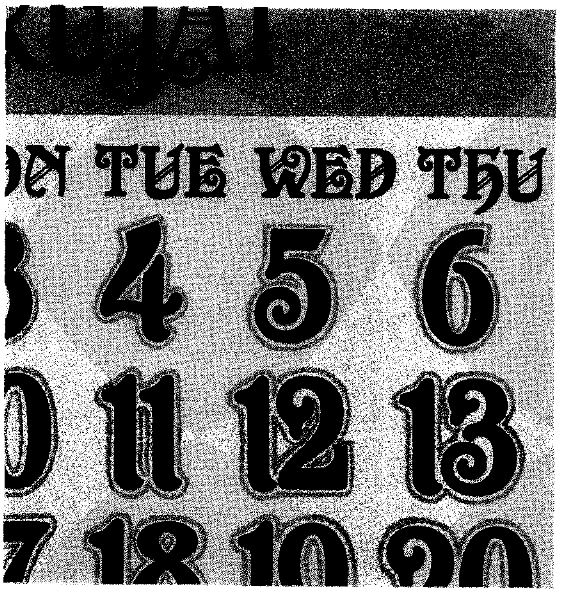

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New Year's Day.
St. Valentine's Day.
Ground Hog's Day.
St. Patrick's Day.
Mother's Day.
Arbor Day.
Father's Day.
Graduation Day.
Flag Day.
Independence Day. Bastille Day. Labor Day. Columbus Day. Election Day. Thanksgiving Day. Christmas Day. Etc.

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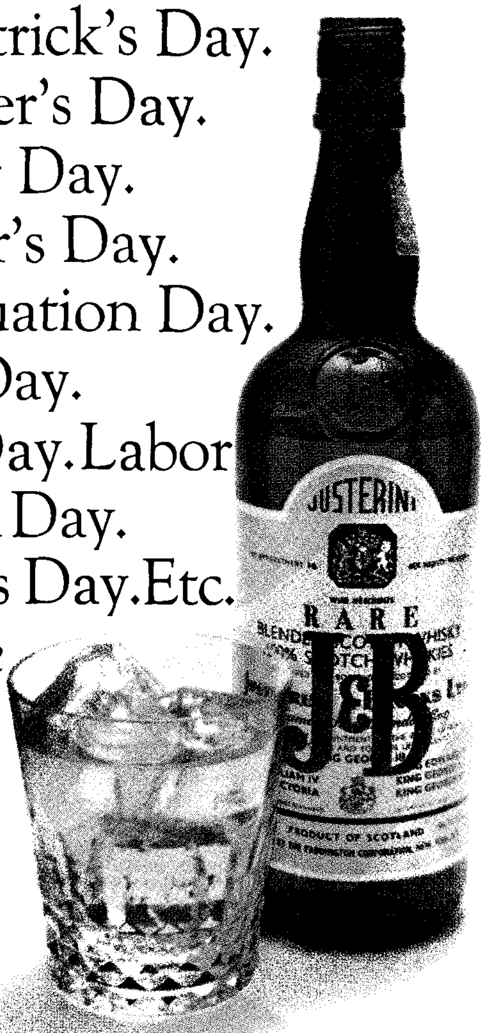

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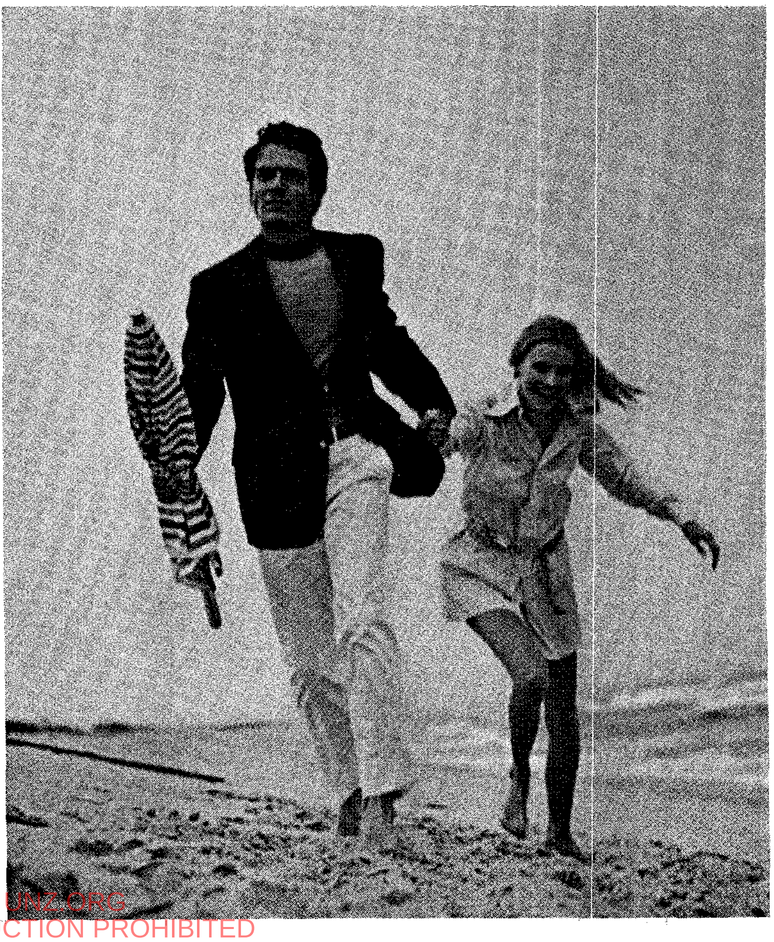

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Belle de Jour—One of the rare films about a girl's sexuality, made by Luis Buñuel. Catherine Deneuve plays the girl, highly respected in her Yves Saint Laurent clothes when she goes to a brothel full of plump pros in the regulation black lace. Geneviève Page is very witty as the solicitous madam. In French. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700.)

Bullitt—There is a good chase over the hilly streets of San Francisco in this routine and pointless police melodrama, which is, however, given some tension by the competent director Peter Yates and some interest by Steve McQueen, with his low-key charisma. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600.)

The Cocoanuts (1929)—The Marx Brothers. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 8.)

Cool Hand Luke (1967)—Paul Newman as a Southern misfit who refuses to be pushed around. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600.)

David and Lisa (1962)—A study of adolescent schizophrenia. Keir Dullea, Janet Margolin, and Howard Da Silva. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 3.)

Duck Soup (1933)—The Marx Brothers again, this time in nightgowns and at war. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 4-7.)

Faces—Apathy and desperation in an American marriage, as visualized by John Cassavetes in semidocumentary style. With John Marley, Gena Rowlands, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

Funny Girl—The triumphant début of Barbra Streisand, directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—Charlie Chaplin's classic, stepped up with narrative and music. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting April 8.)

Greetings—As tawdry as an exploitation film and as disorganized as an underground film, Brian De Palma's comedy about a draft evader is, nevertheless, funny and good-natured. With a whole gallery of new, young, talented performers. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255; through April 8.)

Horsefeathers (1932)—Still more Marx Brothers, here in an academic setting. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 4-7.)

Hot Millions—Maggie Smith and Peter Ustinov in the first truly funny English comedy for a long time. Directed by Eric Till. If you care for the English, the character of the film is rather moving. The people are tough-tongued, apparently isolated, and secretly immensely good to one another. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through April 8.)

How I Won the War (1967)—A pitch-black comedy about the horror of war. Directed by Richard Lester, with Michael Crawford as the star. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through April 8.)

If . . .—A suffocating English school as a reflection of class society, in an attempted epic on violence and revolution. Directed by Lindsay Anderson. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Immortal Story—Orson Welles' film, taken from Isak Dinesen's "The Immortal Story," about an allegorical millionaire in Macao. With Jeanne Moreau. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

King of Hearts (1967)—A comedy by Philippe de Broca of a First World War soldier waylaid and surrounded by the inmates of a lunatic asylum and a zoo. In French and English. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting April 9.)

The Lion in Winter—James Goldman's entertaining Broadway melodrama about the Plantagenets has been brought to the screen as if it were poetic drama of a very high order. Peter O'Toole is in good, noisy form, but Katharine Hepburn is a bit much. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Lord of the Flies (1963)—Peter Brook's adaptation of William Golding's novel. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 3.)

Marat/Sade (1967)—A movie of a play inside a play, brought to life by the director, Peter Brook. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through April 8.)

Million Dollar Legs (1932)—A satire on the Olympics, with W. C. Fields, Jack Oakie, and Ben Turpin. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through April 9.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday (1954)—A romp at a seaside resort, with Jacques Tati. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through April 6.)

Monkey Business (1931)—The Marx Brothers *again*, this time on board a liner, at a racketeers' ball, in a barn—everywhere. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 8.)

Monterey Pop—*Cinéma vérité* about a pop music festival two summers ago in California, photographed by Donn Pennebaker with a team of associated cameramen and a revolutionary way of recording sound. Showing with a grimly funny short by Richard Leacock about police chiefs conferring on holiday in Hawaii. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

My Uncle (1958)—Directed by and with Jacques Tati. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through April 6.)

Oliver!—Carol Reed and his crew demonstrate that a big expensive movie musical can be beautifully made—if you know how. With Ron Moody as Fagin. (State I, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5060. Thursday and Friday, April 3-4, at 2:30 and 8:40; Saturday, April 5, at 10:30, 2, and 8:40; Easter at 2:30, 5:30, and 8:40; and Monday through Wednesday, April 7-9, at 2:30 and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

Pretty Poison—A subtle and intelligent little psychological thriller, shot on location in Great Barrington. Anthony Perkins and Tuesday Weld give fine performances under the direction of Noel Black. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363; through April 8.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie—Maggie Smith as Muriel Spark's heroic, eccentric, snobbish teacher (a cross between Emlyn Williams' Miss Moffat and Norman Podhoretz' Mrs. K.), and Celia Johnson as her quietly implacable enemy. Directed by Ronald Neame. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

The Red and the White—Miklós Jancsó's film about the Russian Civil War of 1918, with Hungarians and Russians helplessly fighting the Cossacks. Jancsó's films are like Bresson's: out of extremely physical material, they make something austere and entirely to do with metaphysics. In Hungarian and Russian. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Romeo and Juliet—Franco Zeffirelli throws Shakespeare into the generation gap and comes up with a teen-age tragedy that seems to be more Italian opera than English poetry. Unfortunately, there are no arias. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

Scorpio Rising (1966)—An account of the leather-jacketed motorcycle cult, directed and photographed by Kenneth Anger. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; April 7.)

Shame—Ingmar Bergman's extraordinarily clear, extroverted, and masterly account of what people will do to survive the war of the future. With Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting April 9.)

Simon of the Desert—Luis Buñuel is in an unusually jovial mood in this playful little fable (only forty-five minutes long) about the foolishness of saintliness, with Claudio Brook as the saint and Silvia Pinal as the Devil. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Stolen Kisses—A pleasant romantic comedy by François Truffaut. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade, and Michel Lonsdale as the man who hires detectives to find out why nobody likes him. In French. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

Tillie and Gus (1933)—W. C. Fields and Alison Skipworth. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through April 9.)

2001: A Space Odyssey—Stanley Kubrick's poetic sci-fi odyssey of thirty-two years hence, and a beautiful, disquieting, immensely entertaining film. Made from his own screenplay (in collaboration with Arthur C. Clarke) and with his dazzling special effects. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, 929-2166.)

Yellow Submarine—Brightly colored and ingenious Pop Art animation, so blatantly derivative that it's an entertaining catalogue of twentieth-century graphic design. With ten songs by the Beatles. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

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THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Joanna," Genevieve Waite.

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish. (Daily at 3, 5:30, 8, and 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through April 8: **PRETTY POISON.**
From April 9: "The Wedding Party," Charles Pfluger.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through April 8: **MARAT/SADE**; and **HOW I WON THE WAR.**
From April 9: **SHAME** (in Swedish); and **KING OF HEARTS** (in French and English).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 8: **HOT MILLIONS**; and "The Firemen's Ball," a Czechoslovakian film.
From April 9: "Camelot" (1967), Richard Harris, Vanessa Redgrave.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
MONTEREY POP.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Where Eagles Dare," Richard Burton, Clint Eastwood.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through April 8: **GREETINGS.**
From April 9: "The Wanderer" (in French).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Before Winter Comes," David Niven, Topol.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Illustrated Man," Rod Steiger, Claire Bloom.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
STOLEN KISSES (in French).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
IF . . .

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Baby Love," Linda Hayden.

Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Can Heironymus Merkin Ever Forget Mercy Humppe and Find True Happiness?," Anthony Newley, Joan Collins.

Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"La Prisonnière" (in French).

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Otley," Tom Courtenay, Romy Schneider.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Alexander" (in French), Philippe Noiret.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Assassination Bureau," Oliver Reed, Diana Rigg.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Changes," Kent Lane.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Goodbye, Columbus," Richard Benjamin.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through April 6: "The Cats" (in Swedish), Eva Dahlbeck.
From April 7: "Doctor Glas" (in Swedish), Per Oscarsson.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through April 8: "They Came to Rob Las Vegas," Gary Lockwood, Elke Sommer.
From April 9: "The Sergeant," Rod Steiger, John Phillip Law.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Where Eagles Dare," Richard Burton, Clint Eastwood.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"2" (in Danish).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through April 7: "Buona Sera, Mrs. Campbell," Gina Lollobrigida.
From April 8: "Support Your Local Sheriff," James Garner, Joan Hackett.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through April 6: **MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY** and **MY UNCLE** (both in French).
April 7: **SCORPIO RISING** and four other Kenneth Anger films.
From April 8: **THE GOLD RUSH**; and "King of Kings" (1932; with added sound track), H. B. Warner.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
BULLITT.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"The Fixer," Alan Bates, Dirk Bogarde.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
THE RED AND THE WHITE (in Hungarian and Russian).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (929-2166)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
FACES.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through April 9: **MILLION DOLLAR LEGS**; and **TILLIE AND GUS.**

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
"They Came to Rob Las Vegas," Gary Lockwood, Elke Sommer.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

State I, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5060)
OLIVER!

State 2, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Chitty Chitty Bang Bang," Dick Van Dyke, Sally Ann Howes. (Thursday through Saturday, April 3-5, at 10:30, 1:30, 5, and 8:15; Easter at 1:30, 5, and 8:15; and Monday through Wednesday, April 7-9, at 10:30, 1:30, 5, and 8:15. Reserved seats only.)

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Ice Station Zebra," Rock Hudson, Ernest Borgnine. (Thursday through Saturday, April 3-5, at 2:30 and 8:30; Easter at 1:30, 5, and 8:30; and Monday through Wednesday, April 7-9, at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Penthouse, B'way at 47th. (757-5450)
"100 Rifles," Jim Brown, Raquel Welch.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Sweet Charity," Shirley MacLaine. (Thursday and Friday, April 3-4, at 2:30 and 8:30; Saturday and Sunday, April 5-6, at 1:30, 5, and 8:30; and Monday through Wednesday, April 7-9, at 10, 2:30, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
YELLOW SUBMARINE.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Love Bug," Dean Jones, Michele Lee.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Not Mine to Love" (in Hebrew).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"African Safari," a documentary film.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
FACES.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
THE IMMORTAL STORY; and **SIMON OF THE DESERT** (in Spanish).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
"Buona Sera, Mrs. Campbell," Gina Lollobrigida.

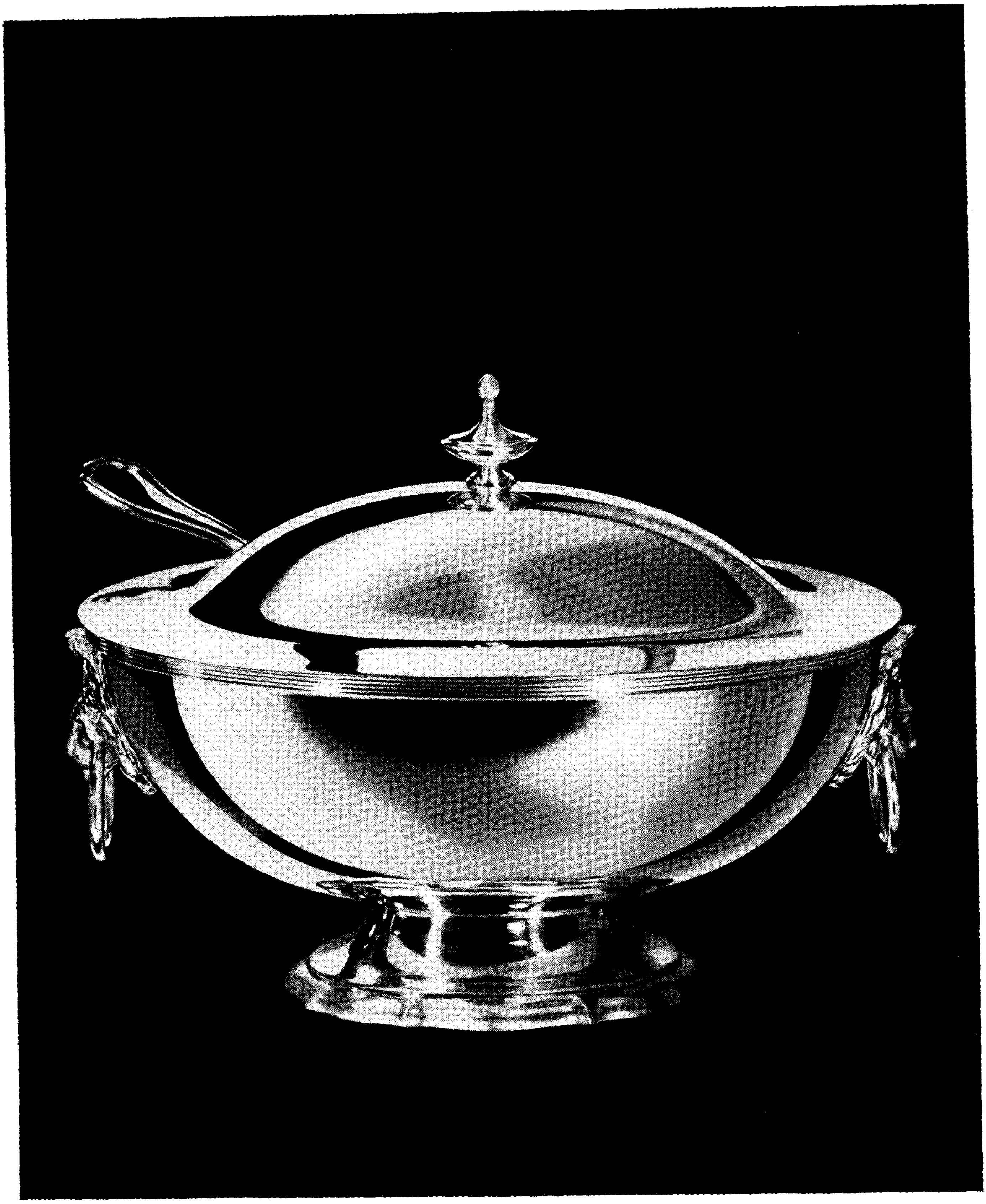
Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through April 5: "Morire Gratis" (in Italian).
From April 6: "Chronicle of Anna Magdalena Bach" (in German).

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
BULLITT; and **COOL HAND LUKE.**

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
April 3: **DAVID AND LISA**; and **LORD OF THE FLIES.**
April 4-7: **HORSEFEATHERS**; and **DUCK SOUP.**
From April 8: **MONKEY BUSINESS**; and **THE COCOANUTS.**

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
FACES.



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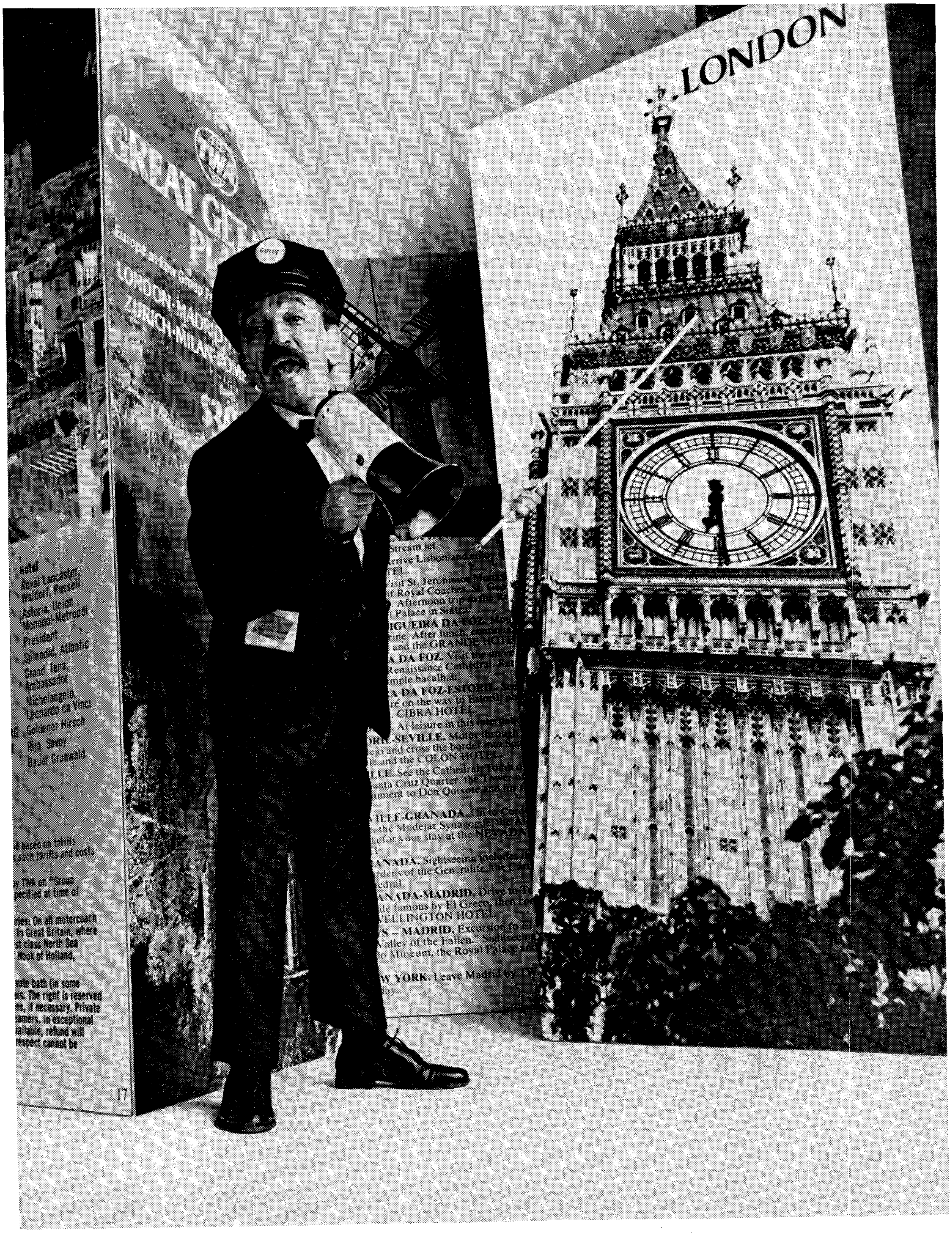
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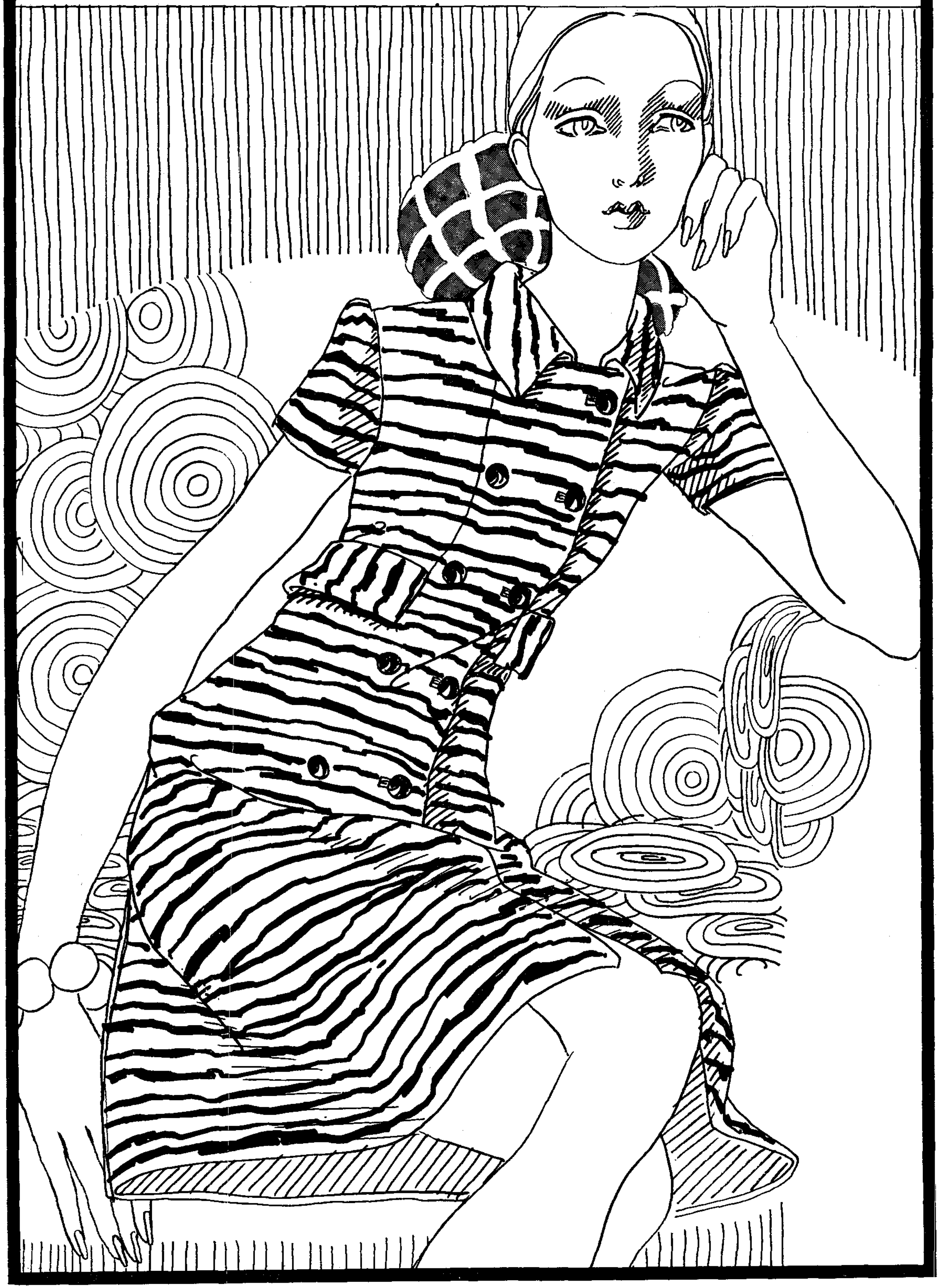

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN the first of his several eulogies of Dwight David Eisenhower, President Nixon said of his mentor, "For a quarter of a century, he spoke with a moral authority seldom equalled in American public life." This is a high tribute to the man but a dubious one to the quality of our "public life," and although we can be sure that the President intended no ambiguity, he achieved it, and in the process achieved truth as well. It would be going too far to say that in the years in which Eisenhower held great power he simultaneously exercised great "moral authority," for those were years of conspicuous moral complacency and national self-righteousness. But there is no doubt that Eisenhower was immensely aided in his ascent to the Presidency and in the esteem in which he was held while serving in that office by the fact that the public saw in him a man of personal probity and honor. To be sure, there was more to it—far more—than that. The candidate he twice defeated was no less honorable a man and had perhaps a broader moral vision than Eisenhower's. But Eisenhower was also a hero, a man with a record of accomplishment, and a public figure easier than most of his contemporaries to "like." His rectitude was not so much a fact that could be established from his record as it was an obvious facet of his character and style. Had he died in office or even as recently as four or five years ago, the eulogists, one imagines, would have found little to say of him except that as a commander he had won a very famous victory and that as a President he had extolled and exemplified personal virtue. Appraising him toward the end of his second term, William V. Shannon wrote, "Eisenhower is a transitional figure. He has not shaped the future nor tried to repeal the past." That seemed a fair enough judgment at the time. His impact on American government and politics, on our institutions and our society in general, seemed slight indeed, and this was in large part by his own design. He had little fault to find with American life and so perceived little need for change—especially for the kind of change that can be effected by actions of the central government. In 1969, however, there is far more to be said of him than that he left things pretty much as he had found them. His view of the Presidency and its powers in relation to our own society may now seem, even to members of the new Republican Administration, a retrograde one, but his view of the world and of the proper use in it of American power seems anguishingly right and proper. It is possible that he would have found it difficult to see how anyone could make a valid distinction between his approach to the use of Presidential power at home and his approach to his functions as Commander-in-Chief and the executor of American foreign policy. He was an internationalist and a Republican. As an internationalist, he saw the world as a community; as a Republican, he held the usefulness of government—any government—to be highly limited. He favored restraint in the use of power—any kind of power. Such a position can be faulted as being overly simple and oblivious of the facts of category. Yet history lends it some weight. It so happens that several of our Presidents who have been "activists" and evangels of reform within our society have also had a weakness for intervention abroad and for military solutions to essentially political problems, while many who have declined to intervene in affairs at home have been similarly non-interventionist in foreign policy. Eisenhower, of course, could scarcely be described as a non-interventionist. He helped mightily to build and lead one alliance, and he authorized his Secretary of State to organize several others. But he kept his and our powder dry for eight years in which the provocations were fully as numerous as in the bloody years that followed, and although he could hardly be called a social prophet, he could say, out of his detestation of war and his dislike of government, what he said to Prime Minister Macmillan just ten years ago, as his term was drawing to a close: "I think that people want peace so much that one of these days governments had better get out of their way and let them have it."

Occasion

WE received a short press release a few weeks back telling us that next year, after a quarter-century of talking to keep the world from fighting, the United Nations is going to observe its silver jubilee, and that Secretary-General U Thant has called together a committee—the Preparatory Committee for the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the United Nations—to make or recommend plans for commemorating the occasion "in an appropriate manner." One morning last week, a reasonable period having elapsed, we thought it was a good time to find out what kind of plans the committee was making, and we went around to U.N. headquarters to have a talk with the chairman, His Excellency Richard Maximilian Akwei, a forty-five-year-old Oxford-educated political scientist and economist from Ghana, who has been serving as his country's ambassador and permanent representative to the world body since August, 1967.

Ambassador Akwei, who, we had been told earlier, divides his time among a number of other committees, met us in the Indonesian Lounge (soft green carpet, not-so-soft leather chairs) of the General Assembly Building and invited us to sit with him in a quiet corner. He is a gentle-spoken man—a subtle contest being waged in his accent between Oxford and Accra—with a neatly clipped Vandyke, a touch of avuncular solicitousness in his voice, a habit of chuckling to himself at the beginning or end of a sentence, and a

tendency to rely on the term "it is envisaged" when he doesn't want to say anything very definite. The Ambassador chuckled right off when he said to us that his committee was "a rather large one, as such things go," and chuckled again when he asked us whether we would care to hear all the names of the member countries. We told him we would, and, counting his right-hand fingers backward and forward, he ran down a list of "Austria, Bulgaria, Byelorussian S.S.R., Canada, China, France, Guatemala, Ghana, Guinea, Guyana, India, Iran, Italy, Lebanon, Mauritania, Peru, the Philippines, Somalia, Sweden, Togo, Trinidad and Tobago, Uganda, the U.S.S.R., the United Kingdom, the United States . . ." His voice trailing off, the Ambassador asked us to check and see whether we had twenty-five countries, and appeared quite pleased with his performance when we told him that that was exactly how many we had.

Remembering U Thant's charge to the committee, we asked Ambassador Akwei what kind of plans the group had decided on as "appropriate" to the occasion.

"Oh, things are not quite *that* decided yet," he said, and looked away quickly to acknowledge the voice of a distinguished-looking Indian diplomat who, from a few leather chairs away, called something over to him about some future meeting. The Ambassador assured his colleague that he would be there and turned back to us. "No, we are kicking a lot of suggestions around, and they are all, I think, appropriate, but not a great deal has been decided yet," he went on. "Unquestionably, though, things are taking some kind of shape."

"And what does that look like?" we asked.

"Well," he said, "it looks as if there will be three kinds of celebration: international, national, and regional. International would take place in and around the U.N. headquarters, as well as in San Francisco, where the U.N. was founded. National would be organized in as many member countries as care to have them, according to programs of their own choosing. And regional celebrations would be organized by special groups and agencies attached to the U.N. The Ambassador paused, seemed to choose his words carefully, and continued, "It is envisaged that for a week or two here at the U.N. there will be one or more special Assembly meetings attended by as many heads of state as find it possible to attend, in addition to a series of musical and other cultural events. We are also working on a suggestion from the Secretary-General, in pursuance of which it is further envisaged that there will be a U.N. declaration of historic importance reflecting the organization's progress in the areas of peace, social action, human rights, and decolonization. Such a declaration would, of course, also acknowledge unfinished business and point to major problems of the future."

"Is there anything that has been finally nailed down?" we asked.

After a chuckle, the Ambassador said, "Yes. Oh, yes. I can definitely tell you that we *have* agreed to issue commemorative stamps for the occasion and to strike special medals. The stamps will be designed around the theme of twenty-five years of peace and progress, the two most important concerns and objectives of the U.N. There will be international competition for the best design, in accordance with the procedures of the Secretariat. The medals will be struck around the same theme—peace and progress—and there will be various categories of them, some awarded to important and deserving figures on the international scene and others sold to the public. Individual member states may consider issuing their own stamps and striking their own medals, based on designs of their own choosing."

Considering all the prophecies of doom the U.N. has survived, we asked the Ambassador if there is any feeling in the U.N. community that it is about to celebrate a twenty-five-year miracle.

The Ambassador gazed pensively through one of the broad panes of glass that enclose the lounge and said, "It is true that not many people thought the U.N. would last this long. Our mere survival is worth celebrating; there's no question about that. But I don't think it's a miracle. The life of the U.N. has been sustained by the continuing need for it. Thus there is a feeling here that the occasion should be observed not merely as a kind of celebration but as a serious reappraisal of the role of the United Nations and an examination of how it could be made to carry out more effectively the hopes and aspirations that the world placed in it twenty-five years ago at San Francisco." At this point, the Ambassador looked at his watch and said he was running late for the day's meeting of the Special Committee on the Question of Defining Aggression.

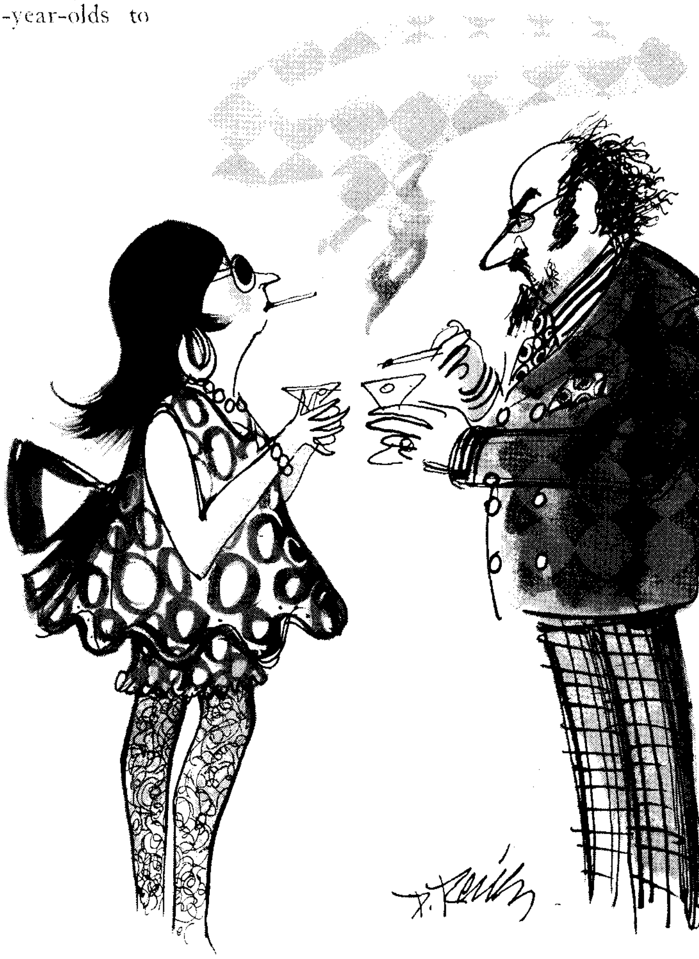
Old Enough to Vote

EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLDS are eligible to vote, whatever other restrictions on suffrage there may be, in the U.S.S.R., Israel, Argentina, Brazil, Ecuador, Guatemala, Peru, Georgia, and Kentucky. Nineteen-year-old Alaskans can vote, and so can twenty-year-olds in Hawaii. (A proposal to lower the age limit to eighteen was defeated by Hawaiian voters in a referendum last November.) Still, twenty-one remains the traditional age of enfranchisement in most Western democracies, including forty-six of the United States, in spite of increases in the education and political activity of imminent adults since the Middle Ages, when the age of twenty-one emerged as the common-law boundary between adolescence and maturity. Most eighteen-year-olds, in this country at least, are legally entitled—or, in the appropriate circumstances, legally obliged—to leave home, to work for a living, to pay taxes, to marry, to drive a car, to serve in the armed forces, and to assume criminal responsibility. In Louisiana and New York, eighteen-year-olds can buy liquor although they can't vote, while in Georgia and Kentucky the legal drinking age is twenty-one.

Since 1939, when the Gallup Poll reported that only seventeen per cent of Americans over twenty-one were in favor of the eighteen-year-old vote, the percentage has risen to sixty-four. The fitness of eighteen-year-olds to vote has also been endorsed by such diverse and prominent elders as Nelson Rockefeller, Barry Goldwater, Hubert Humphrey, John Lindsay, George Wallace, Robert and Edward Kennedy, Eugene McCarthy, Jacob Javits, Adlai Stevenson, and Everett Dirksen. When the idea was suggested by the late President Eisenhower, both John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson opposed it as senators, but both men later changed their minds, and the only dissenter among the last six Presidents—Roosevelt through Nixon—was Harry Truman, who once said he thought that the voting age ought to be raised to twenty-four. In February, President Nixon asked the Justice Department to advise him whether it would be more expedient to work for a change in the voting age nationally or state by state.

Approximately twelve million eighteen-, nineteen-, and twenty-year-olds could be enfranchised by an amendment to the United States Constitution, which has already been adjusted to insure the right to vote of older citizens regardless of race, color, sex, payment of poll taxes, or residence in the District of Columbia, where the franchise is restricted to Presidential elections. Except for two references, in the Fourteenth Amendment, to "male citizens twenty-one years of age," the Constitution does not specify an age limit for voters. An amendment to establish the voting age at eighteen might be worded this way: "The right of citizens of the United States who are eighteen years of age or older to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any state on account of age. The Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation." During the current session of Congress, forty-nine proposals of amendments involving the vote have been introduced in the House of Representatives, and another six in the Senate. The Subcommittee on Constitutional Amendments of the Senate Judiciary Committee may hold hearings on the question of lowering the voting age in a month or so; no hearings have been scheduled in the House. Until the necessary sixty-seven senators, two hundred and ninety representatives, and thirty-eight state legislatures can be persuaded to pass and ratify an amendment, the right to determine the legal voting age belongs to the individual states.

In February, Governor Rockefeller recommended a change in the New York State Constitution, and, as it has done annually for sixteen years, the legislature is now contemplating an eighteen-year-old-suffrage amendment. If the bill is released from the Assembly Judiciary Committee, there will be a vote on the issue this week. The amendment's floor manager is Andrew Stein, twenty-three-year-old assemblyman from the Sixty-second District in Manhattan. The local lobby for the eighteen-year-old vote is a polypartisan student group known as CALVA—Consolidated Associations to Lower the Voting Age. CALVA was organized two and a half years ago to promote the cause of younger voters at the New York State Constitutional Convention of 1967, a deliberative body that is memorable only for its lack of achievements. If a majority of the Assembly and a majority of the State Senate should agree to a reduction of the voting age before the end of this session of the legislature—a dim prospect, since the Republican majority on the Senate committee, including declared supporters of the amendment, voted last Thursday not to release the bill yet—the proposal would still have to be endorsed by a majority of the next elected legislature and then approved, in 1971, by a majority of New York State voters twenty-one and over. These rules make altruists of the present members of CALVA, most of whom are over twenty-one themselves. If the state constitution is amended within the next three years, more than nine



"I think it's a crime to spend billions going to the moon when repertory theatre in this country is more dead than alive."

hundred thousand New Yorkers will be enfranchised—an increase of eight per cent in the state electorate.

According to CALVA, the first serious proposal to grant the vote to the eighteen-year-olds of New York State (not including women) was made to the State Constitutional Convention of 1867, by a Carthage, New York, delegate named Marcus Bickford. "Before the Flood, when man lived to the age of nearly a thousand years, a child of a hundred was still a child . . . in this fast age, men mature both in body and mind at a great deal earlier period than formerly," Bickford said to the delegates. Rhetorically, the eighteen-year-old vote has been a remarkably dull issue. The more dramatic lines on the subject since Bickford spoke are contained in a prepared statement, so far undelivered, of Assemblyman Stein. "Some of my colleagues have argued," Stein plans to say, "that student disorders prove that those who are under twenty-one should not be allowed to vote. That is like saying that women should not be allowed to vote because some women are prostitutes." The Rockefeller version of Bickford's Biblical argument is in the tamer style of contemporary political statements: "Young men and women today are ready and willing to assume the rights and responsibilities of full citizenship by age eighteen. . . . They are educated for citizenship well before earlier generations."

Speaking just two years after the end of the Civil War, Bickford also argued that since "we hold men at eighteen liable to the draft and require them to peril their lives on the battlefield," men of eighteen ought to be given the vote. "Old enough to fight, old enough to vote" became the watchword of the lower-voting-age movement, which has flourished in times of war and languished in between. Eighteen-year-olds were subject to compulsory military service during the First World War, and again in 1942, when Congress lowered the age of conscription from the peacetime level of twenty-one. During the Second World War, the chief congressional advocate of eighteen-year-old voting was Republican Senator Arthur Vandenberg, of Michigan, who said, "If young men are to be drafted at eighteen years of age to fight for their government, they ought to be entitled to vote at eighteen years of age for the kind of government for which they are best satisfied to fight." But proposals to lower the voting age were defeated both in Congress and in thirty state legislatures.

The only victory occurred in Georgia, in 1943, under the leadership of Governor Ellis Arnall, who had defeated Eugene Talmadge the previous year with the strong support of local college students. Ten years later, Governor *Herman* Talmadge expressed the state's satisfaction with the results: "There were some who . . . thought that here was a segment of the vote which could be exploited toward the left. I am happy to say that such has not been the case." Governor Rockefeller had to deal with the current bugbear in his recent statement: "The indefensibly immature behavior of a scant fraction of our youth must not . . . penalize the vast majority of American youth capable of exercising citizenship responsibly."

The crusade for a lower voting age inspired by the Korean war was led by President Eisenhower, who had introduced the issue into his first campaign, and who, in his 1954 State of the Union Message, proposed a Constitutional amendment: "For years, our citizens between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one have, in time of peril, been summoned to fight for America. They should participate in the political process that produces this fateful summons." In 1955, Kentucky fell to the eighteen-year-olds. As in Georgia, the majority of the teen-agers unleashed on the voting booth have remained true to the better-known political parties. In 1964, Robert Kennedy said that "if eighteen-year-olds are eligible for compulsory military service they should be eligible to vote," but no state has yet yielded as a result of the latest war.

One of the most venerable antagonists of under-age voters, and one of the few courageous enough to declare himself in public, is New York City Congressman Emanuel Celler, who was eighteen himself in 1906. Celler's favorite argument is the logical weakness of the fight/vote slogan. "Thus, 'instant obedience,' 'to act quickly upon a command,' 'not to stop to question why,' 'quick reflexes,' 'physical fitness' are indispensable qualifications for good soldiering," he says in his standard statement on the matter. "And scrutiny, critical appraisal, a point of view, and philosophy are essential in effective voting." Others have pointed out that not all eighteen-year-olds are subject to the draft, and it has been suggested that only men who are drafted be granted the right to vote. Australia, three years ago, extended the franchise to anyone "less than twenty-one" who "is or has been on special service outside Australia as a member of the Defence Forces." Celler is suspicious, too, of the emotional stability of people under twenty-one. "The demagogue, and the dictator, and the hypnotic orator have been able, historically, to capture the youth of the land," he once wrote. "Witness the regimes of Hitler and Mussolini." On other occasions, he has dropped the names of Stalin, Franco, and Mao Tse-tung. In 1954, the *Times* felt the same way: ". . . the greatest factor that enabled Lenin, Mussolini, Hitler and Mao Tse-tung to ride to power was their success in capturing and misusing the youth of their countries, especially among the student groups whose book learning had not yet been tempered by practical experience." The *Times* recanted in 1968, perhaps after taking a longer look at native student groups and native despots. "President Johnson, who once opposed lowering the voting age, has changed his mind—and so have we. The President's recommendation for a Constitutional amendment extending the franchise to eighteen-year-olds is an appropriate response to the new political activism of American youth, justified by the increased maturity, education, and demonstrated moral concern of today's young people." Celler, however, who is chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, through which a voting-age amendment must pass on its way to the House floor, is holding out. Demonstrations of moral concern at Columbia and in Chicago last spring and summer are believed to account for the narrow defeat last fall of amendments to lower the voting age to nineteen in North Dakota and Nebraska.

CALVA does not ignore the military factor, but its members would rather cite statistics that indicate the superiority of eighteen-, nineteen-, and twenty-year-olds over eligible voters in political enthusiasm, social conscience, and education, and they make it clear that enforced military service is only one of many injustices that voteless young adults suffer. "Legally, the 18, 19, and 20 year old is generally equated with the 'adult population,' though being denied the vote. . . . These 'pre-adults' are drafted into the military, they must pay taxes, and, if convicted of a crime, they are sent to State or Federal prisons, yet they have no say on the wars they die in, the taxes they pay, or the laws under which they are convicted," a recent CALVA news release stated. "And, as a direct offshoot of the '21 Year Old Vote,' 18, 19, and 20 year olds cannot serve on juries, which is a violation of 'trial by peers' for the defendant under 21 years of age."

The chairman of CALVA is Larry Douglas, a nineteen-year-old from Brooklyn, currently on leave from his sophomore year at Long Island University and serving in Albany as a legislative aide to Assemblyman Leonard Simon. "We prefer to say, 'Old enough to participate, old enough to vote,'" Mr. Douglas told us. We asked him how long he had been participating. "Let's see, I coördinated my public school for John Kennedy in 1960, when I was eleven," he said. "I guess I've been in politics eight years now. I hate to say it." He sighed deeply, apparently feeling his age.

Ponti

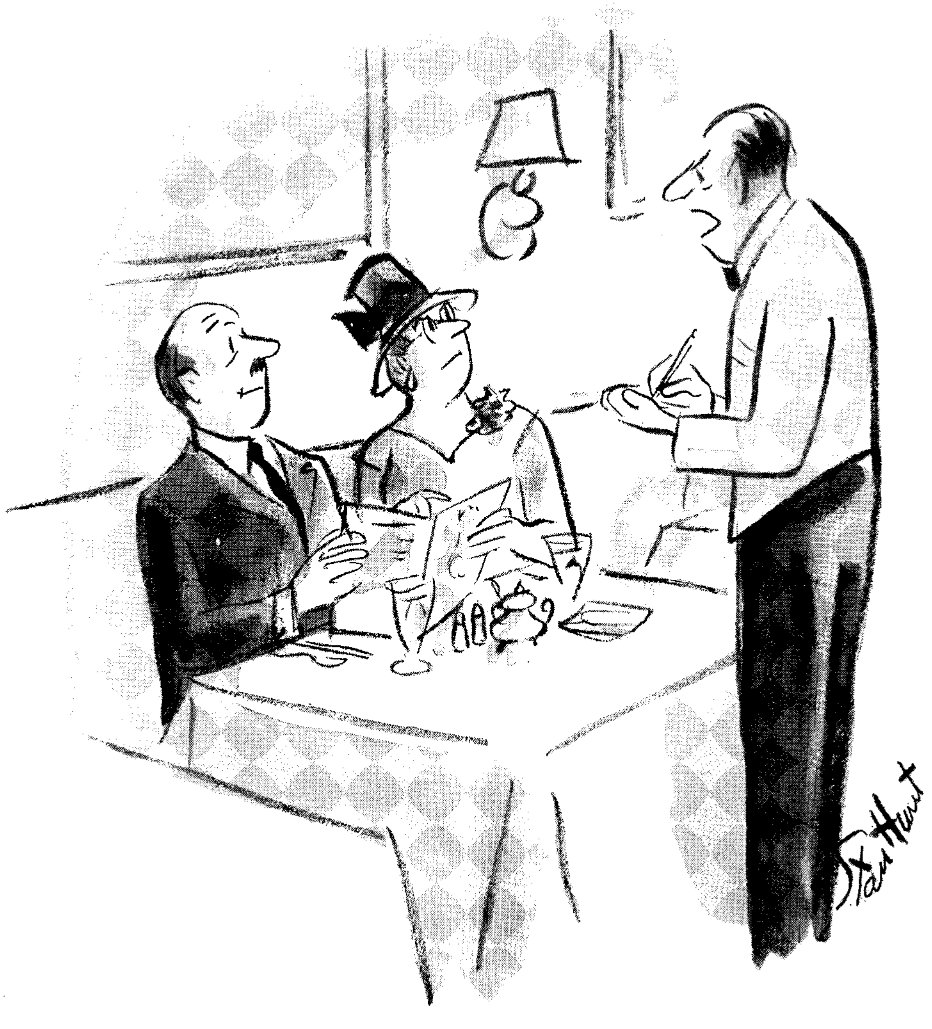
WE went to see Carlo Ponti, the Italian film producer, on the twenty-third floor of the Sherry-Netherland early one morning, and we found him a bit sleepy, because he had been acting as his own secretary and telling all the numerous disturbers who telephoned him that he could not be disturbed. When we ourself had phoned up from the lobby, we believed that he was his secretary answering the phone, and had begun to explain that we had a nine-o'clock appointment with him when he said, "No, no. This is Carlo Ponti speaking. Come upstairs." When we arrived in his suite, his first words were a description of his plight as a defender of his morning peace.

"Why don't you ask the hotel operator to screen your calls or to take messages?" we asked.

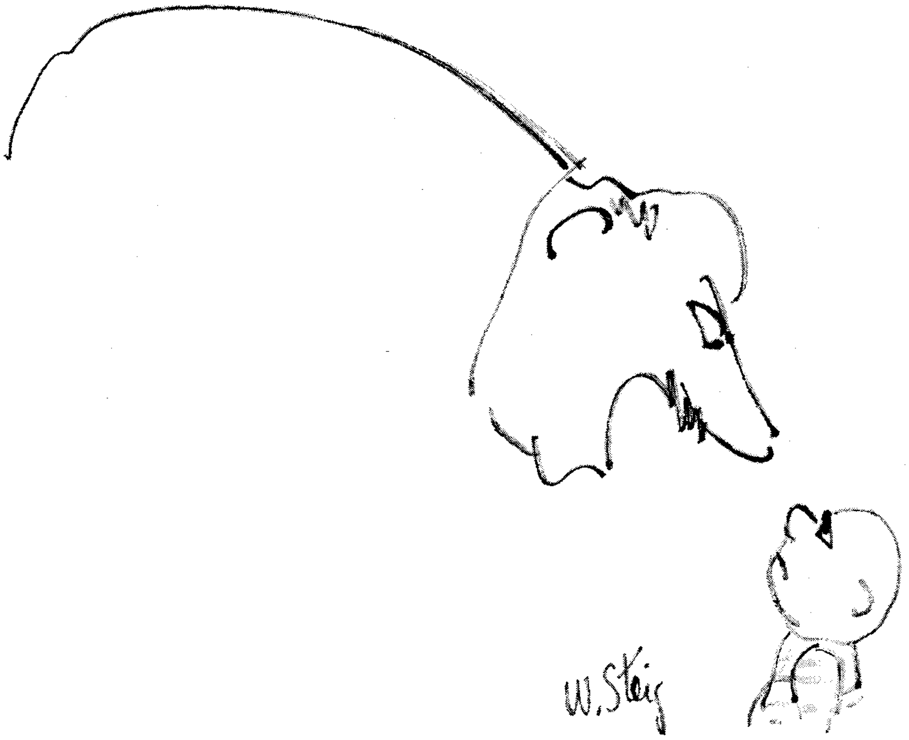
"I'm too lazy to do that," he said. "At any rate, I find it simpler to answer the phone myself and say yes or no, Mr. Ponti does or doesn't want to see you. I think it's kinder if you disappoint callers in your own voice."

We asked him, soon afterward, whether he thinks European film directors are more misinformed about America than their American counterparts are about Europe.

"I would say it's the same," he replied. "International misunderstanding is the true face of international understanding. Everyone thinks he knows everything about the country he visits for the first time in his life, but then, even if he had visited that country a hundred times, it would make no difference, because one must be young and therefore empty-minded or carefree to understand a world different from one's own. Young people can do that. My son, who is now twenty and studies at Yale, has become an American in the space of two months. The transformation was as sudden as it was deep. I was stunned by it. He talks as an American and thinks as one. It was comforting for me to observe this automatic bridging of the gap, this merging of two cultures into one living human being, while when I see experienced men in mature age use their wits and their ponderous experience in the huge task of tackling the problems of their foreign counterparts, I am always discouraged and amused; it is, in fact, as if I saw a European statesman trying to become an American statesman. What we so proudly call mental maturity is nothing but complete mental occupancy. 'Sorry, Full,' as the sign has it at the doors of a garage—that is the best description of a mature man's ability to absorb new experiences. Now, for example, my good friend Vittorio De Sica, whose intelligence and mental youth are beyond doubt, was unable to grasp any facet of the American problem after he had visited Chicago. And the same may be said of Mario Soldati and Roberto Rossellini, both of whom have been given ample opportunity to study this country at their leisure. Thus I may say that everybody is a provincial the moment he begins to be regarded as a man of the world. This normal hardening of our intellectual arteries is especially grave in the case of filmmakers, because the visual man is provincial by nature: when you say someone has an eye, you mean he has an eye for what's familiar to the eyes of others. Of course, the film director is not just a photographer; he escapes any ancient definition in that he paints in movement—dreams or daydreams—or remembers in movement. He is an author and an interpreter, but also a coördinator, an organizer, and, in his small but extremely complex world, a leader of men. He must know how to deal with human beings; he may be likened to an orchestra conductor. Mark that the orchestra conductor also appeared rather recently on the scene of the arts—namely, when music became more complex than it was in Mozart's time. As examples of true author-directors, may I cite Charlie Chaplin and Jacques Tati, but also Antonioni and Fellini, whose works are never derivative but always very much the product of their original inventive-



"Madam! Let him order what he wants!"



"When I want your advice, I'll ask for it."

• •

ness. Neither of them, in fact, would have agreed to do 'Doctor Zhivago' for me. De Sica, instead, is an interpreter, which is also confirmed by his fame as a stage and movie actor long before he became a director. He was born to direct the writings of Cesare Zavattini, whose literary imagination De Sica alone could and did translate into art."

We asked him what he thought of the man behind the director—the producer.

"It is a strange and curious activity, which was regarded with suspicion for a long time both in France and in England," Mr. Ponti said. "As a game, it attracts many, but few know how to play it. The Jews excel in it because they are by nature not provincial. Hollywood was, in fact, founded by Jews. They never found Italy very tempting, but this is because there is no immigration into Italy but always a vast emigration from it. Rome was never what you might call a residential city, as Paris was until recently and London is today. There is no cultural life to speak of there. Yes, there are tourists, and there is, of course, the Vatican, but what else? Those foreigners who settled down in Italy in the distant past were also tourists—long-term tourists, you may call them. They came there to dream, not to take part in anything. The real center of the world today is England. The best painters, writers, musicians, actors—in one word, the best artists—are in England. No wonder. This also happened in ancient Greece during *its* decadence. A florid intellectual life always coincides with decadence. And the reason is obvious. There is true independence, freedom—and what else can an artist ask for? Italy is Catholic, France is Gaullist, America is still Puritan. England, instead, is free, and therefore ripe for great things."

We asked him whether he cared to comment on some American films.

" 'The Graduate,' " he said. "That film is clearly in the Italian tradition of sociopolitical criticism. All the great Italian films belong in that category. The best and most violent among them was 'Two Women,' based on Alberto Moravia's great novel 'La Ciociara.' It was an anti-Fascist film in that it showed the mockery of a war of liberation that itself was the result—and, in a way, the symbol—of Italy's rape by the Fascist regime."

We asked whether he cared to comment on the sociological scene today.

"In Russia, the social problem is barely tackled at all," he said. "The world, of course, can survive neither as purely capitalistic nor as purely Communistic. When, and to what extent, a compromise between these two forces may be reached is anybody's guess for the moment, but it is beyond doubt that the structure cannot lean too much to the right or to the left without disastrous consequences. Communism is now far to the right of capitalism; it is, in fact, the official anti-leftist dictatorship. We must not let ourselves be deluded by its ancient leftist claims. We should assess those principles by their application, and the application is clearly to the extreme right. Now, it is elementary that a man who is not free is not even a man. Aristotle insisted on the political nature of man. How about freedom for a basic characterization of his nature?"

We asked whether he saw a social function for the cinema today.

"The cinema is the bread of the young," he replied. "It never had a greater educational function, but let it not for this reason become formally educational, or it may lose its audiences. In an empty church, the best preacher in the world will sound like a fool. I was particularly heartened by the success of 'Doctor Zhivago' among the teen-agers. That film was a protest against the mistaken application of a great principle."

We asked what he thought of young protestors.

"We all agree that all must have a share in modern prosperity," he said. "No one who hasn't taken leave of his senses would claim prosperity for the rich only. But that all must be made prosperous by the state is also absurd. The young today want change, but what the world should change into they stubbornly refuse to tell, or even to consider. Of course, the young have an instinct for things we adults lack. But no amount of change can change the ancient modes of logic. If you hate what you see, you must love to see something else in its place."

We asked him who, in his opinion, are the greatest film directors.

"Mike Nichols, Fred Zinnemann, Michelangelo Antonioni, David Lean, De Sica, Fellini," he said quickly.

The phone rang, and Mr. Ponti answered it. It was a call from London, where he had been expected for the past two days. Then another phone rang, and he asked us to please answer it. We did. When Ponti was through with his London call, he rushed to the second phone and said, "I told you I was not going to be out. . . . No, you got me wrong. I said I was going to be *in*, and of *course* I have time, but I am not in a mood to see you. Besides, I have nothing to tell you. . . . What? . . . Oh, I see. But perhaps it's *too* interesting. . . . Thank you. Goodbye."

He came back to us and said, "See how they are? You can't tell them the truth. They want lies. But to be a good liar you have to be a real artist—not just a movie producer."

We thanked him and went our way, as his two phones started ringing again.

AMOR VINCIT OMNIA AD NAUSEAM

(AFTER AWAKING FROM "BRUNO'S DREAM," BY IRIS MURDOCH, AND FALLING INTO THE NURSERY)

"HEY diddle—?"

"Diddle."

"You're thinking about God again."

"I was thinking about *you*."

It was true. She had been. The cat had been thinking about the fiddle. She had been looking at him. He had a long thin stringy neck and a plump brown resinous hollow body. His voice had vibrato. She had been his mistress for four years. It had been ecstatic but not extremely. She was a small-boned calico with high tender ears and a broad subdivided brow and a moist nose and an abrasive triangular tongue the color of faded drapes. She had been attracted by his voice. They had met at a benefit concert being given for churchmice. A bow had scraped him and he had sung. The cat had gone up afterwards and had rubbed herself against him and in her whiskers, so decisively parallel, he had recognized something kindred. He had sung to her of Viennese woods and she had related to him tales of her previous lovers. There had been a succession of toms behind the Bromley gasworks. They had had terrible voices. They had clawed her. They had bitten. As the palms of a religious come to be indented by stigmata so the image slowly formed itself upon her mind of a hairless toothless lover, fragile and lean. He would have resonance. He would be powerless to pounce. Her telling the fiddle all this in those days had pleased and flattered them both. That had been in those days. These were these days. All day she took a small abrasive pleasure in licking the calico fur of her chest with her triangular tongue while he failed to sing but instead leaned in the corner and almost hummed. She looked at him, his shape, his texture, his state of tension. One of her toms had been made into a tennis racquet. Perhaps that had been the attraction. She thought, I need a larger fate, warmer, kinder, yet more perilous in its dimensions, coarsely infinite yet mottled like me. Her vertically slit eyes, hoarding depths of amber, dilated at a shadow from her barnyard days as a kitten in the straw in Surrey. Something large had been often above her. Something smelling of milk. It had mooed.

THE cow was in love with the moon. Throughout the first three quarters she had wept solidly, streams and streams. The moon had become full. Tears poured down her muzzle in an invincible tide.

"You are seeking," said the full moon, "to purify yourself by giving rein to impossibility."

"Oh God—I can't—I don't—"

"Go on."

"When I first saw you, you were new—a sort of weak bent splinter of a sort of nibbled thing. How loathsome, thought I. I think even then I was protecting myself from the truth. I believe even then I deeply knew you were cheese. You began to grow. Mare Serenitatis showed, and one bluish blind mad eye, and the side of your lopsided leprous smile. At first I loved you in spite of your leprosity. Then I loved it because it was part of *you*. Then I loved the leprosity itself, and you because you were the vehicle whereby it was boldly imposed upon the cold night sky. I have never known pain so ungainsayable. I beg you, What—?"

"Jump."

"Jump?"

"*Jump*."

"Jump—"

"JUMP!"

"Imagine the moon," advised a little dog who had been eavesdropping, "as only slightly higher than the Albert Memorial. Or consider the Albert Hall. It is round and deep and vast and many-entranced like a woman's love. Oppositely, the Memorial is phallic and gaudy. Between them there is only the Kensington Road."

The cow was jumping. Splendidly. Galaxies concentrically countervaulted. Sphere upon diamantine sphere chimed the diatonic music that mesmerized Jerusalem the Golden. Time and space were fooled at their own game. *Ah ovo*, lactogalactic. He was near, Him, ashy, awful, barren, lunar, luminous, Him. *He was Him*. They grazed. The hint of a ghost of a breath of a touch.

The cow was descending. The cow was reëntering Earth's orbit. The atmosphere sizzled. The cat's sensitive amber eyes dilated as the shadow gathered. She felt the ponderous loved thing close and warm above her.

"Is it to be—?"

"Can't stop. Gravity."

"Oh—how *right!*" Black ecstasy flattened the cat. Her ego was, if not eliminated, expanded beyond the bounds of dissatisfaction. She was ever so utterly content. The little dog laughed to see such sport.

THE fiddle cleared his long narrow throat. "Er—when you laughed like that—I er *twanged*. Strange to say, I love you insanely."

"Too bad," said the little dog. "I love the cow. This fact was asleep in me until I saw her jump. Christ, what an august uncanny leap that was!" He was a beagleish dog. A history of bitches had lengthened his ears and bloodied his eyes. His forepaws however had an engaging outward twist. He yapped amorously at the cow. She stepped backward into the fiddle. Her glossy hoof fragmented the ruddy wood.

"Thank you—thank you—" sobbed the fiddle. He had been excessively pampered heretofore. It was bliss to be hurt. And nothing arouses gratitude like an irruption of violence. "Of course I love *you*." He of course meant the cow. She became haughty. Her high hot sides made a mist like fog off the Greenwich Reach. She indicated distinctly that she had consecrated herself to the memory of the cat. Or rather the cat had become the angel of death whose abiding iron presence it is the destiny of all life to worship. What else is love? Nothing else.

The little dog yowled. "I discover I was confused. It is the moon I adore, for having permitted itself to be so splendidly jumped." He yowled and yowled.

The moon beamed. "I love everyone. I shine on just and unjust alike. I give to all the gift of madness. That is my charm. That is my *truth*."

The fiddle lived with his wound for a fortnight, as one would live with the shifting shades and fluorescent evanescences of an unduly prolonged sunset. Then he found he could sing. He had once sung. He was again singing. He sang,

"A questo seno, deh! vieni, idolo mio,
Quanti timori, quante lacrime . . ."

And the dish ran away with the spoon.

—JOHN UPDIKE

THE DRESS REHEARSAL

I WAS watching the group of nuns at the far end of the passage, and I noticed how oddly they resembled gentlemen in evening dress—a party company in white tie and tails. Then I saw one nun walking away from them, accompanied by a man. They stopped and faced each other. She raised the rosary swinging from her belt and swished it, laughing, against his sleeve. He kissed her hand, and she, still laughing, came toward me, turning her head and calling after him, "Be quiet now. I shan't listen to another word."

As she approached, I recognized my mother. I gazed at her with disgust and admiration—disgust because of her behaving in this worldly manner, so outrageously ill-fitting to her costume, and admiration because it suited her so well.

"You look wonderful, Mama," I said. "I'm staggered. I never thought you'd look so well in this getup."

"That's what I always tell you whenever there is a new fashion and you complain it will be unbecoming," she said. "It doesn't matter. An ugly woman remains ugly and a pretty woman remains pretty. Never be afraid of a change in fashions, Edith. Let it be a lesson to you for life."

"Yes, Mama," I said, "but why have you got your outfit on already and we haven't been promised ours till just before the dress rehearsal? It isn't fair."

"Naturally," said my mother. "Your smocks are easy to make, and they don't have to fit, either, because they're loose. That's not a problem. We've got priority because they can't direct us if we don't walk and move properly, and in modern clothes we are hopeless. I've got to be back now. I think they'll want us to walk onstage any minute. You haven't performed yet, have you?"

"We did the May song in a little room, round the piano," I said, "and they are very decent and don't mind us singing out of tune. Because we are supposed to be natural. Like real children. They are waiting for the maître de ballet now—the real one, not just a dogsbody assistant—to go over the dance round the Maypole with us."

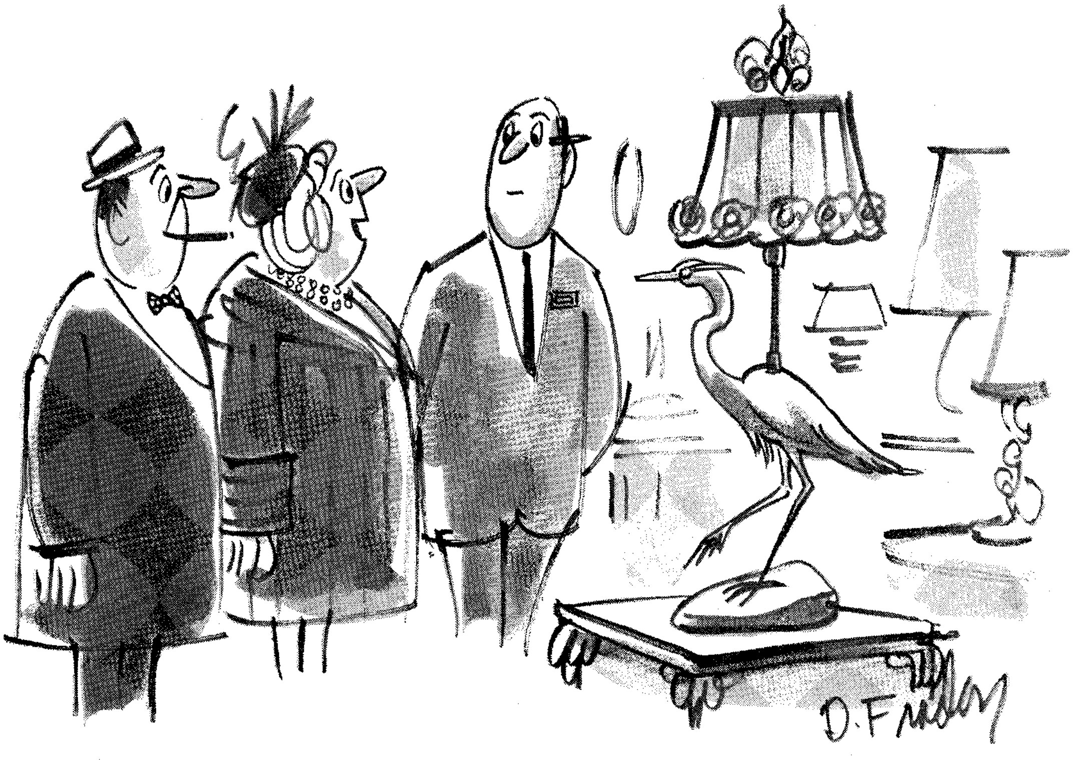
"It's a ridiculous waste to get the maître de ballet to make you hop round the Maypole," said my mother. "If at least he'd teach you something of enduring value while he's at it, like the steps of the tango."

"We are supposed to be real children," I said.

"Well, so long, now," said my mother. "Go on being a real child. And when you have been don't wait for me. I told Emma to be here at five to fetch you."

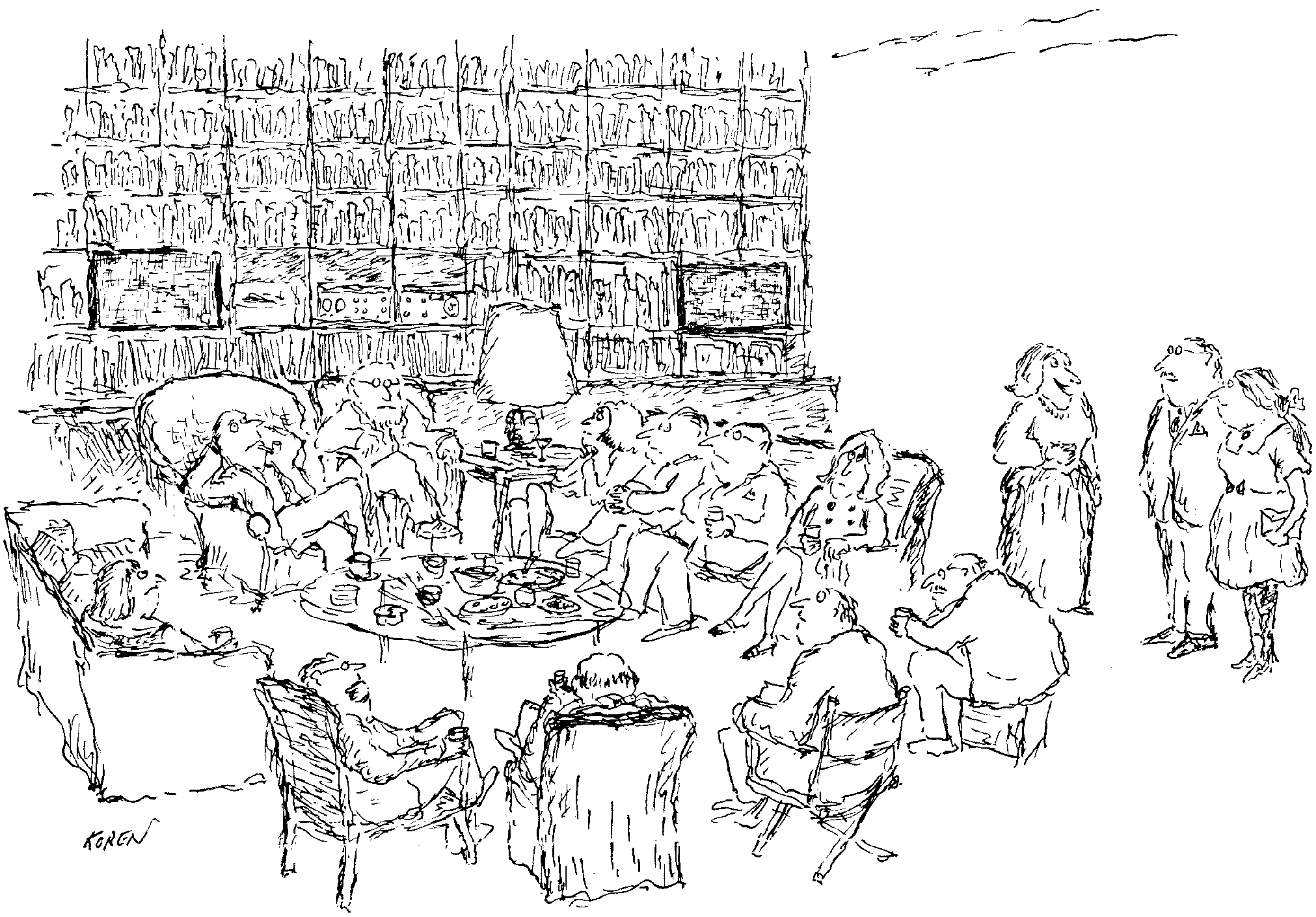
"Yes, Mama," I said, and I watched her going back to her group of nuns. Like her, they were society ladies of Prague who had agreed to take part in the gigantic crowd scenes of "The Miracle," a fake medieval play under the direction of Max Reinhardt, which had been a sensational spectacle in Vienna, and which now, in this year of 1929, Reinhardt was taking for single-night performances to every capital city in Europe. "The Miracle" was eminently suited for international showing, because it enacted a legend with a scandalous content and a pious message, and because it was done in mime. The only spoken words were in the May song of my own group, and in the Latin prayers and litany during the church and convent scenes.

Reinhardt brought only his staff of assistants and his star actors with him to Prague, and enlisted, for unpaid crowd work, children from schools, undergraduates from universities, and members of the idle rich. For most of us, it was a unique adventure, but this was not the real reason my mother and her friends had consented to take part. What had drawn them was the brilliance that radiated from one of the two female stars, who were supposed to, and really did, look so alike onstage that one could not tell which was which. One was the American actress Rosamond Pinchot; the other was the young Lady Diana Manners, the daughter of the Eighth Duke of Rutland. If Lady Diana was willing to display herself before the world, the fashionable women of Prague were delighted to give their support.



"*Do you have something a little more garish? We're nouveaux riches.*"

After leaving my mother, I walked to the end of the passage, past the last few entrance doors to the boxes, rounded a curve, and began to ascend one of the twin stairs that led to the dress circle, the first-floor boxes, and the bar and smoking rooms. We had been told to assemble in the anteroom opening onto the bar. Before this, I intended to lean over the red plush ledge of the first row in the dress circle and watch the proceedings on the stage. I found it frightening to sit downstairs, listening at close quarters to the yelled orders and the furious answers that continually passed from the stalls to the wings. I was halfway up the stairs when someone came skipping past me. As he passed, I saw it was a young man. He suddenly



"Tonight we're not saying anything unless it's significant."

• •

turned and barred my way, leaning against the balustrade.

"I have been wanting to speak to you," he said. "I saw you yesterday. I watched you for half an hour, by the piano, doing the May song."

"I didn't see you," I said.

He was dressed in flannels and a dark-red pullover. Over the arm that rested on the top rail was draped a green fur-bordered cape, and in his other hand he carried a blue-plumed hat. Clutched to his side, within the crook of the elbow, was some kind of silvery weapon, probably a sabre. He looked to be in his twenties, but he was not boyish. There was no softness in his countenance, no hesitance, none of the wide-eyed look that goes with youth. He had dark wavy hair and deep-set eyes, which were too small for his lean, strong-chinned face. He looked at me intently, seriously, searchingly. I could not imagine him smiling.

"I didn't see you," I repeated.

"I know you didn't," he said. "I was standing behind the open door."

"They are very decent here about the singing," I said. "At school, in music lesson, they never let me sing with the others, because I can't sing in tune. Here they don't mind. I do mind, myself, though. I can hear myself doing it wrong, and I know when it's flat, and yet I can't get it out right."

He said, "This happens often in life. In all kinds of circumstances."

"What do you do?" I asked.

"I study medicine," he said. "I'm in my last year."

"I didn't mean it that way," I said. "I meant what do you do in the play?"

"I'm in the tavern scene," he said. "I am one of the roistering fellows who chuck the wenches through the air and catch them as they come down. We've been picked for our strong arms and steady hands. It's nerve-racking, and on top of it we've got to look abandoned with joy. We rub our palms with chalk before we go on. It's slippery work, making the girls go from hand to hand. They are Corps de Ballet, though, thank God. They are used to sorrow."

"I've never watched it," I said. "I can't ever stay as long as I'd like, because Emma always comes to fetch me."

"How old are you?" he asked. "Twelve?"

"Yes," I said.

"Hold this for me," he said. "And this here," and he handed me the hat and the weapon, and flung the cape over one shoulder. I watched him lighting a cigarette. We both remained silent. His conversation seemed to have run out, and I reflected that he would not be "an ornament in anyone's drawing room," as my mother always said. He had spoken the last words in the tone of a matter-of-fact order, and had not even said "will you, please?" Now he lounged against the balustrade with one foot on a lower step than the other, and in this half-crouching position he still barred my way.

"You are enchanting," he said at last. "You are utterly lovely and enchanting. I could not stop myself looking at you yesterday, all that time."

I looked at him, aghast. There was nothing lovely about me, either in face or in figure. Moreover, if he had been watching my group in search for enchantment and loveliness, he would have surely remarked two of my classmates, both conspicuously good-looking and seeming older than their years, who never failed to be praised by a chorus of mothers and governesses when we were fetched from school. Then it occurred to me that there was one part of me that my mother and Emma always said was fine and graceful, and this was what they called the "*décolleté*"—that composition of throat, neck, arms, and shoulders revealed when one wore evening dress. But this was for later on, they told me, when I would be going to balls. It was like having a savings account in the bank, and he could not have guessed it in any case, since I was clad in a long-sleeved dress of brown-and-blue tartan plaid with a close-fitting white collar.

"You've got it all wrong," I said.

"No," he said. "But of course you yourself don't know how ravishing you are."

I shook my head, and, glancing over his shoulder, I could see a few girls of my group running up the other stairs. "I must go now," I said.

"Go," he said, but he did not move for a while and kept looking at me, with his long, full lips slightly parted, as though he still intended to speak. Then he straightened himself with an abrupt movement, took the hat and sabre from me, and stepped aside. I had forgotten that I had been holding them.

I saw him at the next rehearsal and talked to him, and at every rehearsal after. I never looked for him, and I never met him walking toward me, but he always caught up with me, coming from behind and then turning and barring my way. My feeling that he was not accustomed to drawing rooms became a conviction. He was too silent, too grave, and too straightforward. In drawing rooms, one had to converse unceasingly, speaking in bantering, joking fashion, and one had to laugh often, even when nothing witty was being said. One behaved obliquely, as though standing a few paces apart from oneself, observing oneself speak and the impression one made on others.

He told me at every one of our meetings that I was enchanting, but he did not seem much interested in my circumstances, and he did not ask about Emma, either. This annoyed me, because Emma was very remarkable, and on our third meeting I gave him the information on my own. I said, "I must go now. Emma will be waiting for me downstairs in the foyer, and she'll be huffy if I let her go hanging about. It's not really her job—she's not my governess, she's our parlor maid, but you'd never think so if you saw her on her day off, in a tailor-made and a black fox fur. I haven't got a governess anymore. I haven't had one for the last six years, though most of the girls in my class still have one. We can't afford it now. My mother hasn't got a lady's maid anymore, either. We've only got a cook and a scullery maid and an in-between maid and Emma, and to make up for the lady's maid the hairdresser comes every day at noon, and the seamstress every fortnight for a few days, but it isn't the same thing, of course. Before this, we had much more money, and the last governess I had was English, and she'd been with the Prince Windischgraetz before she came to us—the one who was the nephew of the Emperor Franz Josef. And do you know what was Prince Windischgraetz' favorite dish?"

I paused, and said triumphantly, "Boiled beef with bread dumplings and tomato sauce. Shattering, isn't it?" I watched him closely, waiting for his astonishment.

He did not show it. He said, "It's you who are shattering. Shatteringly enchanting." He stepped aside, and I walked away without saying goodbye.

THE rehearsals for the crowd scenes went on for three weeks, with one of the young assistant directors standing in for whatever single role was required. I watched him celebrating a Mass, and I was much impressed by his acting. While he uttered the litany of the *mater dolorosa*, he seemed to be struggling, wheedling, and bargaining with the Holy Virgin. My mother, too, was full of admiration. "What a superb talent!" she said that night while we were at dinner. "And what a pity he isn't an actor. Nobody could possibly do any better. When the famous Reimers arrives, from the Burgtheater, from Vienna, to take over, he'll be a letdown, you'll see." The famous Emerich Reimers, a cadaverous and magnetic figure who had won an immense following for his performances in the plays of Goethe,

WHAT'S IT LIKE OUTSIDE?

OR, IT'S ALWAYS FAIR WEATHER UNLESS SOMEBODY SAYS IT ISN'T

Once there was a man to protect whose reputation I shall speak of simply as Horatio.
He believed that weather was created by the latest radio report or the Today Show.
For the mad meteorologists of the air he was the ideal guinea pig;
He could observe the current weather through his window, but he ignored it for news of the approaching Bermuda high or the Arctic air mass over Medicine Hat or Winnipeg.
The evidence of his own eyes could not counteract his one personal idiosyncrasy,
Which we may well term an audio-videosyncrasy.
For him a rainy day was not rainy nor a sunny day sunny unless so certified by his Zenith and his Motorola;
He wanted his information straight from the horse's mouth, which is to say from the mouth of a Gordon Barnes or a Dr. Frank Field or even a Joe Garagiola.
He was cut to the modern pattern;
He took no delight from red sky at night nor warning from red sky at morning, and cared not if the moon had as many rings as Saturn.
No such old wives' tales for Horatio; old wives' tales were for Arnold Bennett.
Weather is what the radio and the TV say it will be—that was his primary tenet.
Yes, Horatio was, as I have said, a typical product of the audio-video period.
Eventually an April blizzard caught him in shorts and a madras jacket on a day which the Voices assured him was to be fair and warm, and he perished from getting himself thoroughly chilled, virused, and bacteria'd.

—OGDEN NASH

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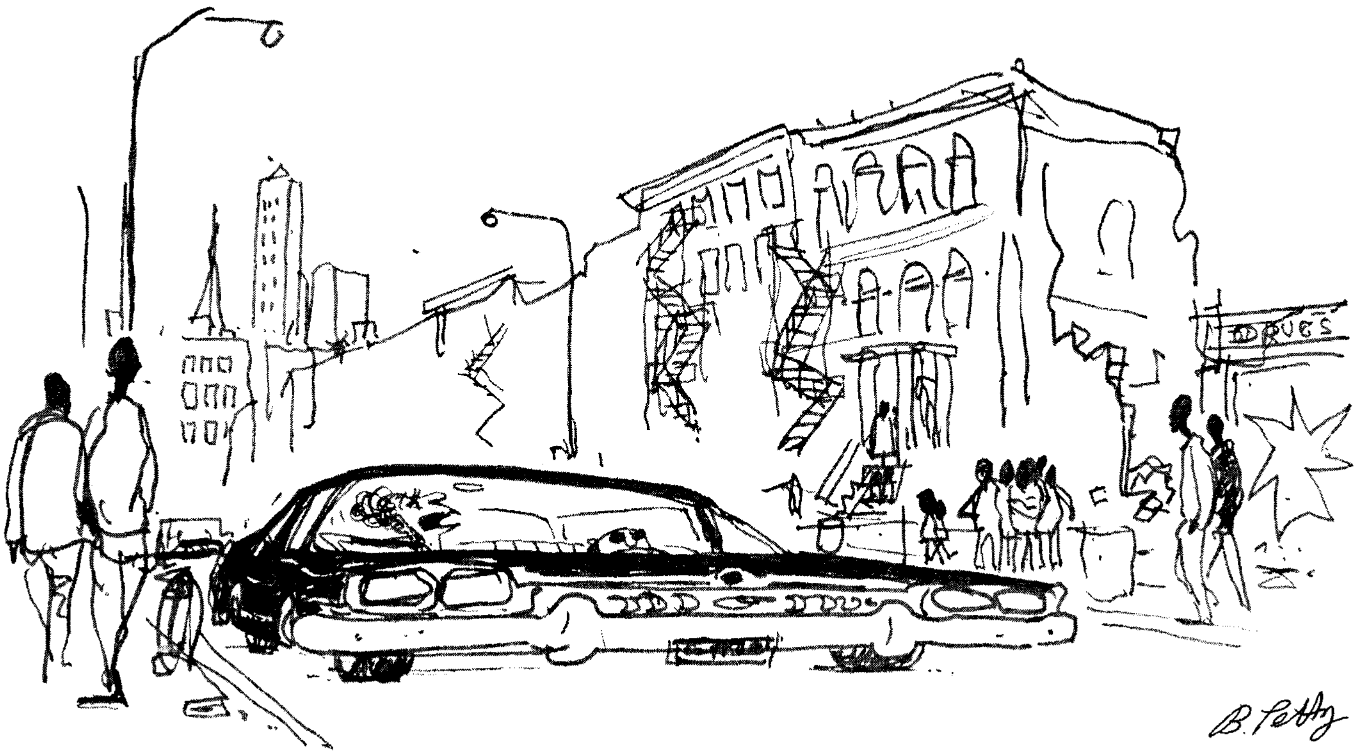

"They used to seem happy enough singing the blues."

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Schiller, Schnitzler, and Shakespeare, arrived two days before the full dress rehearsal, and I sat in the stalls, watching him. He went onstage as an elderly, haggard, careworn mediocrity, rattling off his prayers in the most businesslike fashion, tired, irritable, impatient to be done. He was the kind of priest we all knew. He was the only possible priest.

During dinner that night, my mother said with a sigh, "Did you see Reimers? Weren't you shattered? And do you remember what I said before? I take it back now, utterly. When you see someone like him, it makes you realize that famous actors aren't famous for nothing."

"Yes, Mama," I said. "I was shattered, too. Golly."

"There you are," said my mother, and, changing from noble melancholy to brisk animation, she added, "It really boils down to what I always say. You see a dress in the Jardin des Modes and you think it's most satisfactory, and then you come across a model by Lanvin or another of the great leading lights of this world and only then do you realize. Say what you will, people like Lanvin don't ask ridiculous prices. They give something others can't give. Let it be a lesson for life to you, Edith."

"Yes, Mama," I said.

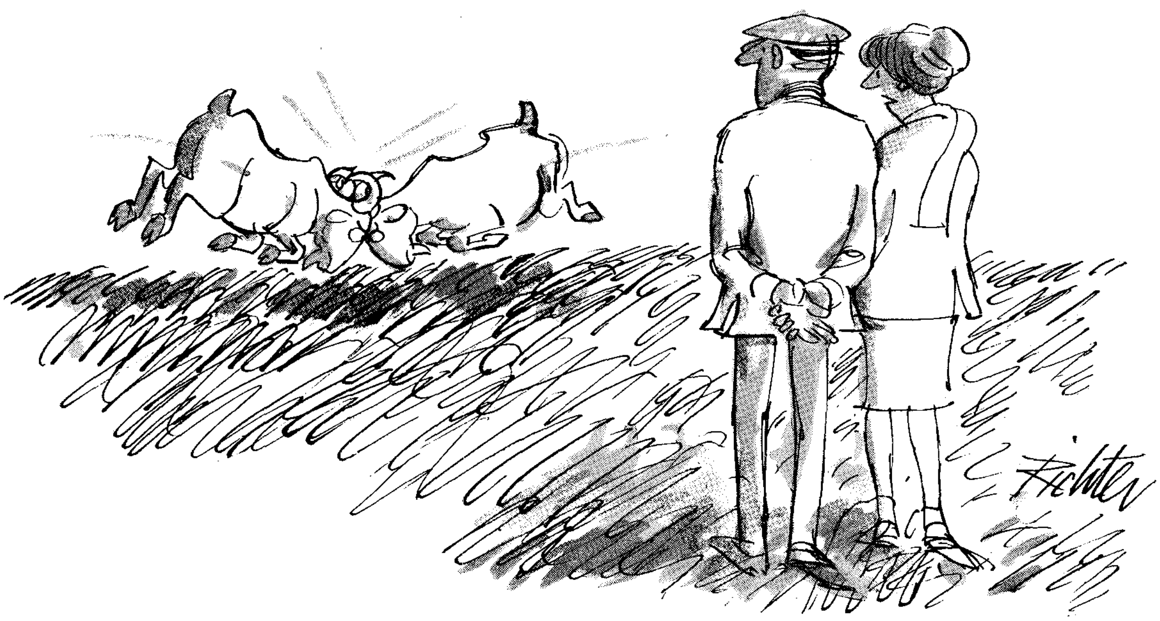
"You needn't look so worried about it," said my mother. "At twelve years old, you are not expected to face the burden of these problems. You wait till you get to my age."

"Yes, Mama," I said.

"And apropos problems," said my mother, "I've asked Dr. Hofmann, the lawyer, for dinner tomorrow, and I hope you will be on your best behavior. Don't sit there again looking like a sheep when it thunders. Be friendly and sunny. If you must look like a sheep, look like a sunny sheep. Even if you think he's ghastly. Do it for my sake."

"Yes, Mama," I said.

My mother's exhortation to be "friendly and sunny" toward a male guest was nothing new to me. Nor was "Do it for my sake." It had been like that ever since I could remember. The first instance of this trouble had taken place during my first school holidays, in the summer when I was six years old, while we were staying at an elegant lakeside resort in Carinthia. I had no governess then, and my mother had brought Emma along with us. She and Emma were the same age, and Emma had entered my mother's service as a parlor maid soon after I was born. I was proud walking about with Emma, who was much more decorative than any governess. She looked neat and glossy, as though carved out of wood and freshly varnished, with her massive gold-blond plaits twisted into a heavy switch, and she carried her tall, narrow-boned figure in an exceedingly upright manner peculiar to her. She was resplendent in a dark-blue rose-sprigged dirndl costume with white cambric sleeves and scarlet satin apron, which my mother had had made for her so as to avoid the alternative awkwardness of making her wear a maid's uniform or having her dress like a poor imitation of a lady. One morning, while we were in the bathing establishment built on wooden struts over and into the lake, where I went to have my daily lesson with the swimming teacher, Emma and I made the acquaintance of a man who was lounging near us on a towel spread over the rough-hewn planks that made up the floor. He was in his late forties and had the ungainly, plump-fleshed body of a person who has been weak and skinny in his youth. Though he was wearing only his bathing suit, he seemed fussily overdressed. He had an unfashionable mustache, a gold-rimmed pince-nez, dense and dark freckles on his shoulders, and a gold watchband, through which he had drawn a handkerchief whose colored border matched the color of his bathing suit. It was not Emma he wanted to engage in conversation; it was me. He wanted to know how old I was, if I went to school yet, which was my favorite pudding, how long I was going to stay. As he went on, my manner grew more and more contemptuous, while his became progres-



"You can't change human nature."

sively more humble and more admiring. Banal as his questions were, they were delivered with a disturbing, beseeching pressure, to which I was unaccustomed.

When Emma folded up her crochetwork, remarking that it was time for us to leave, he implored me to give him my hand.

"I wouldn't dream of it," I said haughtily, adopting one of my mother's phrases and her tone of voice.

"Just to please me," he said.

"I don't want to please you," I said.

"You are so beautiful and yet so cruel," he said sadly, and looked delighted. "When will you be less cruel? Will you bestow a kind glance on me tomorrow?"

"I don't know," I said.

"Then there is still hope for me, isn't there? I may go on hoping?"

My mother would not have tolerated my amazing rudeness, but Emma stood by in silence, contemplating her furled crochet lace with an ironic smile. When we left him, passing between the railings that bridged the way to the shore, Emma said, "You are a proper scream, Miss Edith. You make me laugh, you do," and she gave her short, affected laugh, which held no merriment.

"I'd have curtsied," I said, "and I would have given him my hand, as I do with everybody else, but he put me off."

"Clear," said Emma, "seeing he asked you for it special, as a favor, and a wonder he didn't go on his knees to you. And he such a gentleman, too—quite the perfect gent, wearing a gray pearl stuck in his tie, discreet like, and in the winter pale-gray spats over his boots."

"How do you know?" I asked. "You've seen him before?"

"That I have not, Miss Edith," said Emma, "but that's what he goes in for, mark my word. When he gets to his office—seeing the likes of him always have offices—he stops at the door, and there's his doctor's diploma on the wall, under glass—notary or suchlike, I shouldn't wonder—and he moves it a tiny bit to one side, steps back, looks, goes at it again and tips it the other way, ever so slightly. 'Where's everybody's eyes?' he says. 'Can't you see the blessed thing was crooked? And if I hadn't put it straight it would have stayed hung crooked for the next hundred years. What's the matter with all you people? And what will you do without me, if I go off and die?' And they stand round him, making sad and sweet snouts, saying, 'Heaven forbid, sir,' and he ups and says, 'If you won't tell me, I will. You'd dance with joy.' And out and slams the door. That's the kind of awkward customer he is, as full of quirks as a dog is full of fleas."

"Really, Emma!" I cried. "You have been cheating. You've known him all along and you've been gossiping with his servant."

"That I haven't, Miss Edith. Just been reading what was written all over him, for all the world to see."

We saw my strange admirer every day after that, but neither of us mentioned anything about him to my mother. We did not see much of her during this time, and at dinner I had to sit with Emma at a separate table in the dining room of our hotel. Yet on the fourth or fifth day, as we were going down the stairs for the midday meal, Emma said, "It's no use, Miss Edith. We've got to come across with it to Madam your mother, seeing the gentleman has given you two presents already and has entertained us at tea in the Schlosshotel, fit for an archduchess, and it's a marvel anyhow someone hasn't yet gone and shot her mouth to Madam your mother. Better from us, open and sincere like. I wouldn't enjoy Madam your mother coming down on me like a ton of bricks, though she's gone in for slimming lately."

"She *will* be very pleased," I said.

"Or very to the contrary," said Emma. "Main thing, Miss Edith, you keep that rosebud mouth of yours silent like the grave and let me do the explaining."

My mother was neither pleased nor displeased. She glanced thoughtfully at the calling card that Emma had handed her, together with the gifts. "Utterly and perfectly ridiculous," she remarked.

I was furious with disappointment. Not only had the gifts seemed quite lovely to me but they were doubly lovely because they could have been given to a grown-up person. They were not toys.

I was greatly relieved when my mother added, "Much too valuable. This set of antique peasant buttons in gold filigree. And the Venetian necklace. Most embarrassing. I only hope you thanked him nicely, Edith."

"Gracious, Madam," said Emma, sweeping me with a quick look of pretended outrage. "As though anybody in their senses wouldn't say thank you a hundred times over for this kind of presents."

I was breathless with admiration at the smoothness with which Emma had misled my mother without telling a lie. I had accepted the presents haughtily, without a word of gratitude.

"I don't know if we can keep them," said my mother. "Lock them away, Emma, for the time being."

"To be sure, Madam, and always at your service," said Emma.

On the following day, my mother said, "I've made inquiries about Edith's friend. She may keep the stuff. I see no harm in it."

During the next few days, my mother repeatedly expressed the hope that I was making myself thoroughly pleasant to my well-wisher, and asked what we were talking about. I did not reply. I pouted and tossed my head. I could not tell her that most of our exchanges consisted of his begging for foolish favors, such as "Will you smile at me once, just once? How can you be so cruel? You know you are the queen of my heart," to which I listened delightedly and with a pretense of contempt. But as time went on, my mother's interest became more outspoken. "Hasn't your friend ever said he would like to meet me?" she would ask.

I shook my head. This time I did not have to dissemble. "I think you should invite him here, to tea," she persisted. "It is not right to accept his many kindnesses without giving anything in return."

"I won't," I said.

"You are being ridiculous," said my mother. "Besides, I've never seen such ingratitude."

"I don't want to," I said.

"Even so," said my mother, "do it for me. Do it for my sake."

"I don't think you'd like him, Mama," I said. "He's got too many freckles."

"He has good points apart from the freckles," said my mother, "and Emma tells me you are very standoffish with him. I want you to be nice to him, so that when he comes here he is in a good mood."

"I won't," I said.

"But don't you understand?" cried my mother. "He's a most important and influential person. He's a *Börsenrat*—a councillor from the stock exchange in Vienna. It'd be a marvellous connection for me."

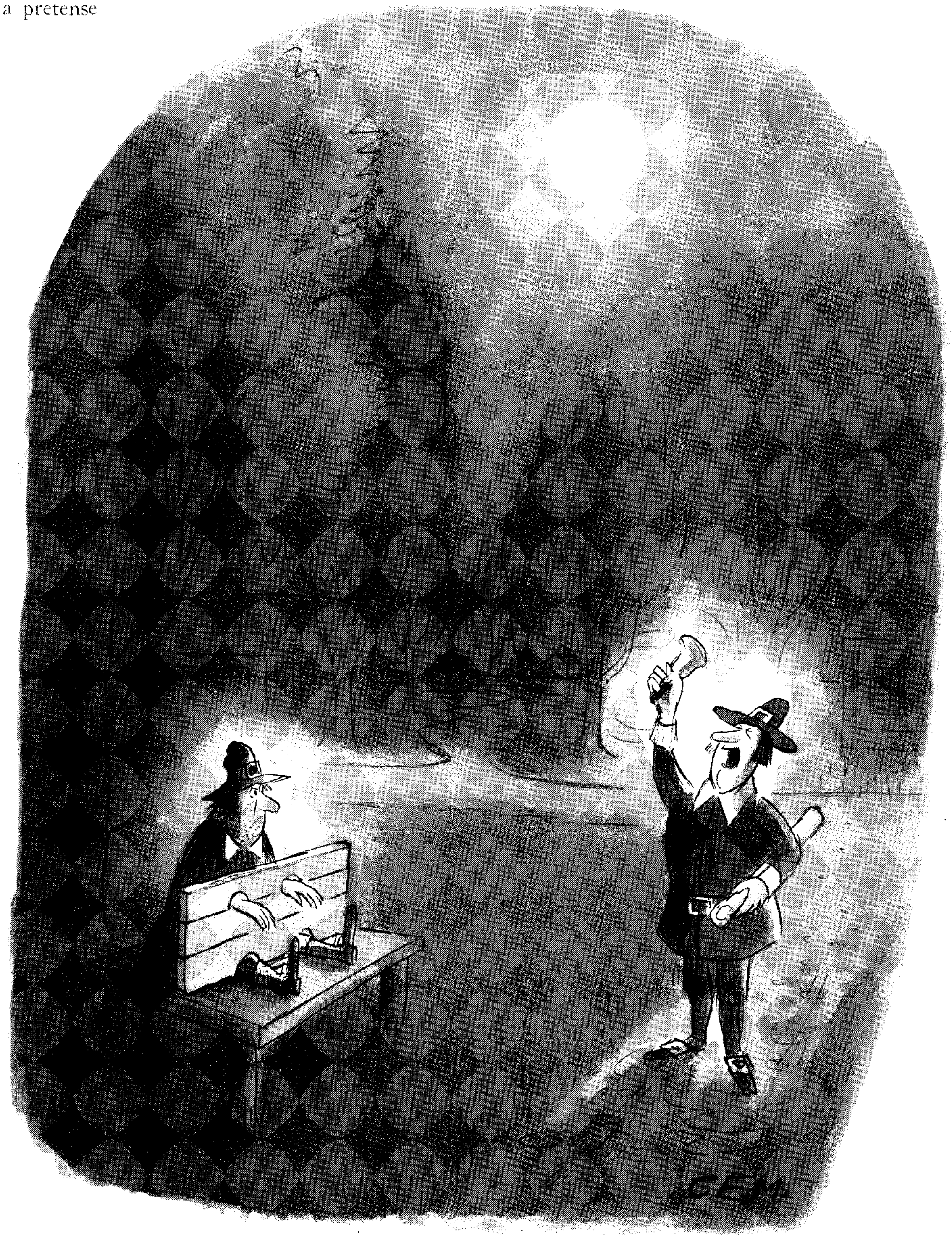
I knew all about the stock exchange. It was the page in the daily paper that looked to be composed of dead ants. Men could study it openly, in public, but there was something shameful about women being interested in it, which was why my mother used to read it furtively, in the seclusion of her bedroom. I was not interested in the stock exchange, and I was not going to surrender the only man I had enslaved to my mother, who was never without one or two admirers.

"You are perfectly maddening," my mother said. "All I want is to get a few tips. Or just one tip. One good one would be enough. I should have thought you'd be more helpful."

"I won't," I said.

"Get out of my sight," said my mother. "Take her away, Emma, and don't let her speak to me for the next twenty-five years."

AS I grew older, my unwillingness to be friendly toward men for my mother's sake kept recurring, in different circumstances, and though it exasperated her, it never again roused her to violent anger. Never again was I the source of attraction. It was always a case of me against one of my mother's admirers. These men, when



". . . and, present company excepted, all is well."

confronted with my presence, tried to ingratiate themselves with me, and invariably I resented their efforts. I knew they did not care for me, and it hurt me to realize that whatever gifts and attentions they offered were not meant for me but were obliquely aimed at her. I hated their clumsiness, their way of flattering my mother at my expense. Did they think it conceivable that I would be put in a good mood by being told, "You must be very proud to have such a charming mother. Of course, you do take after her, but you'll never be a patch on her. There's nobody like her in the whole world"? Or, "I never thought you were mother and daughter. I thought you were sisters. Astonishing, isn't it? It must be glorious for you to have such a young mother"?

With some, my long-sustained, sullen stares produced a laming of their conversational powers, which forced them to utter the same phrases at each of our meetings. When I was nine, we stayed in Montreux in the summer, and there was a Mr. MacDonald who stayed at the same hotel as we did. Every morning as I passed him in the lobby, on my way to the garden, he said, "Which are you going to be today—a good girl or a naughty girl?"

"A naughty girl," I replied wearily.

"Oh, I'm so disappointed to hear it. Will you be a good girl tomorrow?"

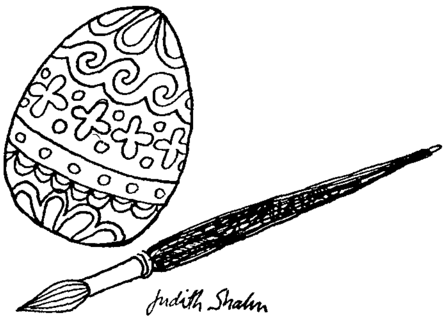
"I can't tell yet," I said.

"Oh. And, by the way, how is your mother this morning?" he would ask.

I kept silent and gave him a disdainful look. I was convinced that he was my mother's lover and that he had spent at least part of the night with her, and I felt this question to be too idle to deserve an answer.

By this time I had become infallible in my discernment. During receptions at home, when I was required to go into the drawing rooms for half an hour, to curtsy and to answer the questions any guest wished to ask, I could pick out the lover of the moment from among fifty men, all strangers, merely by the way he behaved toward me. There was always the same forced jollity and embarrassment, broken by gleams of a fatuous pride, and a mixture of unwarranted familiarity and possessiveness. Some of them went in for a bold and hearty approach. They raised me on their shoulders or took me by the waist and swung me about, or lifted me to their faces and tried to kiss me. Then I wriggled, kicked, and scratched, as I had seen cats behave when I lifted them onto my lap and wanted to stroke them. Once, I knocked Mr. Ponsonby's glasses off his face and regretted they did not break. Another time, I smashed Mr. Bertram's fountain pen. They pretended to be amused, but I could see my mother biting her lips and tugging at her string of pearls. She said I was as bristly as a wire brush and did not know the meaning of friendliness, and it was a mystery. Why couldn't I be sunny and full of fun, like other children?

Tussles of this kind were no more than a passing irritation, but there was one occasion that I found deeply disturbing. One year, when I was about ten, a Hungarian baron became a frequent guest in our home. To my protestations of "What, the Hungarian again?" my mother would reply, "Such a blessing for parties! A good name, unattached, and an ornament in any drawing room." The baron's ornamental value escaped me. He was of middling height, lean, pale and fair, with a flat triangular face that showed no emotions, and the motif of the triangle was repeated in his eyebrows, which were pointed and strawy, like the gables of a tiny thatched cottage.



Though reticent about his activities in Prague, he was outspoken about other matters. According to him, the use of napkin rings was a vulgar habit; one should have fresh napkins for every meal. He refused the customary strip of lemon rind when taking a glass of vermouth, because he said that servants never washed lemons, only wiped them clean, and it was a fruit that passed through many dirty hands. The baron did not like me any better than the others before him, but he grasped my feelings at once. Accordingly, he did not hide his complete indifference toward me. In his presence, I was quiet and obedient. My mother was bewildered. "I can't make you out, Edith," she said. "Whenever someone goes

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THE 20TH ARMORED: A RECURRENT DREAM

Ah, sinners who have not to Ossining
Gone in the rank inconsequence of spring,
Hear a returning traveller: you cannot know
What—past that sickening old apple bough—
Magnificence flares forth, like shook Reynolds Wrap,
From that think tank atop the liberty cap
Of Overkill, Dutch sabot of a hill
Above the obsolescent rocks and rills
Of the outmoded Hudson. Turn, instead,
To our greater-than-Arlington factory of dead
Americans, where quick machines give birth
To the ultimate inheritor of the earth:
A cortex of shelved, tabled facts, a core
Of memory. My classmate, Major Hoare—
A 20th Tanker all of his natural-born,
Mechanically corrected days since horn
Of Roland stirred him in the passages
Of A. MacLeish—shows me the messages
Out-printed by the print-out where the in-
Put of the thinkers comes full circle and
Elicits answers from thermistors, where,
Short years ago, the warren of the hare,
The nest of pheasants, the rough shoot of owls
Made way for war rooms in the balmy bowels
Of Overkill, where G-6 officers
(The hardware corps, all hardened sophisters)
Now hold forth and hold out until the day
When miracle machines will have their way
And sweep us all, even their armorers,
Under the land, like Housman characters,
Under the beetling forelock of the hill
Once known to men in Dutch as Overkill.

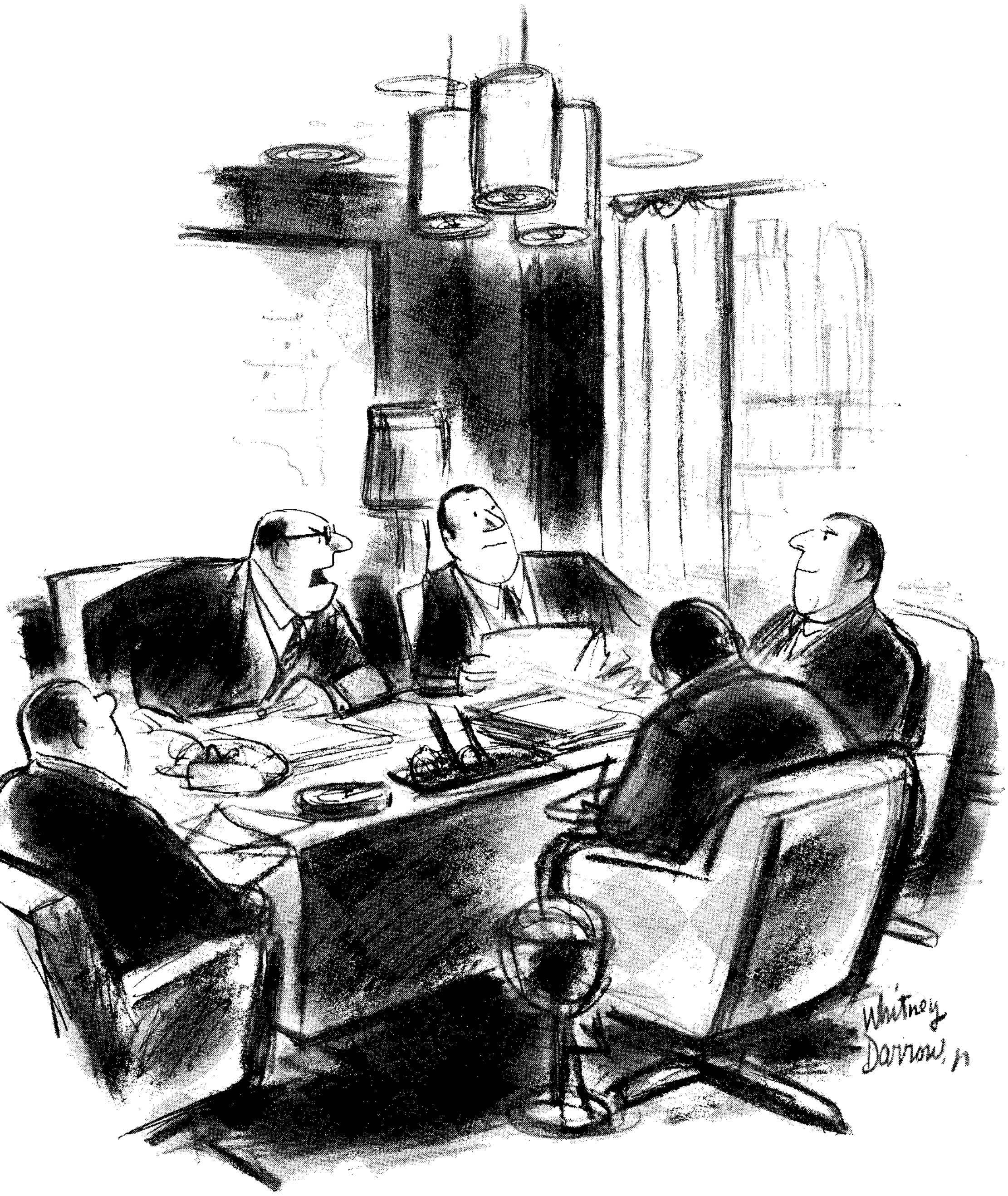
—L. E. Sissman

• •

out of his way to be nice to you, you turn nasty. And here, with the baron, who loathes children, you are a model of perfection."

My quiet dislike for the baron was shared by Emma. Just as he never brought me a present, he gave her no tips. Yet he was exceedingly exacting. He would ring for her to bring him the ashtray from the sofa table when he was leaning at the window seat. "He's bitter because he's hard up," said Emma, "but that's not why he's stingy. If he was rich, he'd be just as mean. It's like a built-in cupboard—you can't move it."

It was the baron's exactingness that made Emma commit several small acts of wanton malice toward him, which she performed with the cold-bloodedness that only highly trained servants can achieve. Once, she laid out his topcoat on the cane-backed settee in the inner hall in such a way as to display conspicuously a tear in the lining. She also knew of his fastidiousness in regard to contagious diseases, and thus she brought about the incident that I found impossible to forget.



"Damn it, Perkins! You suggested moving the plastics division to another location. The least you could do is remember where."

• •

That night, when the baron called to accompany my mother to the opera, I was in bed. I had been laid up for two days with a feverish cold and cough. Emma, opening the door, told him that my mother was still getting dressed, and added, as though it were a message from my mother, "And if you'd be so good, sir, as to look in on Miss Edith and say good night to her? Seeing she is always so disappointed when Madam her mother goes out and she has to dine on her own. As a treat and a consolation, as it were."

I was astonished to see the baron entering my room. "Golly," I said, "I've never seen you in tails before. Mama is going to wear a new yellow velours chiffon with ospreys, and she had awful trouble getting them just in the right shade."

Emma remained in the door while the baron advanced and drew up a chair to my bed and sat down. Only then did she approach and gather up a half-filled glass of water with a spoon in it and a bottle with syrup from my bedside table. "That's more presentable like," she murmured. Then she turned to the baron. "And if you'd be so good as to bear in mind, sir, not to stop too many minutes, seeing that Miss Edith's got a bit of a temperature and is still due for her medicine, and must settle down for the night."

"What's the matter with Edith?" asked the baron, half rising from his seat and then sitting down again. This was the only sign he gave of his anger at being trapped.

"Just a cold in the chest, sir, and nothing to worry about," said Emma in a perfidiously soothing voice. "There's a lot of it about now, it being infectious, but no real harm in it, though the doctor says one's got to watch it, considering that scarlet fever and suchlike can start the same way."

"The longer I stay in Prague, the more I am impressed," said the baron. "It's got everything, even scarlet fever."

"As you say, sir, and always at your service." And Emma left the room.

The baron sighed and pulled up the creases of his trouser legs.

"It's nothing, really. It's practically

gone," I said. "Emma just likes to drivel because it sounds important, and I had thirty-seven eight yesterday, but this afternoon only thirty-seven."

"You don't look feverish at all to me," he said. "I am sure you are all right. Let me see." He laid his hand on my throat. He had flat, veined hands with protruding finger joints. "Yes, you feel quite cool," he said. "Cooler than my hand. Just as I thought."

He kept his hand on my throat, looking not at me but in front of him, at the counterpane of white dotted muslin threaded on the borders with sky-blue ribbon. It matched the bedspread and the pane curtains. The furniture of my room was composed of Biedermeier pieces, leftovers from my great-grandparents' household—all odds and ends, not matching in wood or color. To impose some unity, my mother had had the seats upholstered in sky-blue linen the previous year, and repeated this hue with the ribbon trimmings, and I remembered one occasion when the baron had remarked that one did not tie up Biedermeier like a chocolate box.

Now, as I saw his fixed gaze, I expected another burst of derisive criticism, but he remained silent. His cool hand slowly enfolded my chin, and lingered there as though uncertain of the path to pursue. Then it moved on, tracing the outline of my ear with leisured insistence, and travelled to the nape of my neck and farther down, fluttering over my upper spine, and returned at last to the neck, rounding it and stroking it with an insistent pressure, as though wanting to mold it to its own wish. It was breathtakingly pleasurable. I had never been touched like this before, and I could not have guessed that there was voluptuousness in a man's bony-fingered hand. At the same time, I knew that the hand on my flesh was languid with experience, had done it many times before, was absentminded, was barely conscious of what it was doing—did it because it did not know what else to do, and was certainly not realizing it was doing it to me. If the hand was conscious of anything at all, it was probably dreaming it was touching my mother or some other full-grown woman.

The pain of this thought made me gasp for air and forced me to take a deep breath. This set off the grinding of the cough mill in my chest, and there was nothing to halt it. I had to sit up, choke, grope for my handkerchief, and the hand withdrew.

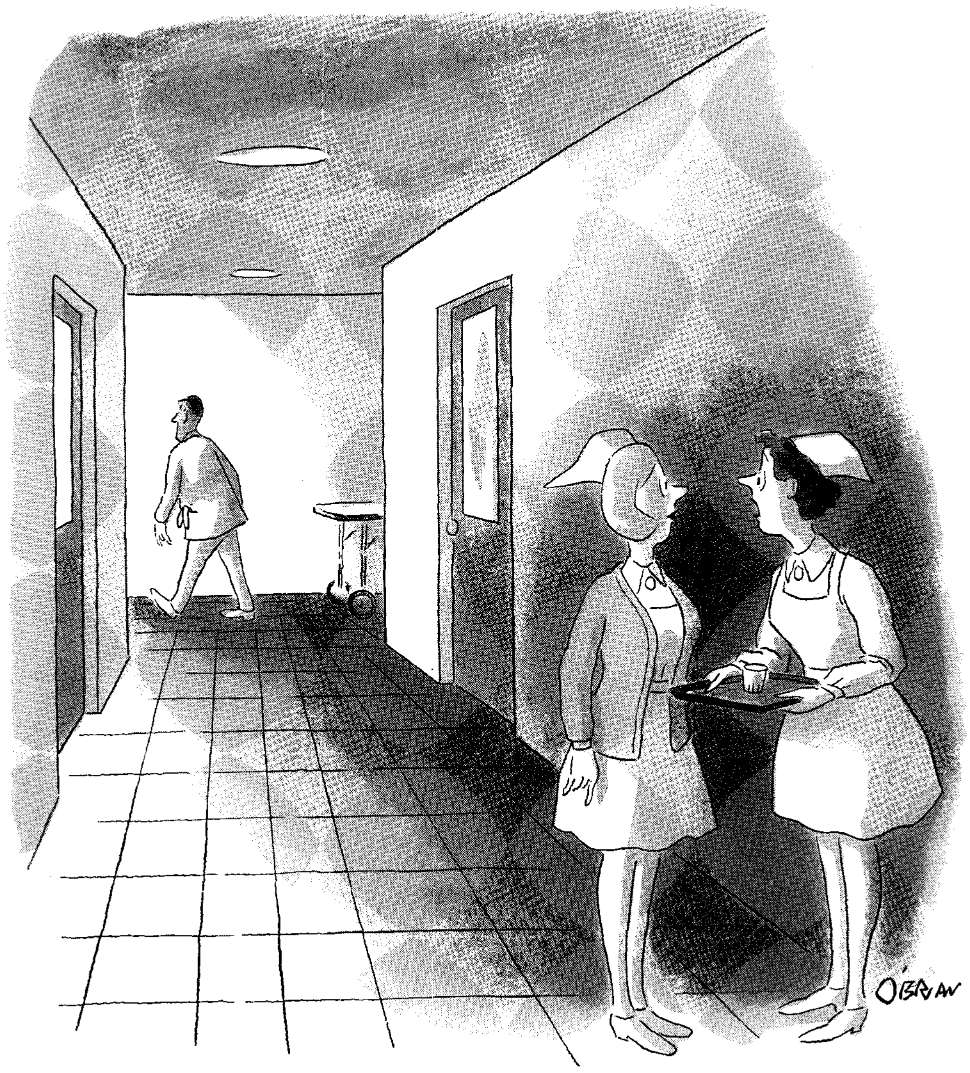
"What's on tonight?" I asked between coughs. " 'The Magic Flute'? "

He raised a pointed eyebrow and gave a one-sided smile; it was an impressive mannerism of his, probably born of his habit of wearing a monocle. "Yes," he said. "Who cares? More flute than magic, as far as I'm concerned. Still. Well, anyway, as I was saying— What was I saying? Never mind. I'd better be off now. So long. Speedy recovery."

The memory of this bedside scene remained with me for years as an insidious snare, a mousetrap tied up with blue ribbon like a chocolate box, always ready to catch me with its painful grip whenever I saw a man paying court to my mother.

THE dress rehearsal for "The Miracle" was to start in the early afternoon, and we had been warned that it might continue till the small hours of the night. It was not just a dress rehearsal, but what the Viennese staff called the *Generalprobe*—a full, ultimate rehearsal and review before the public performance the following evening. We had been told to be prepared for storms of bad temper, and we had heard the saying that a dress rehearsal without hitches and without rows promised a disastrous first night. To my amazement, scene after scene flowed smoothly, entwining with stage sets and lighting effects and accompanied by peaceful dealings behind stage. It was like seeing a finished Persian rug which up till then one had only seen being knotted from the reverse side.

The only upset I witnessed was not a quarrel itself but its aftermath. It happened when my group had been assembled, before walking onstage for the dance round the Maypole. A deputy stage manager was standing in front of us, ready to lead us into the wings. Just as he beckoned to us to follow him, he was obstructed by several stagehands carrying props, who shouted some warning I could not make out, and then a lad came running, telling him to make a detour. An assistant director appeared from behind, urging us to get going, and thus we were led, by



"Gee, if he asked me to go out, I'd go! What are you waiting for—Dr. Right or something?"

LIBERTY
EQUALITY
FRATERNITY
ECSTASY
OBSCENITY
ANARCHY
LORENZ

• •

a roundabout way, through a door and into what seemed a passage, then out through another door opposite, and from there to the wings. But this passage was in reality a long, narrow room, and on a divan close to one wall crouched Lady Diana Manners, who was naked. I knew it was she, because her double, Rosamond Pinchot, was to be on in our scene. Lady Diana was encircling one knee with her arms, with her head flung back; her face washed with tears, she was screaming between sobs. Near the wall facing her, close to a table, stood two stage dressers, holding between them a cloak of brocade that I recognized as the one worn by the Holy Virgin in the church scene. They were looking at it with the tense and reproachful countenance peculiar to women when they search for a rent or stain in a piece of cloth. Suspended above the naked actress was a single dim electric light, which lit her hazily and to advantage, suffusing her pale coral-pink body with amber shadows. This, together with her extravagant pose of abandoned grief, made her look like a mythological figure painted by Giorgione—an Ariadne deserted on Naxos, or an Europa after the rape by the bull. In contrast, the two fat, elderly women, absorbed in their prosy and thrifty task, tightly and shabbily clothed in black and with every wrinkle and every graying wisp of hair sharply limned in the glare of a powerful lamp on a nearby table, while the rest of the room was in a brownish gloom, formed one of those domestic interiors painted by the Dutch masters in the seventeenth century.

We were startled and embarrassed, wanting to stare and yet averting our eyes. Some of us started to curtsy, to apologize for the intrusion. Neither the stage manager nor the assistant director seemed to find anything unusual in the situation. They clapped their hands at us and called "Tut, tut" and "Come, come, come!" impatiently and foolishly, like townsmen attempting to shoo along a flock of geese. Lady Diana and the two dressers did not give us so much as a glance. The one continued weeping and screaming, the others went on examining their brocade.

In the interval of the dress rehearsal, we children were still wandering about in our medieval smocks, with wreaths of artificial field flowers in our hair, because we had to wait our turn to use one of the communal changing rooms. I was with two girls from my group, and we were in search of ices. Our mothers never allowed us to eat the cheap water ices sold on street corners and in popular establishments. The only place considered fit for us was Berger's, in the Vodičková, whose sorbets surpassed those at Rumpelmayer's in Paris and at Demel's in Vienna. We went into the bar on the first floor, where refreshments and a coffee urn were set out on a trestle table in front of the counter. While we were counting our money and worrying whether the woman behind the table might know who we were and refuse to serve us, a medieval roisterer appeared in the archway, with his fur-trimmed cape draped over one shoulder, revealing one yellow-slashed blue sleeve. He was carrying his blue-plumed beret in his hand.

"Come here," he said, in a low voice.

I went up to him.

"You are ravishing and enchanting," he said. "I've been all over the place looking for you." He drew his free hand over his forehead. "This is our last time," he said. "Have you thought of it? Next week, I'll start my interneship in obstetrics, on call day and night, and after that it will be my finals, one oral after another."

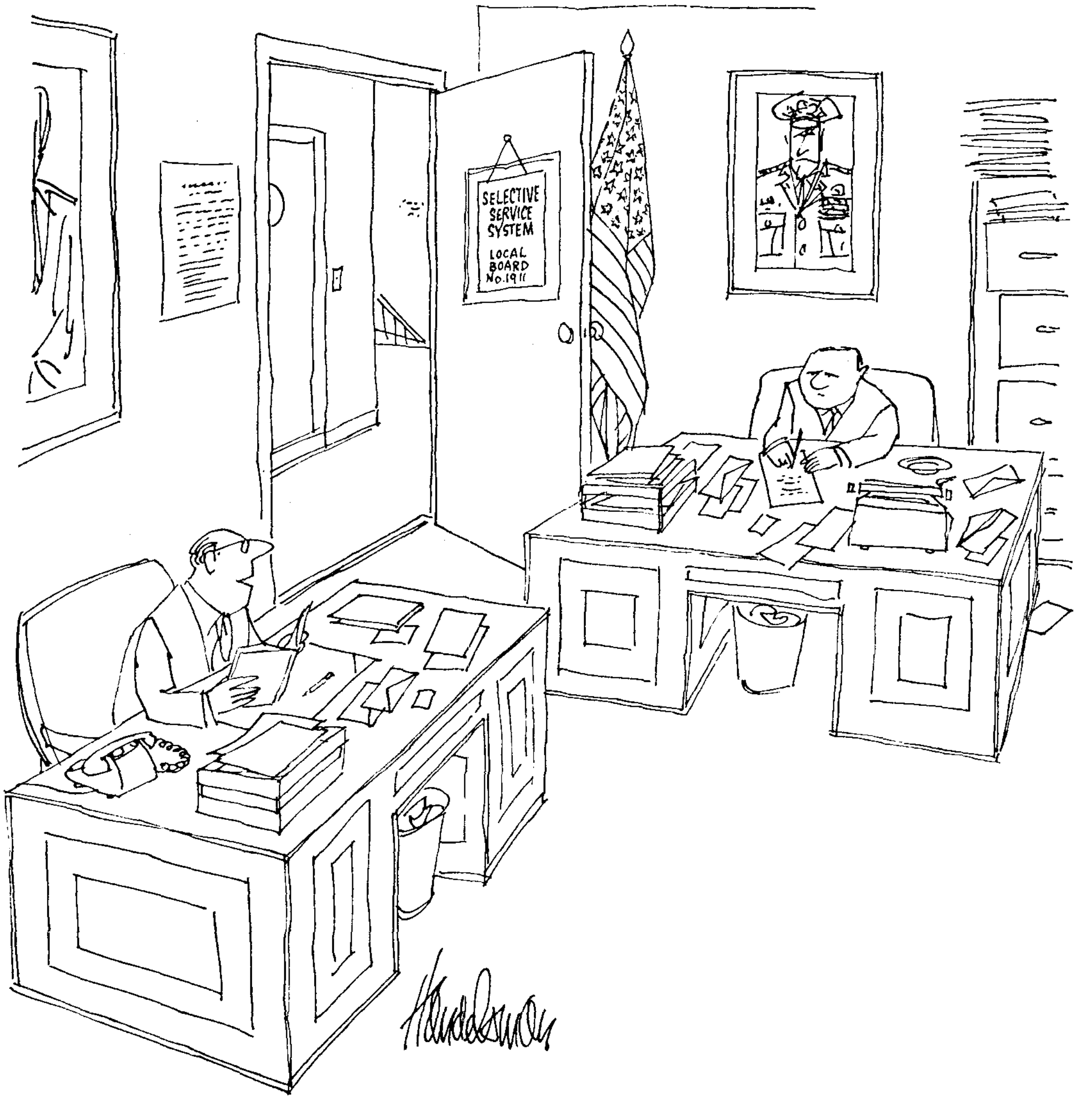
I did not understand him. I only grasped that we would not be meeting anymore. "How very interesting," I said, in the way my mother did when she did not know what one was talking about.

"After this," he continued, "I'll have to go for my military, and you will be behind your bastion of"—and he set the beret on his head, splayed out his left hand, and counted off on its fingers with the forefinger of the right—"cook, scullery maid, in-between maid, parlor maid, the hairdresser every day, and the seamstress once every fortnight. I've remembered it right, haven't I?"

"Yes," I said.

"Edith, she's only got coffee and vanilla!" called one of the girls. "Are you still in on it? And there's no whipped cream."

"Come with me," he said, and, em-



"Do you know how men were recruited in eighteenth-century Britain? They were dragged off the streets and hit over the head, and they woke up to find themselves in the armed forces. That must have saved an awful lot of paperwork."

• •

bracing my shoulders, he turned me round, stepped behind me, and took me into the anteroom that opened onto the galleried landing. "Here," he said, stopping in a corner. Still standing behind me, with his arms round my shoulders, he lowered himself to the floor and sat down cross-legged, pulling me into his lap. "My sweet," he said. "At last."

I saw people passing on the landing beyond. Two figures were bending over the ledge and looking down onto the stalls, from which rose the murmur of voices and the sounds of footsteps, shouts, claps, and bangs. The enervating fragrance peculiar to the theatre—the smell of dusty plush, mildewed velvet, stale scent, stale sweat, and heated iron from the radiators behind latticed grilles—made me languid to the point of weakness. I could not have risen even if I had wanted to.

I knew he was going to kiss me, but the struggling, kicking, scratching cat inside me, the animal that could fight free and run away, had deserted me. Inside me, in its place, there was a plant, and plants cannot run away. They want to open the bud they have grown and unfold it into a flower, and they are at the mercy of the weather and have to submit to every mood of the sky above them. I was sure he was going to kiss me, to kiss my lips and the inside of my lips, as I had heard this was what lovers do. And I waited for it.

What he did was not what I had expected; it was much less and yet much worse. He raised his hand to my head and slowly took off the wreath of field flowers, patiently disentangling the wire where it had caught my hair. With the same slowness, unhesitatingly and inexorably, his fingers went underneath the heavy strand of hair that always covered one side of my forehead, almost touching the eyebrow, and slid it aside, uncovering a bare part of me that no one ever saw. With the same deliberate slowness his mouth moved in where his fingers had been, and stayed there, insistently but with an ebbing and flowing of its pressure that swayed my whole body and made me lean against him with increasing closeness, until I felt I was melting into his arms. A shudder moved his mouth and went through me, and then his lips closed and stayed in calmness for a long time.

When he lifted his face, the coolness of my forehead remained for a while, from the moisture of his lips, and a lightness, from the absence of their pressure. I watched the green fur-bordered cape on his shoulder rising and falling.

"It is enough now—more than enough," he said. "You are sweet beyond my dreams."

"I can see you breathing," I said.

"Evenly?" he asked.

"Yes, of course," I said. "Why shouldn't you? You haven't been running."

"We must go now," he said. "No, let me do it. I must cover what I have uncovered. What belongs to me." And he made the strand of hair fall in a wave over its accustomed place. He lifted the wreath from the floor, laid it on his palm, and offered it to me.

"Thank God you remembered it," I said. "I'd quite forgotten I had it. Golly."

"Be careful with it," he said. "Keep it for the first night. But don't put it on anymore now. Not today. The dress rehearsal is over."

—EDITH TEMPLETON

•

The Republican governor, in his annual "State of the State" message, also offered "a substantial personal income reduction."

He didn't specify who would get it, but previously he had promised it to middle-income families hit hardest by his 1967 billion-dollar tax increase.—*Miami Herald.*

Henceforth to be known as former middle-income families.

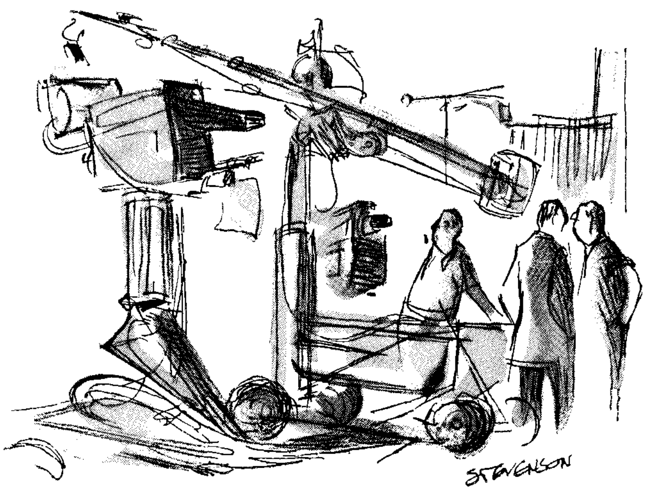
A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS: 1969—III

I

MASADA: Masada is a huge, buttelike rock that, thirty miles south of Qumrân, rears itself a sheer thirteen hundred feet from the west shore of the Dead Sea. It has a flat top, shaped rather like a ship, that measures nineteen hundred feet from north to south and six hundred and fifty from east to west. Here Herod, in his paranoid suspicion, built one of the several citadels in which he sought to fortify himself against the forces that he felt were threatening him: the Jews who were discontented with a king set up by the Romans and of Edomite (that is, of non-Jewish) blood—the hostile feeling between the Jews and their neighbors goes back a very long way—and who might try to bring their Hasmonean dynasty back; and the ambitions of Cleopatra, who had begged Antony to kill Herod and get for her the throne of Judaea. He constructed on Masada, we are told by Josephus, our sole ancient authority on the subject, a palace and a casemate wall, surmounted by thirty-eight towers. This stronghold, after Herod's death, was taken over by the Romans, but later it was retaken and their legionaries were killed by Menahem, the leader of the Jewish revolt against them in 66 A.D. Thereafter it was occupied by the militant Jewish group variously known as the Zealots and the Sicarii (Daggermen), who held it for seven years. It was accessible from below only by two paths, one a zigzagging trail which Josephus says was called "the snake": "For its course is broken in skirting the jutting crags and, returning frequently upon itself and gradually lengthening out again, it makes painful headway. One traversing this route must firmly plant each foot alternately. Destruction faces him, for on either side yawn chasms so terrific as to daunt the hardiest. After following this perilous track for thirty furlongs, one reaches the summit, which, instead of tapering to a sharp peak, expands into a plain." But the Jews were able to bring up provisions, and the top of the rock was so relatively fertile that it had always been possible to grow vegetables there; the climate, Josephus says, was so preservative that the Jews found supplies still edible and drinkable that had been there almost a century. He declares that the Zealots were a nuisance, that they preyed on the country below in a brutal and unscrupulous way. Josephus shows evidence of a certain bias all through his "History of the Jewish War." He had at first taken part in the Galilee campaign, but had later surrendered to Vespasian, the Roman general in Palestine, and had advised Vespasian's son Titus during the siege of Jerusalem. Jerusalem had been destroyed in 70 A.D., at the time of which Josephus is here writing, and nothing could be more bitter than the feeling between those Jews who had submitted to the invaders—as had earlier been the case with those who had submitted to the Greeks—and those who had continued to fight them. Josephus likes to flatter Titus for his relative magnanimity and—himself a descendant of a noble priestly family, who had visited Rome in his youth and had evidently been impressed by Roman power and civilization—tends to emphasize the barbarities of his countrymen. He was writing his book in Rome as a protégé of the Emperor.

Now, we know, of course, that the Jews were capable, on occasion, of being almost as cruel as their Roman enemies, and we can understand that Josephus had an interest in trying to show how abominably the defenders of Judaea had behaved and how much better it would have been for the Jews to give in earlier to the Roman invaders. Yet it is hard for us to sympathize with the Romans. Why, we ask, should the Romans have felt that, having occupied Judaea, having destroyed Jerusalem and burnt the Temple, they had to hunt down the less than one thousand intransigents who were holding out on Masada, and why could they not feel easy as long as they had not slaughtered the men, raped the women, and made slaves of the children? We can find the reason plainly expressed in the "Histories" of the Roman Tacitus (Book V). It was the simple, ungovernable, insatiable greed of the all-engulfing power organism, accompanied by the necessary conviction that there is something inferior or wicked about the "way of life" of one's intended victim. The indictment of Tacitus against the Jews may serve as a comic and tragic model of all such absurd indictments, up to the present day, of one group against another. "Moses," declares Tacitus, "in order to assert for the future his authority over his people, introduced a cult that was quite novel and opposed to that of other mortals—according to which all things that *we* hold sacred are considered *by them* profane, and, conversely, they tolerate practices that we consider unclean. They consecrated in a holy place an image of the animal by whose guidance they had put an end to their wandering and thirst [this refers to the ancient legend, often repeated by classical writers, that the Jews worshipped an ass's head; this cult is here explained by Tacitus as inspired by gratitude to a herd of wild asses which, in the wanderings of the Jews in their Exodus, had led them to the waters of a spring], having already killed a ram as an insult to Ammon [the chief god of the Pharaohs]. They also sacrificed a bull, which the Egyptians worship as Apis." He goes on to their dietary restrictions and their fasts and observance of the Sabbath, to which he gives invidious implications. They are obstinately loyal among themselves and prompt to show compassion to one another, but toward everyone else they are hostile. Their sex life is quite abominable: they are extremely given to lechery but will not have intercourse with foreigners, though among themselves nothing is forbidden. They have established circumcision in order to distinguish themselves from other people. They bury their dead instead of cremating them, and they consider it an impious act to kill any of their late-born children (that is,

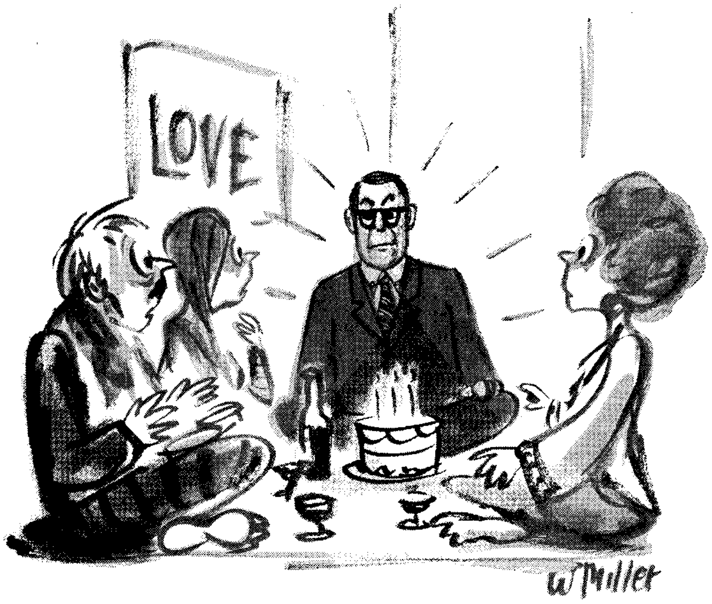


born after their father's will has been made). The Egyptians worship many images of animals and men combined, but the Jews can only conceive of one Deity, and then only in their minds. (He seems at this point to have forgotten his objection to the alleged Jewish cult of the ass.) "Profane" they declare "those who make images of gods out of perishable materials in the likeness of men: their God is supreme and eternal, unchangeable and indestructible, and so they will not allow images of him in their cities, not even in their temples. They pay no such honor to their kings nor to Caesar. Since their priests, however, are wreathed with ivy and play upon flutes and cymbals, and since a golden vine has been seen in their Temple, some think that they worship Bacchus, who has come so to dominate the East, but Bacchic rites are quite out of character for the Jews: they are full of festivity and gaiety, whereas the Jewish rites are rude and unseemly." The point was, of course, that the Jews took their religion seriously, in a way that the Romans could not understand. Tacitus could not see why the Egyptian animals and the deified Roman emperors were not more acceptable as divinities than a single invisible God insusceptible of representation, any more than Antiochus Epiphanes had been able to see why they could not be reconciled to the installation of Zeus in the Temple—which they called "the Abomination of Desolation"—and the demand that they should sacrifice to him. Their civil wars, the historian goes on to say, diverted the Romans for a time from the East, but when matters at home had been settled, they began to think about it again. "*Augebat iras*," he writes, "*quod soli Judaei non cessissent.*" ("It aroused their indignation that only the Jews would not give in.") He goes on to complain of their stubbornness and to describe the preparations for the siege of Jerusalem. These duties were assigned to the Roman legions, and the fighting did not begin till everything had been arranged for taking the city by the "old and new devices" at which the Romans had become so adept. But Tacitus now switches to their war with the Germans, and the later books of the "Histories" are lost.

Josephus, however, continues the story. He had been present at the fall of Jerusalem, and he goes on to the siege of Masada. The Roman general, Flavius Silva, in charge of this operation, went at it with the advanced engineering techniques and the systematic deliberation characteristic of Roman methods. He first built a wall around the rock so that none of the besieged should escape; then he started constructing a ramp at the only place where a wide, jutting ledge provided a step to approach the top. He built up an embankment on this and on it a stone platform as a base for the machines of war. These included an iron tower, which commanded the top of the rock and made it possible to assail the defenders with volleys of spiked missiles and rocks flung by catapults, and a huge battering ram, with which the soldiers made a breach in the wall. The Zealots, however, foreseeing this, had built another wall inside it—two parallel piles of beams, with a filling of earth between them, which impeded the force of the blows. This

"Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you,"

"Happy thirtieth birthday, dear—"



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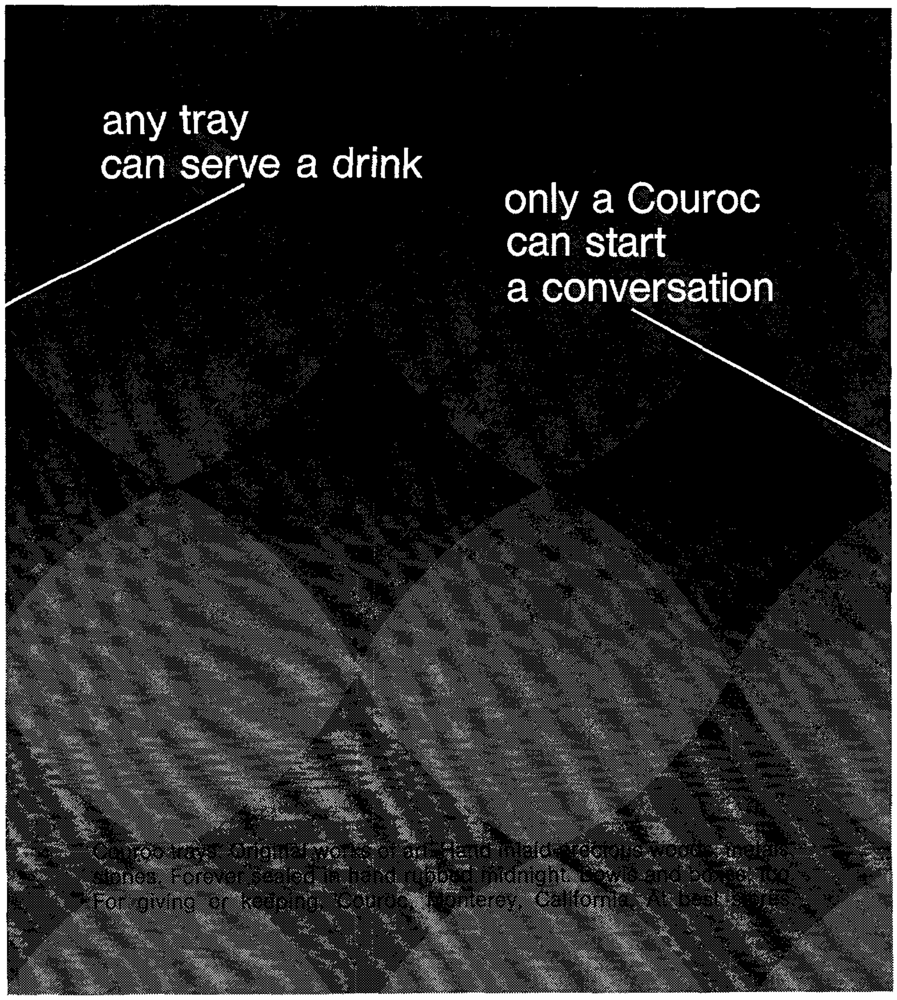
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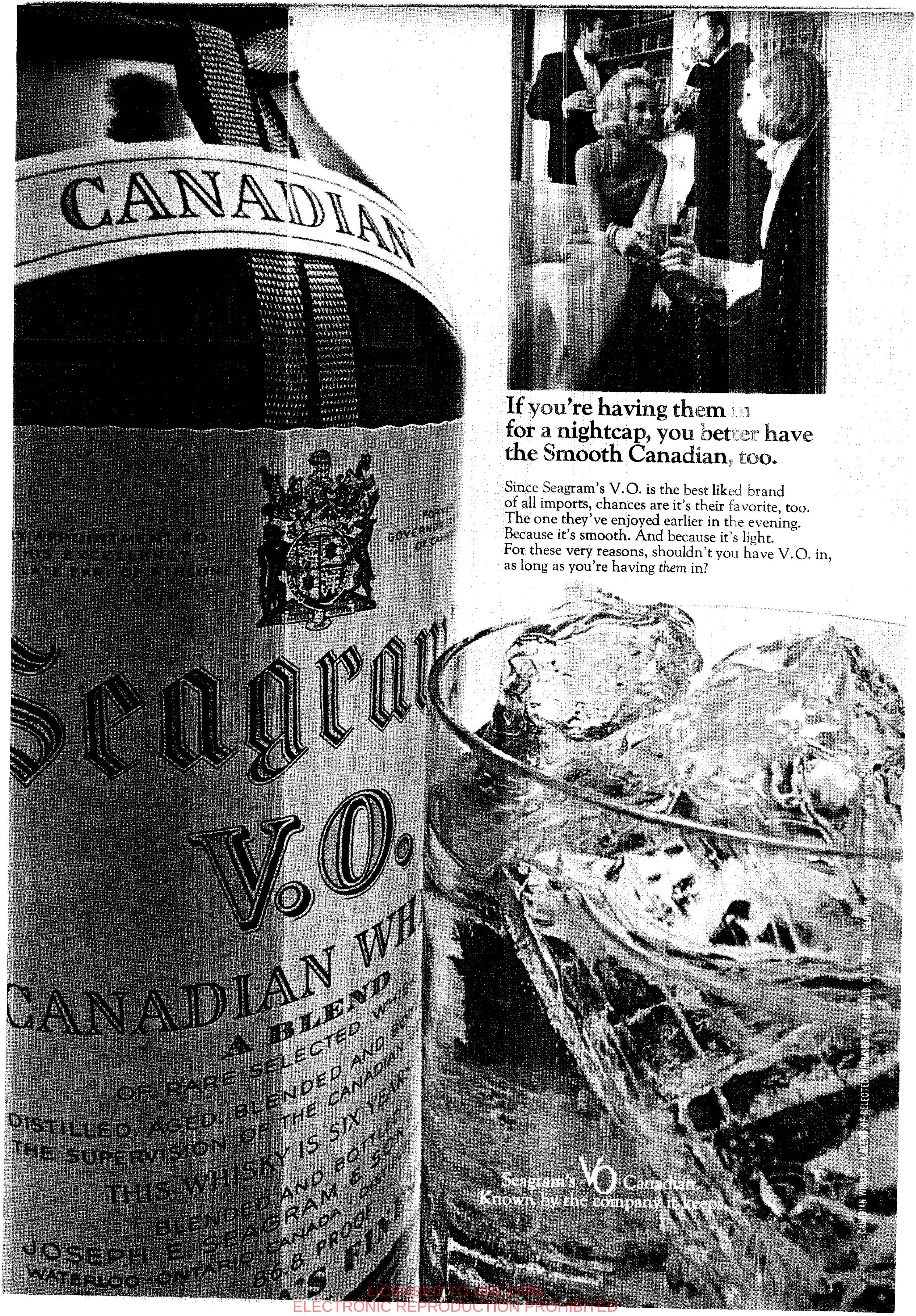
inner wall the enemy now attacked with showers of burning torches and succeeded in setting it afire. At first, a north wind blew the flames back into their faces, but then the wind shifted and blew them against the wall.

The governor at that time of Masada, a man named Eleazar Ben Ya'ir, seeing now that its defenders were doomed, called together his stoutest companions and, according to the account of Josephus, who follows the practice of the ancient historians, made them speeches of an eloquence and length which can only be the products of his own invention. Eleazar first tells them that they have now no hope. It is plain that, for their past misdeeds, God is now implacably against them, since, although they have been equipped with ample provisions and weapons and an apparently impregnable fortress, He has changed the direction of the wind and driven back the flames to destroy them. "Let us then save our wives from dishonor and our children from the shame of slavery. Let us not pay the Romans the price of our sins; let us pay it directly to God. He has granted us at least this favor: to die by our own hands. And let us, before we die, burn everything in the fortress so that the Romans will get nothing—with the single exception of the food, which we shall leave so that the enemy will know that we have not been reduced by hunger but that we chose death rather than servitude."

Eleazar, however, saw that some of his companions, unwilling to die or unwilling to kill their wives and children, were hesitant about following his recommendations and that some were shedding tears, and he was obliged to renew his appeal, which, in Josephus's version of it, seems closer to Greek philosophy than to traditional Jewish teaching. Josephus's point of view seems a mixture of Jewish and European thought. He had already decided in Jerusalem that the Jews had been condemned by God, who seems, in Josephus's conception, to have operated somewhat like the Sophoclean Fate that cuts down the protagonist of a tragedy, and he had attempted to persuade its inhabitants to submit to the rule of the Romans. He now makes his Eleazar preach this, but though he regards these Jewish rebels as wrongheaded, he cannot help imparting to this episode a strong character of tragic nobility. "Does not death," he makes his Hellenizing leader ask, "liberate the soul from the body, which is subject to so many ills, and allow it to depart to its pure abode?" He invokes also the In-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HOWARD CORBIN

dian philosophers, who recognize, brave men that they are, that life must be at best a misfortune and who destroy themselves by fire in order to free their spirits. "Even if we had been taught the opposite—that is, that life is the greatest good for man and that death must be a misfortune—we must still with a stout heart face the situation in which we now find ourselves. God has long ago decreed that the whole Jewish people must quit this life, since they have not cared to make good use of it. Not merely the Egyptians and Syrians have massacred the Jews in their midst but even the Jews on their own soil have had to contend with the Romans, and those who have been only slain in battle are to be felicitated, for of the others some have died on the rack, some have been tortured by flogging and fire, some have been half-eaten by wild beasts and then, for the laughter and sport of their foes, kept alive to be eaten *again*. But most miserable of all are those who are still alive and who have often prayed for death but have not had their prayer answered. Have they not seen their mother-city Jerusalem, who was believed to have had God as her founder—though she was armed and entrenched and by myriads defended—uprooted and swept away, and the only memorial left that of the camp of those who destroyed her, which still stands among her ruins? Miserable old men sit in the dust of her shrine, with a few women reserved by the enemy to be victims of their shameless outrage! They had hoped to retrieve themselves and to avenge themselves on their enemies, but now that that hope is gone, let us hasten to die with honor! Let us hasten to take pity, while still it is possible, on ourselves and our children and wives! How the Romans will hate us for having resisted! Is a man to see his wife led away to be violated, to hear the voice of his child, with bound hands, crying out to his father? If the Romans have their way, not one of us will die before we are captured. Let us hasten to cheat their hope and leave for them amazement at our death and wonder at our fortitude!"

At this point, Eleazar's speech was interrupted. His hearers had now been persuaded. As if eager to act quickly and not to be left among the last, they embraced and kissed their families and almost at the same moment killed them. Then they chose by lot ten who were to kill the rest. They lay down beside their wives and children, and presented their own throats. When all these had been dispatched, one of the ten was

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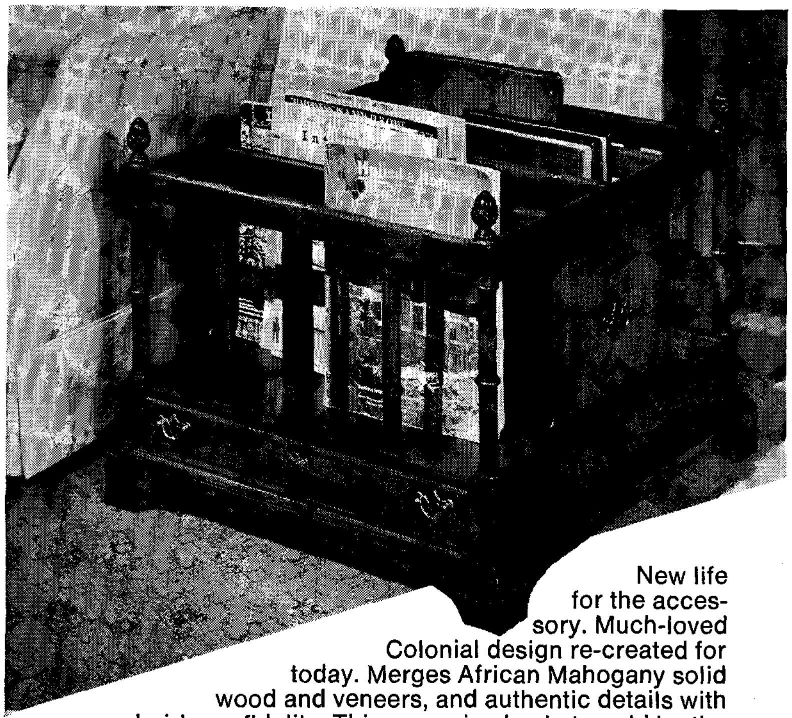

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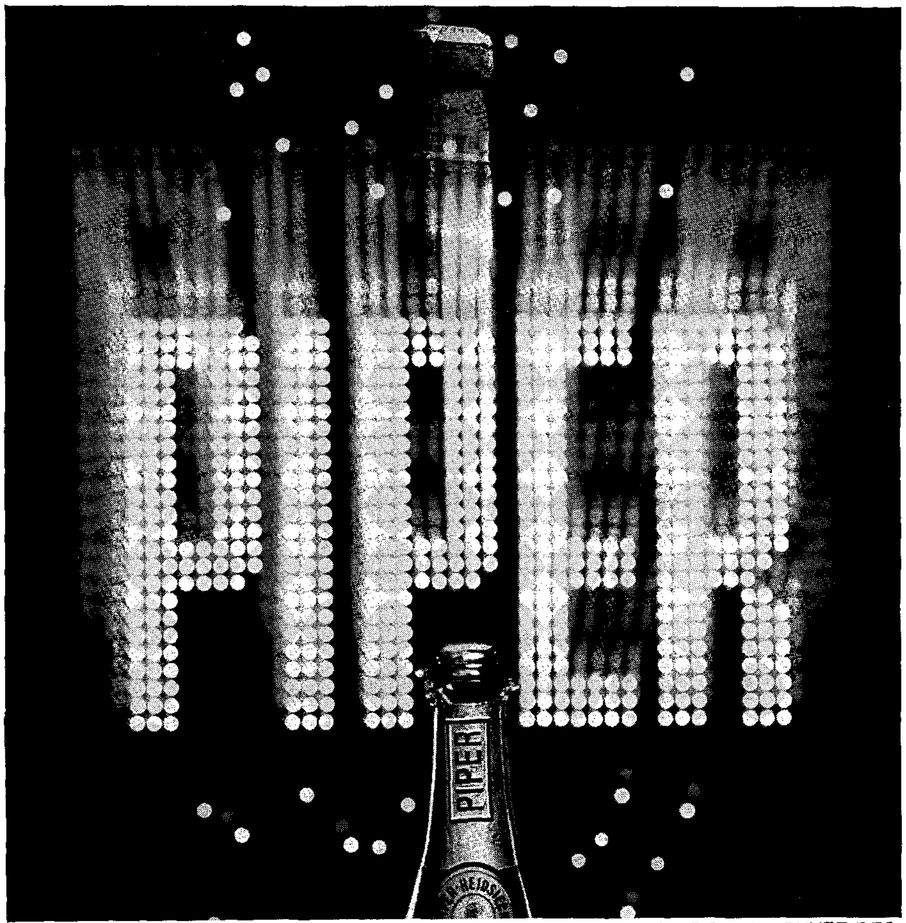

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chosen by lot to slaughter the nine others. When he had done this, he looked carefully to make sure that none was still alive; then he set the palace on fire and drove his sword with all his force through his own body. One old woman and another woman with five children had hidden themselves in the underground aqueducts, and their absence had not been noticed. They came out when the soldiers had broken through, and told the Romans, who were incredulous, what had happened. It was presumably by way of these women that the story later reached Josephus.

THE rock called by the Arabs es-Sebbeh was identified as Masada by two American scholars, Eli Smith and Edward Robinson, on their travels, in 1838. But it was such a hard nut to crack that the archeologists seldom attempted it. An English painter and an American missionary, W. Tipping and S. W. Wolcott, were stimulated by the suggestion of Smith and Robinson to examine the site more carefully. They succeeded in climbing the rock on the side where the Roman ramp had been and recognized certain features: the Roman encampment itself, the wall, the great tower, and the water tanks which had been described by Josephus, the outlines of long parallel rooms that had evidently been storehouses or barracks. "The language of that historian [Josephus]," wrote Wolcott, "respecting the loftiness of the site is not very extravagant. It requires firm nerves to stand upon the verge of its steepest sides, and look directly down." Tipping did some impressive engravings of it, which are reproduced in a book on Masada by Professor Yigael Yadin of the Hebrew University. These explorers were followed by an American naval officer who explored the Dead Sea in 1848, and by a French and a Dutch scholar.

The most serious expedition up to the recent ones was that of the German Adolf Schulten, who, in 1932, spent the whole of a month on the site, though only two mornings on top of the rock. In 1955-56, two expeditions of ten days each were made by the Israel Exploration Society, which discovered much of Herod's pleasure palace, exactly as described by Josephus, on the beak of the great ship-shaped rock. Members of Israeli youth movements had already been climbing the cliffs. The "snake path" mentioned by Josephus had already been made out by one of them, Shmaryahu Guttman, who restored it and dug out its gate,

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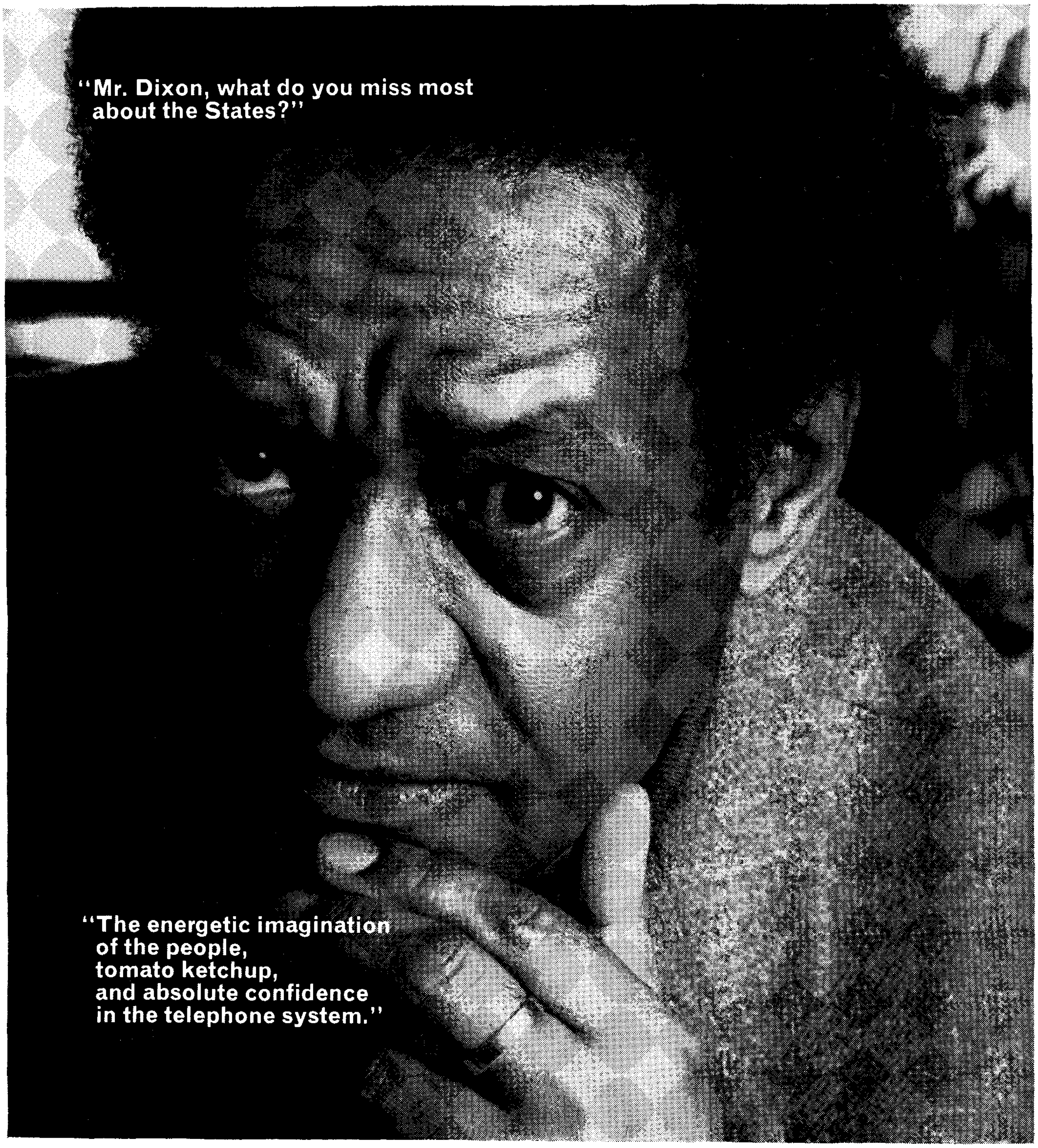
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and they had also discovered the layout of one of the Roman camps. The definitive Israeli expedition, directed by Professor Yadin, was carried on during eleven full months—"less a short interruption for Passover"—from October, 1963, to May, 1964, and from November, 1964, to April, 1965. I owe everything that follows here to two volumes by Mr. Yadin—"Masada: Herod's Fortress and the Zealots' Last Stand," a book intended for the ordinary reader (published by Random House), with a more scholarly "Preliminary Report," brought out in English in Jerusalem by the Israel Exploration Society—and to "The Zealots of Masada: Story of a Dig," by Moshe Pearlman (Scribners). I almost feel that it is a pity to be summarizing the first of these books, the dramatic discoveries of which have been translated into such vivid English by Mr. Pearlman and illustrated by such amazing photographs, many of them colored—from below, from the air, and on the site. I can only assure the reader that if he is interested in the subject he will find these books quite enthralling.

Before I go on to the discoveries made by this expedition, it is worthwhile to give some account of the remarkable way in which it was manned. Mr. Yadin sent out an announcement of his project and invited applications to take part in it, explaining that, although the accepted volunteers would be supplied with such food and shelter as would be possible at the site, they would not be paid any salary or expenses of transportation. This recruited a good many volunteers, mostly young but some middle-aged, and not by any means all Jewish. There were quite a number of Scandinavians. One English married lady explained that she had chosen to spend a vacation on Masada. Under the baking Palestinian sun, the women worked in bikinis. They all slept in khaki tents. Mr. Yadin says that he had sometimes unsuccessfully to try to curb his recruits from tasks to which they seemed unequal, and that in only two cases did he have to dismiss a worker. It seems to me that Masada demonstrates that any appeal to the young for a project which combines idealism with adventure is likely to meet with a ready response. Our Peace Corps attracted many, though, with the Vietnam war, its name made it look so ridiculous that the kind of challenge it offered seems to have been supplanted by that of burning or returning one's draft card or going to prison or Canada.

The palace of Herod described by

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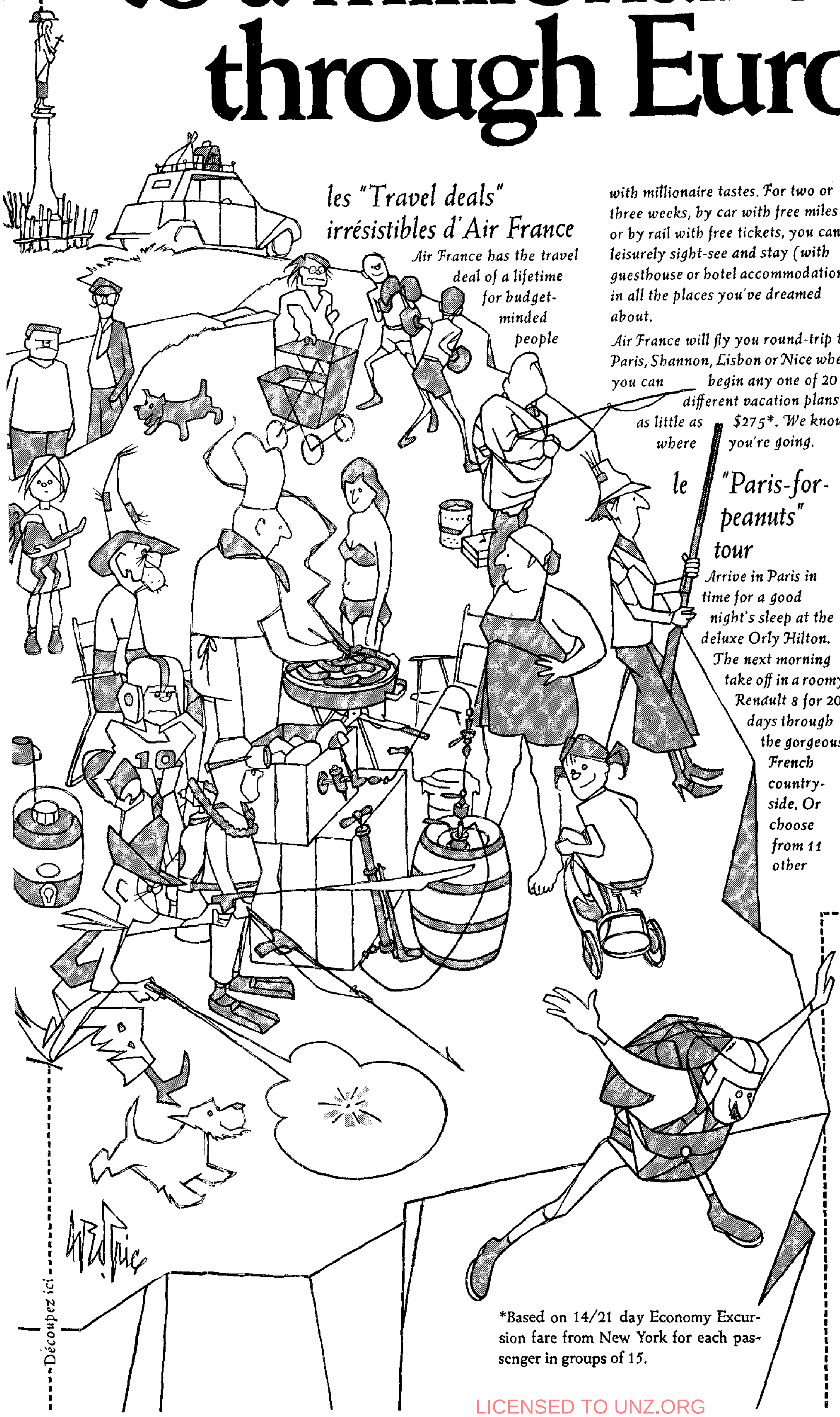

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Josephus has turned out to be rather in the nature of what Yadin calls a "palace-villa." The administrative palace, with its throne room, is a larger building, on the western side of the rock. Herod put his workers to a lot of trouble and must himself have been put to a lot of expense to hang his three pleasure terraces on the prow of the sheer cliff. It has been only by great ingenuity and at a very considerable risk that the Israeli Army engineers have built a set of wooden steps which makes it possible to reach these terraces from the foot of the precipice, and the modern workers on its edge, thirteen hundred feet above the level of the Dead Sea, had to be tied, like mountain climbers, with ropes. On the lowest of the terraces were Corinthian columns and wall paintings. Josephus had put on record that this palace was panelled in marble and that the columns were each cut from a single stone, but it turns out that the panels are plaster merely painted over with veins intended to give a marblelike effect, and that the columns are made of drums of soft stone, grooved and plastered to look like marble. One capital showed remains of gold paint. On this terrace was also a bathhouse, with a cold pool and a tepid room and a hot room. Underneath the debris of these chambers, there was a heavy layer of ashes—presumably left by the fire lighted by the last of the Zealots—in which were date and olive pits and coins with such inscriptions as "The Freedom of Zion." On the floor of the bathhouse were found scales of armor, iron arrows, the scraps of a prayer shawl, a potsherd inked with Hebrew letters, and the skeletons of a man about twenty and of a woman and a child, which, it seemed, could only have belonged to one of those Zealot families who had given themselves up to be killed. The woman's scalp and her dark-brown braids had been preserved in the dry air, and there were a pair of women's sandals. The plaster of the steps on which she was found was stained with what looked like blood.

The terrace in the middle was filled with large rocks, which had fallen from the terrace above it and were extremely difficult to move. This contained a circular pavilion, and Mr. Yadin believes that it, too, had been intended by Herod for "leisure and relaxation" but had eventually been taken over by the Zealots, who had collected in order to burn them—some of these objects were charred—a heap of animal bones and remains of other food, fragments of glass and pottery, and fourteen arrow-

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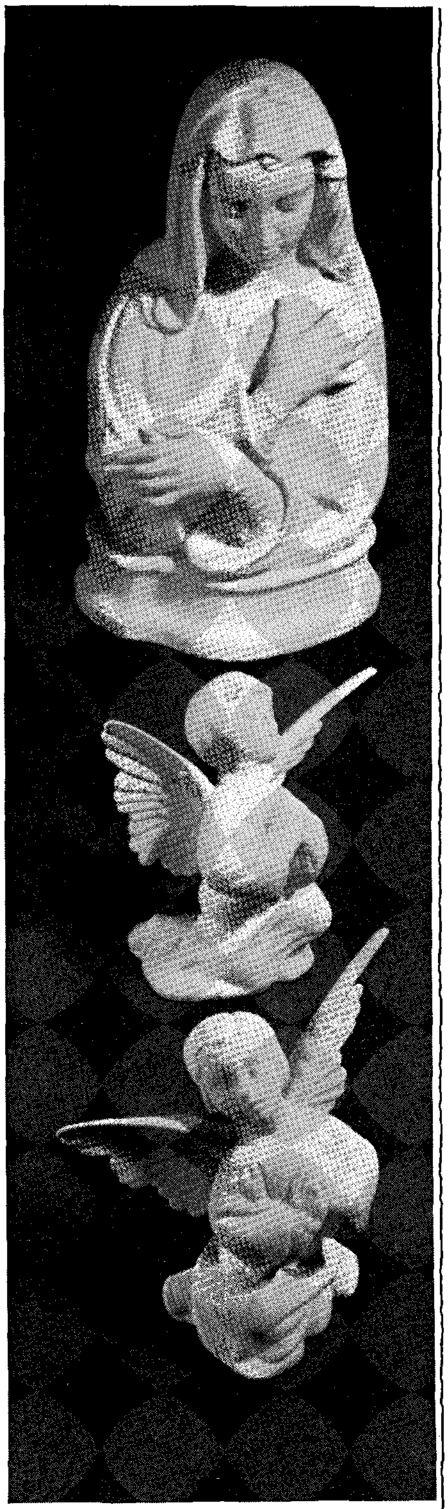

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heads. The uppermost terrace contained the living quarters, which consisted, in Herod's time, of only four rooms but had been further partitioned by the Byzantine monks who lived on Masada in the fifth century, so as to provide more cells for themselves. There was a semicircular porch, with a tremendous view of the Dead Sea, and a simple mosaic floor, which is, together with a few more elaborate ones, among the earliest known in Palestine.

Other buildings were a large Roman bathhouse, the mechanics of which were still quite plain (an oven produced hot air that went into a space between two floors and from there into clay pipes in the wall); storehouses provided for an armory and for vegetables, fruit, and grain; and a kind of apartment house which may also have been used for offices. Each unit of this last consisted of one large room and two small rooms, surrounding a small, closed-in court. In one of these larger rooms was found, with the shreds of a bag, a quantity of silver shekels and half-shekels. Two other lots of shekels turned up elsewhere, and all the years of the Revolt were represented by these. In the room in which the first of the lots was found, there was a potsherd with the name "Hillel," and Yadin suggests that this may have been a priest who collected the contributions for the Temple. The largest building on Masada was the western palace. There seems here to have been a throne room, with rich furniture, four hollows in the floor for the legs of the throne, and a handsome mosaic in colors, which complies with the Mosaic prescription, as Herod was bound to do, by not representing men or animals but having been limited to olive branches and vine leaves and other examples of plant life. There is a kitchen with enormous stoves, more storehouses, and apartments for the palace staff. There are many signs of a fire, and that this must have occurred at the end of the Revolt is shown by the finding in the ashes of a coin of 72-73. Near the palace were several small villas and a Byzantine chapel with later mosaics. A strange circular building had walls with square niches like a waffle iron. This was thought at first to be a dovecote, but it was found, on experimenting, that doves would not fit into the openings, and it was concluded that it must have been intended for the disposal of the ashes from cremations when non-Jewish officials or servants had died. The specifically Jewish structures were ritual immersion baths and the ruins of a synagogue, with small remnants of Biblical scrolls.

The casemate wall, with its many chambers, turned out to be of the greatest interest. The Zealots had split up these rooms in order to make more lodgings possible. Everything seemed much as they had left it, and one could easily imagine their domestic life: bronze pans and jugs, clay lamps, perfume phials, eyeshadow sticks, a wooden comb, a cosmetics palette made from a Red Sea shell, rings and buckles and keys. Where the Romans had attacked the wall, there were hundreds of catapult stones the size of grapefruit, and at a strategic point just above the snake path were over a dozen hundred-pound stones which the Zealots had doubtless assembled to roll down on the Roman attackers. Twenty-five more skeletons were discovered in caves, where the Romans had probably flung them: men from twenty-two to seventy; women from fifteen to twenty-two; children from eight to twelve; and the skeleton of an embryo. In another place were found "eleven small, strange ostraca [that is, potsherds used to write upon], different from any other which had come to light in Masada. Upon each was inscribed a single name, each different from its fellows, though all appeared to have been written by the same hand. The names themselves were also odd, rather like nicknames." Were these the names of the men who had been chosen by lot to cut the throats of the others? One of them reads "Ben Ya'ir," which was Eleazar's patronymic.

A NUMBER of fragments of scrolls have turned up on Masada in various places, written on leather or parchment—notably from Leviticus, Deuteronomy, Ezekiel, and the Psalms, and hardly differing from the Masoretic text. Some of these, like some of the scrolls from Qumrân, seem to have been deliberately torn up by the Romans. And there are almost seven hundred inscriptions on pottery, some of them merely the names—all Hebrew—of the people to whom the pots had belonged; also, fragments of many documents, of which little can be made out, in Hebrew, Aramaic, Greek, and Latin. An important discovery for scholarship, though of less interest to the ordinary reader, was a part of a Hebrew manuscript of the Book of the Wisdom of Ben Sirach, an apocryphal

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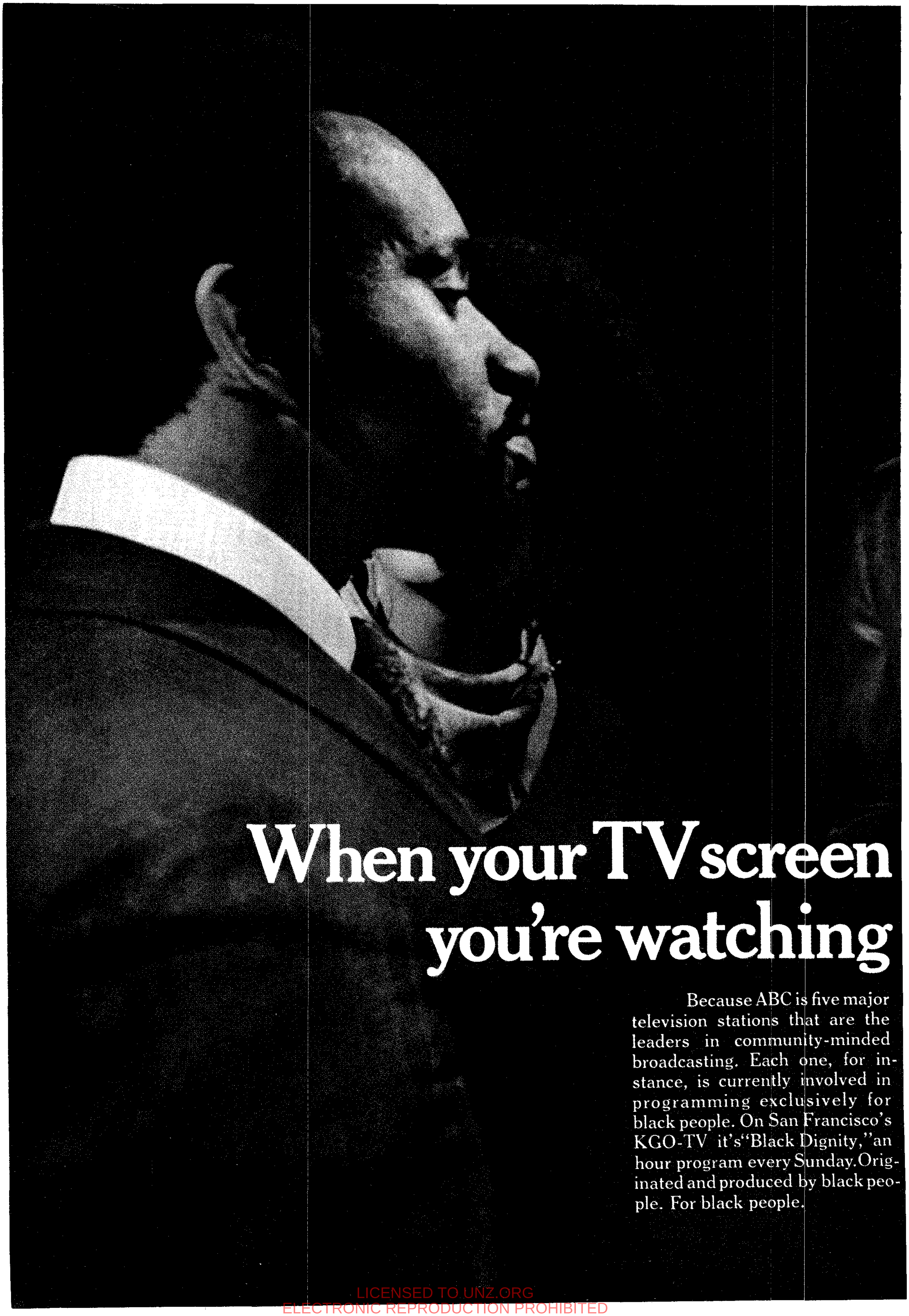
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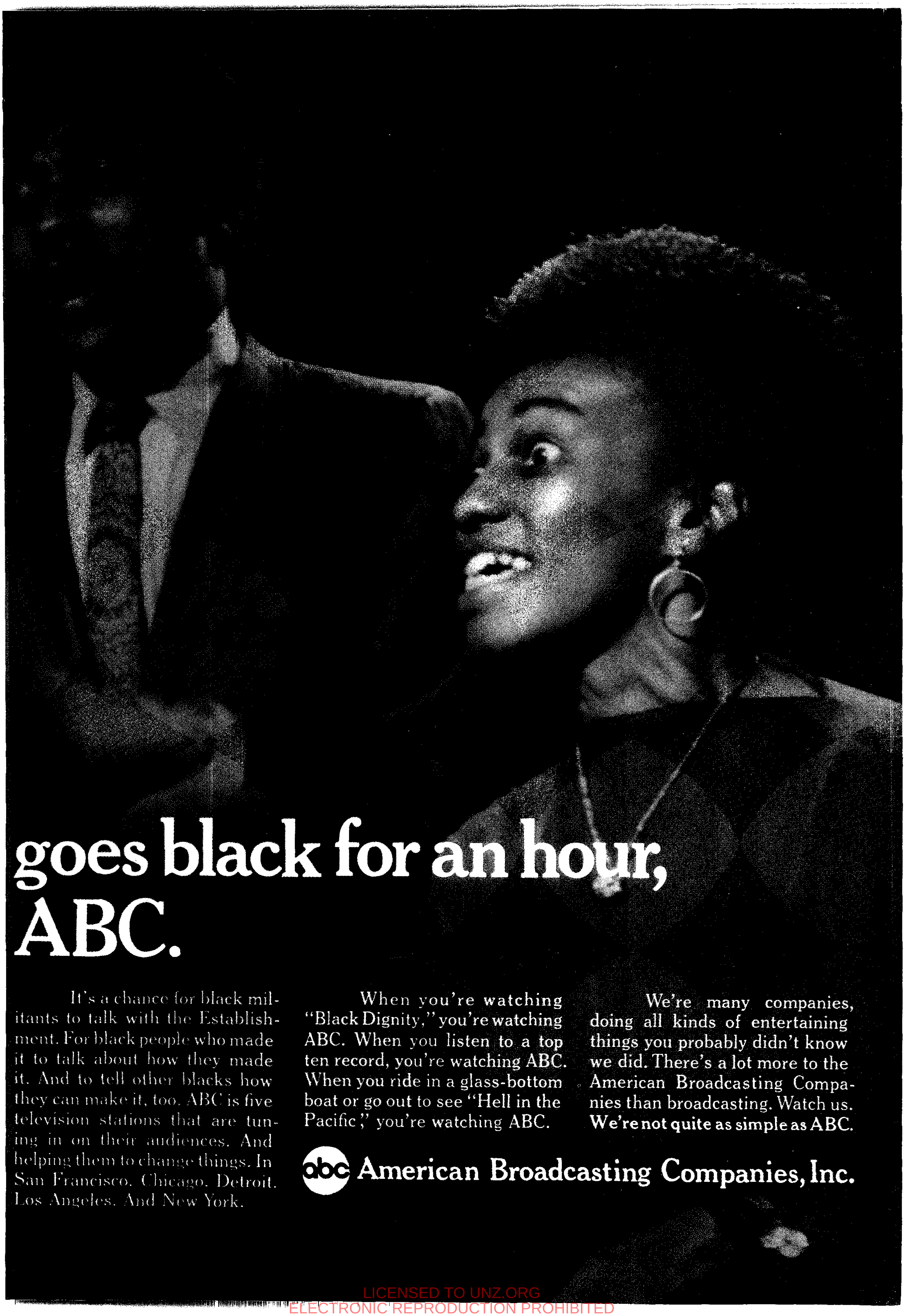
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work which in the Vulgate is known as Ecclesiasticus (not to be confused with Ecclesiastes). Though this book was often quoted in Hebrew, the Hebrew original had disappeared by the beginning of the eleventh century, and for centuries it was known only in translations, until almost two-thirds of a Hebrew text turned up in 1896, in the genizah—that is, storeroom for old, discarded manuscripts—of the medieval Cairo synagogue in which had also been found the so-called Zadokite document that later was to be identified as part of the literature of the Dead Sea Sect. There was a controversy—which need not detain us—as to whether this represented the original text or was a translation back from Greek. The new scroll seems to settle this controversy: it is plainly the same text, and this must date from before 73. But what is today of more interest is another and shorter fragment, which must also date before 73, and thus settles a more important question. Among the other scrolls from the Qumrân caves were four fragments of four different manuscripts of what was evidently, for the Dead Sea Sect, a basic ritualistic document. This has come to be variously known as the Angelic Liturgies and the Songs of the Sabbath Sacrifices. The Essene Sect had a special calendar which differed from the traditional Jewish one. This was solar, and based on a year of twelve months of thirty days each, with an extra day at the end of every quarter. Each Sabbath had its own sacrificial hymn, supposed to be recited in rotation by seven "chief princes," who are thought to have been archangels of the kind that, it has been explained in an earlier section of these articles, the Essenes so prominently featured. Now, a fragment has been found at Masada, in one of the compartments of the casemate wall, which belongs to the same document. It must have been brought there by someone from the Sect, who, alienated from the Temple—by that time, perhaps, destroyed—wanted to keep to his Sectarian schedule, and so it would have to have been brought during the occupancy of the rock by the Zealots; that is, not later than 73. There has been a persistent attempt on the part of Mr. G. R. Driver and Mr. Cecil Roth, both of Oxford, as well as of one or two other scholars, too old or inflexible, it seems, to assimilate new material, to show that the Qumrân scrolls must date from the "middle or late first century A.D." (in this case I quote Mr. Driver) "or very early in the second century A.D.," and that

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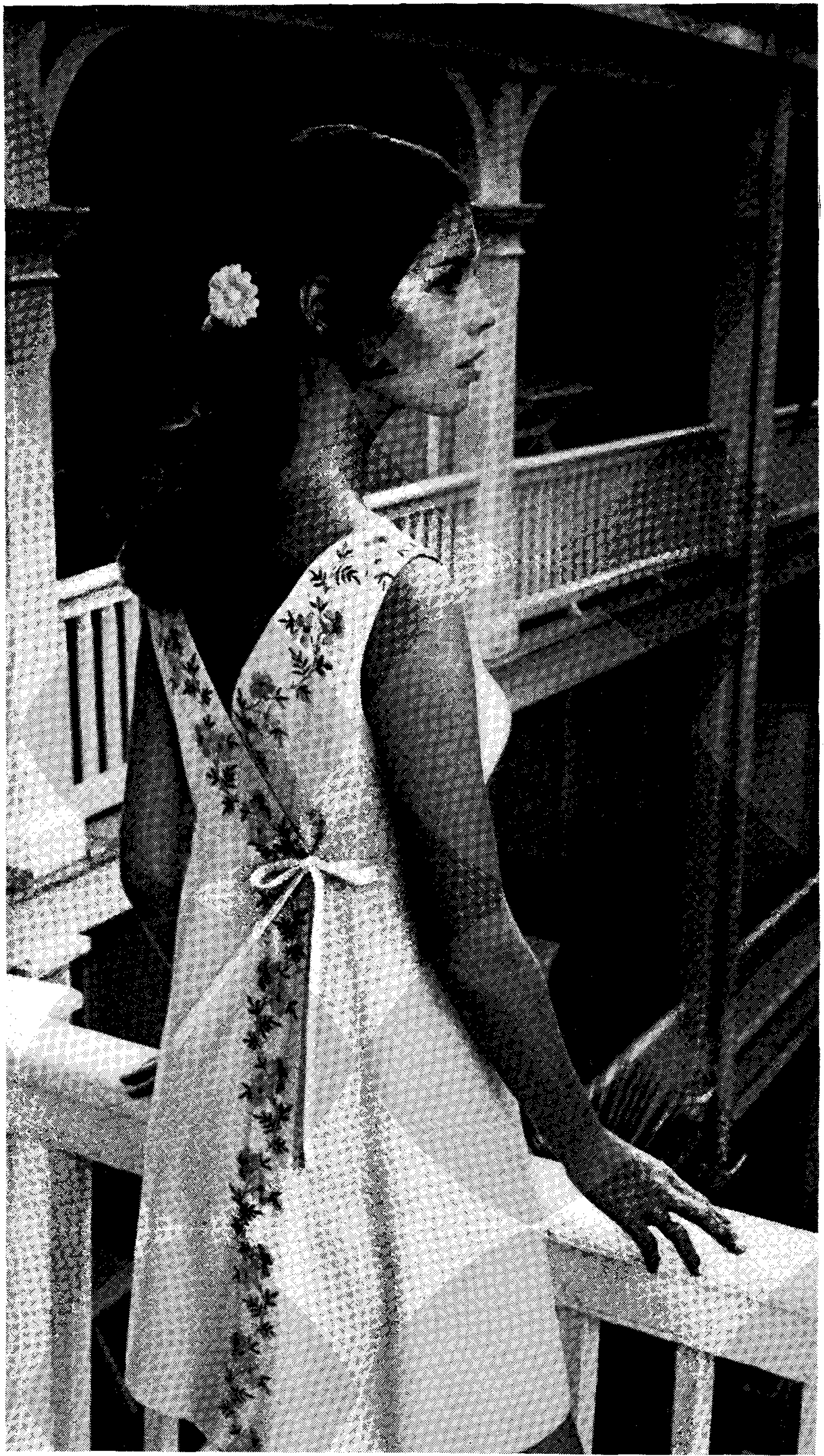

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the inhabitants of the monastery (here I cite Driver and Roth) had never been the Essenes but were, in fact, the Zealots. The Essenes, it is true, were said to be men of peace, but the War Scroll shows that at the End of Days they were expecting a hard-fought showdown between the Children of Darkness and the Children of Light. They may, Mr. Yadin suggests—instead of following the progress of events with the realistic eye of Josephus—have supposed that this showdown had come when the Jews were pitted against the Romans in what seemed to them a final struggle, and it is evident from Josephus that when things had got to this point other Jews had made common cause with the Zealots. Josephus, as Yadin points out, speaks twice of John the Essene as one of the generals in the war with the Romans. And is it not possible that some of the Essenes, still clinging to the schedule of their dissident calendar, had come up from the vulnerable Qumrân on the shore to the formidable heights of Masada? If the document containing their calendar must have been written long before 73, must not the rest of the Sectarian literature, too, have been written well before that date?

FROM even before the excavations, the administering of the oath of allegiance to the groups of new recruits to the armored units of the Israeli Army has taken place on top of Masada. In a speech at the ceremony of June 19, 1963, Mr. Yadin addressed these soldiers as follows: "When Napoleon stood among his men, against the background of the Pyramids of Egypt, he declared, 'Four thousand years of human history look down upon you!' But what would he not have given to be able to say to his men, 'Four thousand years of *your own* history look down upon you!' " He told them briefly the story of the Zealots and concluded, "Masada has become for us a symbol. The poet's words, 'Masada shall not fall again,' have become a rallying cry for the younger generation and, indeed, for the whole nation. It is no exaggeration to say that it is thanks to the heroism of the warriors of Masada, as to those other links in the long chain of Jewish valor, that we stand here today as soldiers of the army of a youthful yet ancient people, while all about us are vestiges of the armed encampments of those who wish to destroy us. We stand here today, no longer helpless against the might of our foes, no longer putting up a last desperate stand in a war al-

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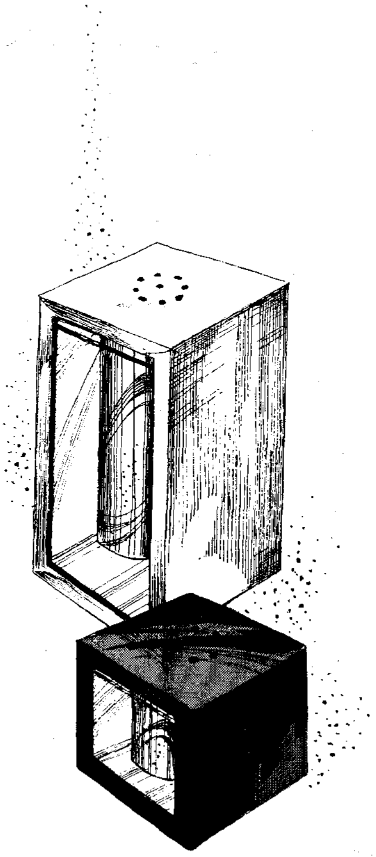

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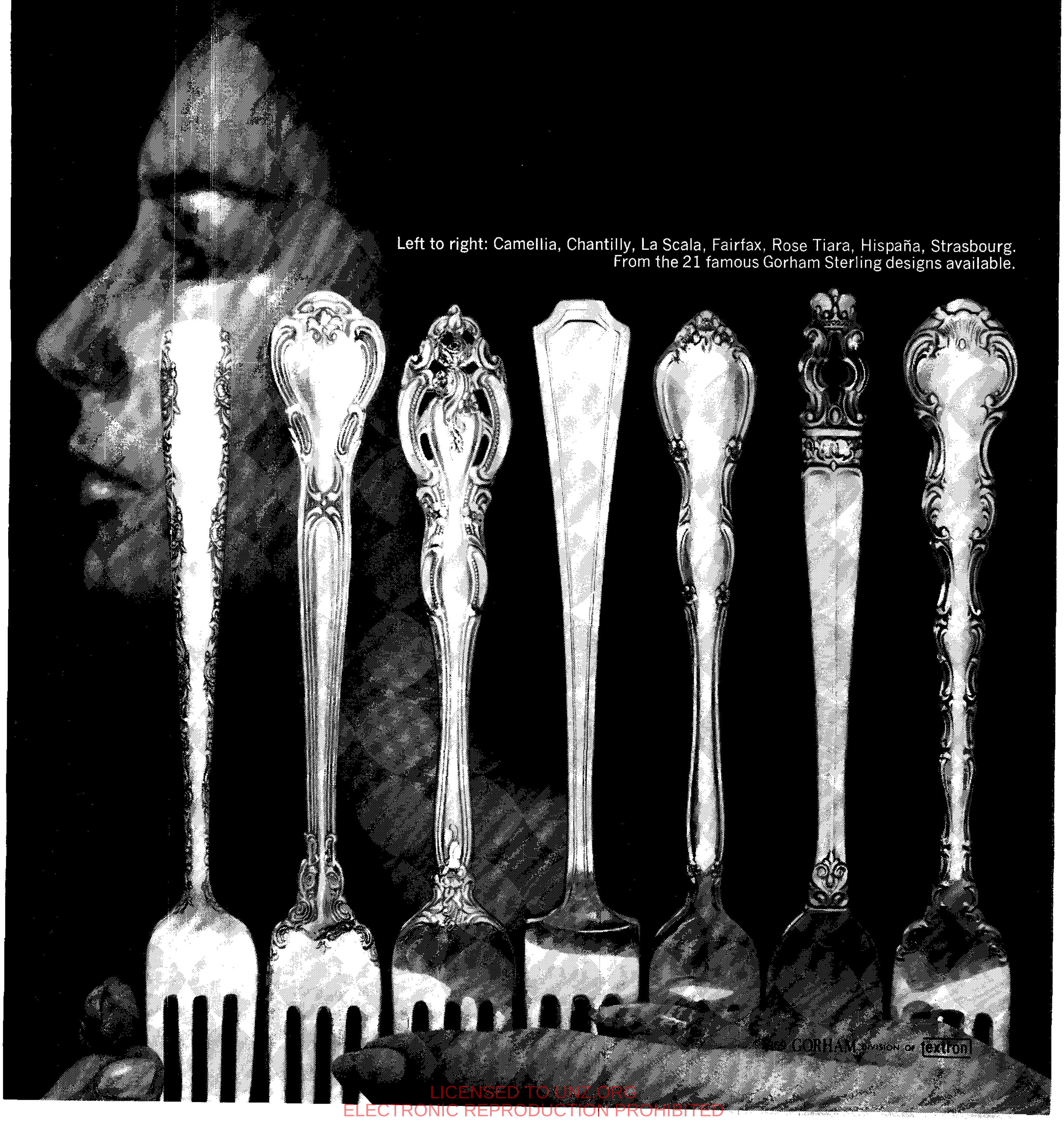

Left to right: Camellia, Chantilly, La Scala, Fairfax, Rose Tiara, Hispaña, Strasbourg.
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ready lost, but firm, proud, and with quiet assurance, knowing that our fate lies in our own hands, in the strength of our spirit, which is the reawakened spirit of age-old Israel. The echo of our oath this evening will be heard among the armies of our foes. In it lies our strength no less than in our armaments. And we, the offspring of those heroes of a distant past, stand here today ready to restore our whole nation. Happy are we to merit this."

II

Dubious Documents: In 1868, a German missionary discovered, among the ruins in the Biblical land of Moab, on the east side of the Dead Sea and at the site of the ancient city of Dion, almost directly opposite En Geddi, a stele made of black basalt, three and a half feet tall and two feet thick, with an inscription in the Moabite dialect, which differed very little from Old Hebrew. An impression of it was taken by a young French archeologist, Charles-Simon Clermont-Ganneau, who was attached to the Jerusalem consulate. It proved to be an account, in the name of the Moabite King Mesha, of his war, in the ninth century B.C., with the Israelites east of the Jordan, which is recounted in II Kings 3. When the Arabs of that locality found the foreigners taking such an interest in the stone, they concluded, as the modern Bedouins have done in connection with the Dead Sea scrolls, that there must be treasure involved. They broke the stele open, but Clermont-Ganneau collected the fragments and put it together again. It is now to be seen in the Louvre and is generally known as the Moabite Stone. It presumably dates from the time of Mesha.

At that time, there was living in Jerusalem a dealer in souvenirs and antiques named Moses Wilhelm Shapira. He, although Jewish, had been converted to Christianity, but he had a certain competence in Hebrew, and his traffic in rare books and scrolls, Muhammadan, Jewish, and Christian, which he kept in the back of his shop and sold to museums and libraries, was far more important than his sale to tourists of prayer books and Bibles with olivewood covers. After the discovery of the Moabite Stone, he sent men to make excavations at the place where the stone had been found, and they brought him little pottery figures, with inscriptions in the ancient characters, which were supposed to be Moabite gods. These he sold to the Prussian government, but they were exposed by Clermont-Ganneau as forgeries

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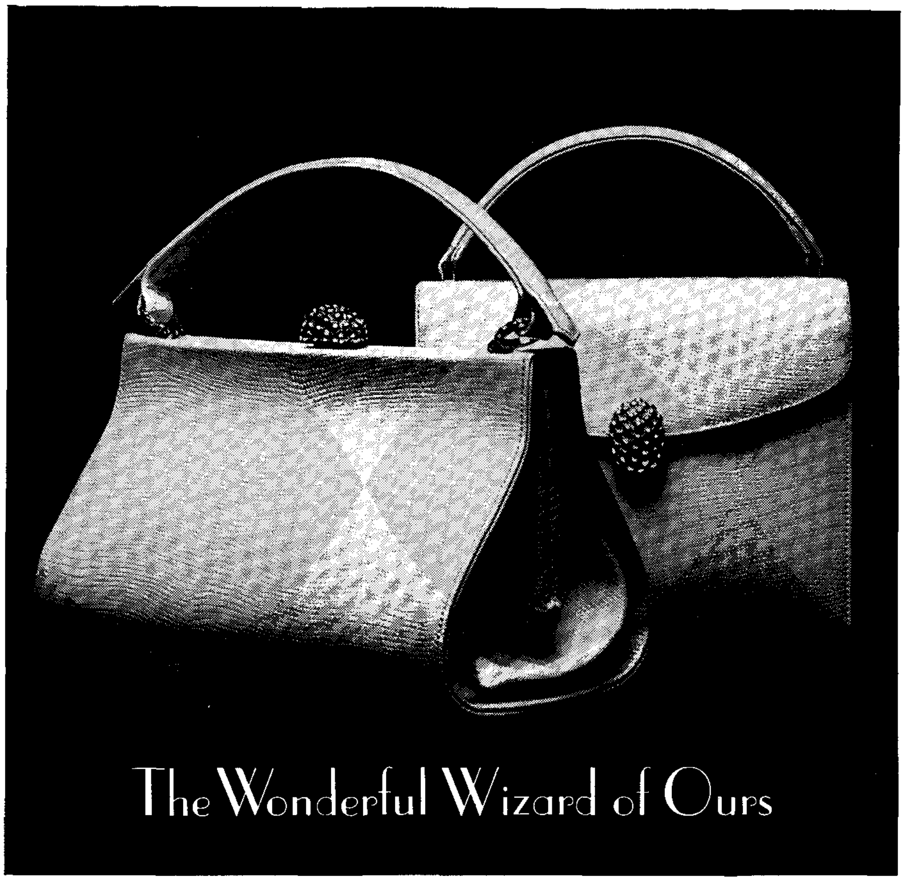

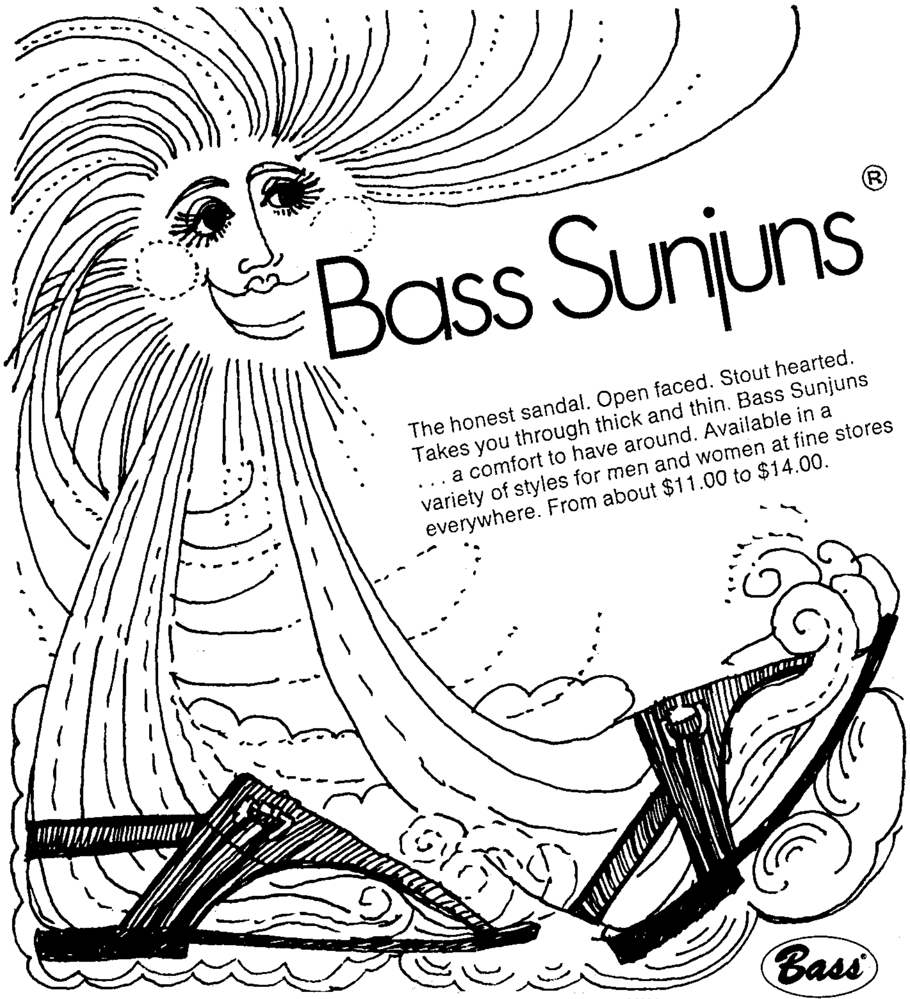

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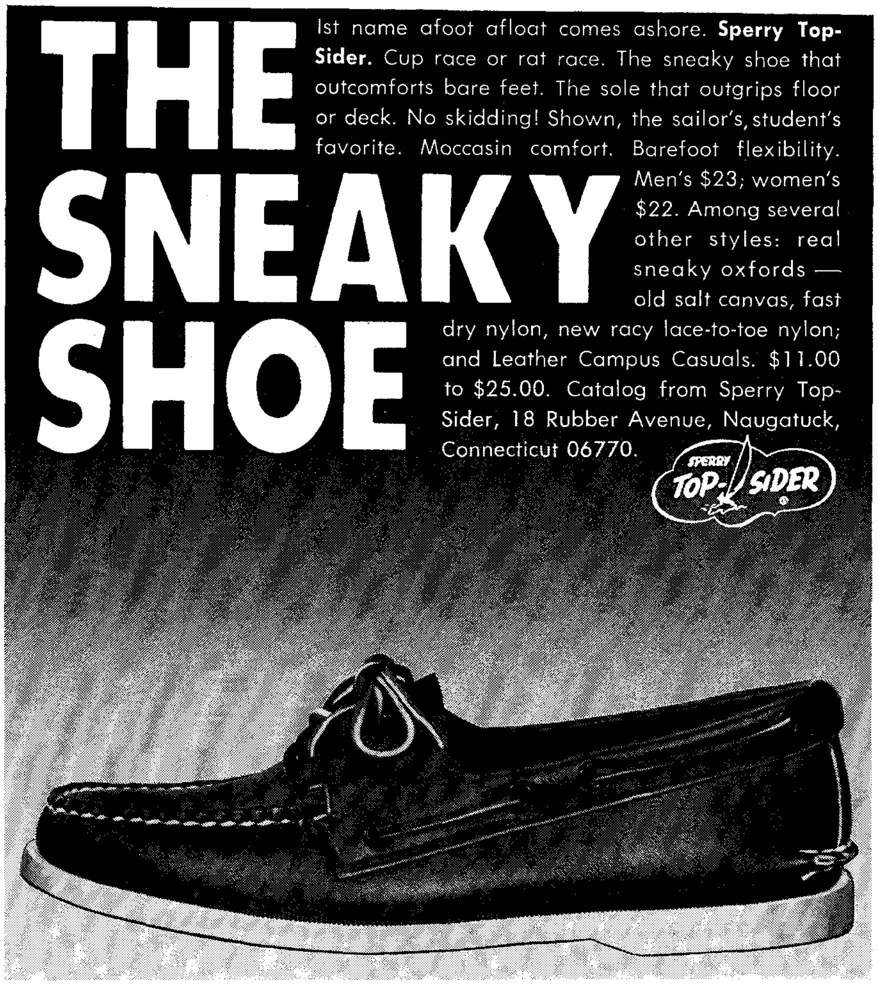

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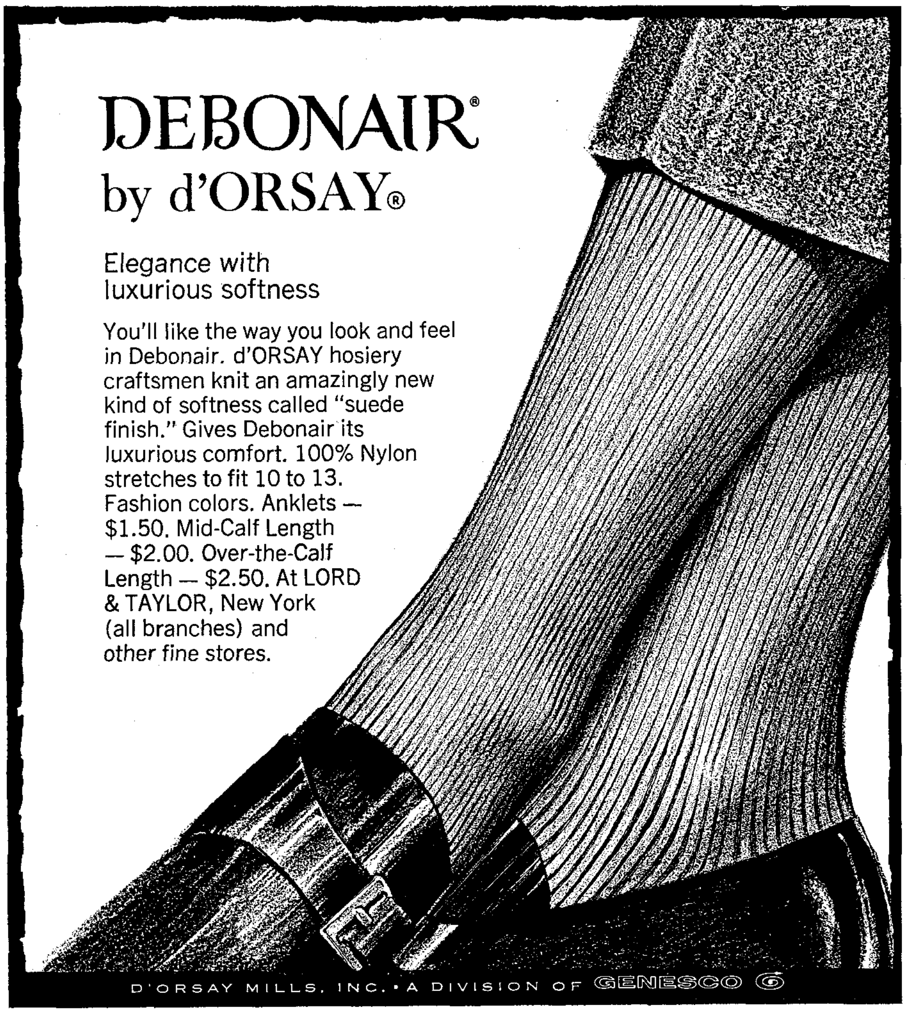

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manufactured in Jerusalem by an employee of Shapira's. Shapira now explained that he had always had doubts about the authenticity of these potteries but was not himself responsible for the forgeries. Later on, he produced fifteen fragments of a manuscript written on skins and so blackened as to be almost illegible, which included the Ten Commandments and the Shema ("Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord," etc.) from Deuteronomy 6—the speech of Moses on receiving the Law, which is of special importance to the Jews in both their private and their synagogue ritual and which is worn against the skin in their phylacteries and inscribed on the mezuzahs of their doors. These, too, had been written in the archaic Hebrew characters, and they differed very much from the Masoretic text. Shapira, in 1883, went to London and offered to sell them to the British Museum at the price of a million pounds. The manuscripts were at first taken seriously by English and German scholars as contemporary with, if not older than, the Moabite Stone, but Clermont-Ganneau came to London and intervened with his positive opinion that Shapira was peddling forgeries. It had already been objected by an Oxford professor that the climate of Palestine was much too damp for a sheepskin to be preserved in it nearly three thousand years. But the manuscript had been found in a cave by an Arab, as the scrolls of Qumrân had been, on the opposite side of the Dead Sea, and so might have been kept dry in the same way. Now Clermont-Ganneau pointed out that the Commandments and the Shema appeared to have been written on margins cut from the bottoms of a scroll only two or three hundred years old, in characters copied from the Moabite Stone and then blackened by some chemical process. The scroll had had a dry-point ruling and the forger had not noticed this. The French scholar mockingly added that he himself would undertake to reproduce a similar text of Leviticus, which would have the advantage of not costing so much. Shapira had by that time been counting on selling the fragments for a very good sum; his family, in Jerusalem, had moved into a larger house, had bought horses, and were running up bills. The news of Shapira's great coup had made them important persons. A Dr. C. D. Ginsburg, who had written on the Moabite Stone, had been consulted by the British Museum and had pronounced no adverse opinion; it was believed that

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Though a lot of April's happenings are unpredictable, here are some programs of special interest you can count on.

First Tuesday. Reports on New York policeman on his beat; rock 'n' roll; reducing farm. Tuesday, April 1 (9-11 pm).

Arsenic and Old Lace. New adaptation of the fey comedy classic starring Helen Hayes, Robert Crane, Lillian Gish, Fred Gwynne and Sue Lyon. Wednesday, April 2 (9-11 pm).

Discovery. The Declaration of Independence; The Constitution; Spanish California; San Francisco. Sundays, April 6, 13, 20, 27 (11:30-12 Noon).

Hand in Hand. Children's Film Festival—The friendship between a Jewish girl and a Catholic boy. Sunday, April 6 (1-2:30 pm).

NBC Experiment in Television. Pinter People; Bye, Bye Butterfly; Big Sur. Sundays, April 6, 13, 20 (4:30-5:30 pm).
Fellini: A Director's Notebook. Friday, April 11 (10-11 pm).

The 21st Century. Circle of Love; Eye in the Sky; Aviation; Surface Transportation. Sundays, April 6, 13, 20, 27 (6-6:30 pm).

The Secret of Michelangelo: Every Man's Dream. Michelangelo's frescoes in the Vatican's Sistine Chapel. Sunday, April 6 (7-8 pm).

The Ship That Wouldn't Die. NBC Special Projects—World War II story of heroism at sea. Sunday, April 6 (10-11 pm).

Cosmopolis: Big City 2000 A.D. The work and thinking of architects and urban planners. Friday, April 11 (10-11 pm).

Charlie Brown's All-Stars. The "Peanuts" gang's 999th straight loss. Sunday, April 13 (7:30-8 pm).

Academy Awards. The 41st annual motion picture Oscars. Monday, April 14 (10-conclusion).

Polynesian Adventure. National Geographic Society Special— A New Jersey family lives for a year in Polynesia. Tuesday, April 15 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Broadway '69—The Tony Awards. Saluting achievements in the New York theatre's 1968-69 season. Sunday, April 20 (10-11:30 pm).

Babar the Elephant. Peter Ustinov narrates animated musical based on the famous children's books. Monday, April 21 (7:30-8 pm).

Spoon River. The Edgar Lee Masters classic starring Jason Robards, Charles Aidman, Joyce Van Patten, Jennifer West. Monday, April 21 (10-11 pm).

White Paper. The Ordeal of the American City—Part III. Tuesday, April 22 (7:30-9 pm).

The Japanese. CBS News Special—Honorable Edwin Reischauer, former U.S. Ambassador to Japan, takes viewers on tour of Nippon. Wednesday, April 23 (10-11 pm).

Meet George Washington. Project 20—Documentary revealing the real man behind the schoolbook myths. Thursday, April 24 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Regularly Scheduled Programs
Monday through Friday: The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester

Tuesday: First Tuesday/ CBS News Hour

Saturdays: The Banana Splits Adventure Hour/ Storybook Squares/ Untamed World/ABC's Wide World of Sports

Sundays: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up And Live/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Discovery/ Directions/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/ Issues and Answers/ Frontiers of Faith/ The Killy Style/Frank McGee Sunday Report/ G-E College Bowl/The 21st Century/Wild Kingdom/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color.

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings: check also for noteworthy local programs.

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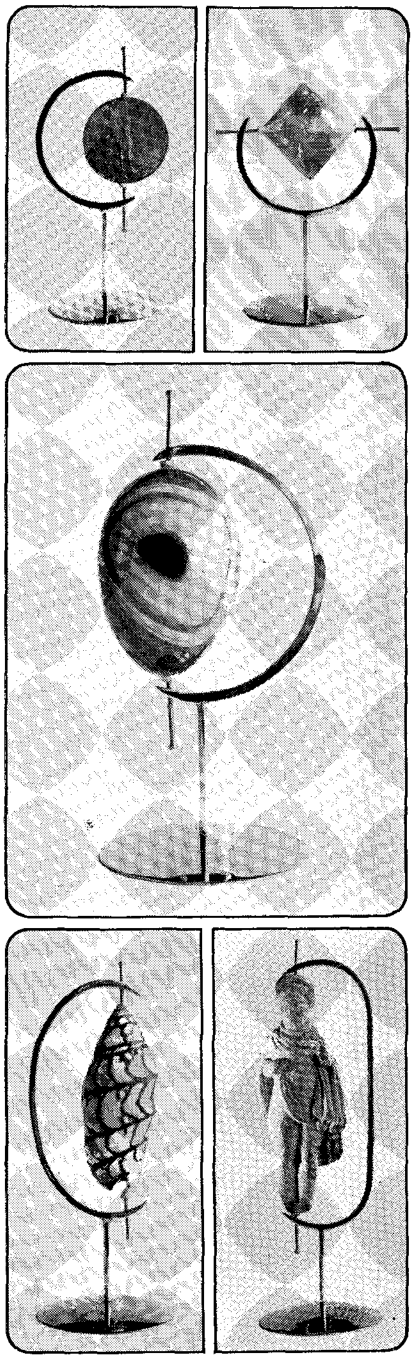
the museum would buy the fragments. But the advent of Clermont-Ganneau and a letter he wrote to the London *Times* declaring the text a forgery perhaps decided Ginsburg the other way, for he seconded Clermont-Ganneau, alleging more or less the same reasons. The fraudulent Moabite gods, of course, remained in everyone's mind.

Shapira left London for the Continent, and his family heard nothing from him. The bad news from London reached Jerusalem, and the credit of the Shapiras declined; they found themselves, in fact, in disgrace. It was not until the spring of the following year, 1884, that they learned that Shapira, after drifting about and writing letters to his wife which he never mailed, had shot himself in a hotel in Rotterdam.

No one knows whether Shapira had forged the fragments or whether somebody else had forged them. There is not even any agreement as to whether they were forged at all. The manuscripts themselves have disappeared. They were sold in 1885 by Sotheby—some of them were bought by Ginsburg—but it has so far been impossible to trace them. There are only illegible photographs and deciphered transcriptions available. But recently, in 1959, Professor Menahem Mansoor of the University of Wisconsin has revived the whole question in a paper in Volume XLVII of the *Transactions of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts, and Letters*, which was afterward, with the addition of supplementary material, reprinted as a booklet, and in 1965 Professor John Allegro of Manchester University published a small book on the same subject, called "The Shapira Affair." Both of these scholars—to whom I am indebted for most of my information here—are disposed to accept the Deuteronomy as genuine. I cannot recapitulate their arguments, which, in the case of Professor Mansoor, involve technical discussions of language, and I am not qualified to judge them. The situation is a little confused, in Mr. Allegro's account, by the existence of another document which makes its way to one's attention. The Shapira family left Jerusalem, and Shapira's younger daughter wrote a number of French novels under the name of Myriam Harry. One of these—"Une Petite Fille de Jérusalem," published in *La Petite Illustration* in installments in 1914, with many winsome illustrations of the period—is an autobiographical narrative with only thinly disguised names. Miss Shapira had been obviously devoted to her father, and she tells the whole story of his exploits and his tragic death in such a way as to compel us to sympathize with him and to pity his misfortunes. Clermont-Ganneau appears as a bugaboo, who has, however, for the little girl, a strange kind of evil fascination. (There is a legend that she tried to shoot him.) A good deal of this fictionalized story has got into Mr. Allegro's account and perhaps a little into mine. But it ought not to be taken as reliable evidence. There is, for example, in the novel, a scene in which the daughter, when a very young girl, comes to her father in a state of excitement to tell him that she is engaged, but finds him so engrossed in working on the Deuteronomy fragments, which he has only just acquired, that he pays no attention to her, and a comic conversation ensues: "Papa, his name is Casimir Kra." "It will be my glory and your fortune." "He's still a Jew but is going to be converted." "Siona, it's Deuteronomy. . . . I bought it for a trifle in Arabia," etc. Mr. Allegro quotes this scene, though explaining its source. But did it ever really take place? If it did, it shows either that Shapira, on studying the scroll with care—he is described as, piece by piece, soaking the blackened leather to soften it—became gradually convinced of its authenticity, or that he was putting on a most elaborate act in order to convince his family. It has also been suggested that what he was actually doing was intently working on his forgery. Apart, however, from this, Professors Allegro and Mansoor between them would persuade me that the Shapira fragments were genuine if it were not that Professor Frank Cross, an authority on Hebrew paleography, assures me that the fragments are forgeries, not merely for the reasons alleged by Clermont-Ganneau but because the "stance" of the characters is impossible, which the forger could not have known, and because the writing of the manuscript cannot be made to fit in with the writing of any known period but mixes the usages of several centuries. Professor W. F. Albright of Johns Hopkins also regards them as



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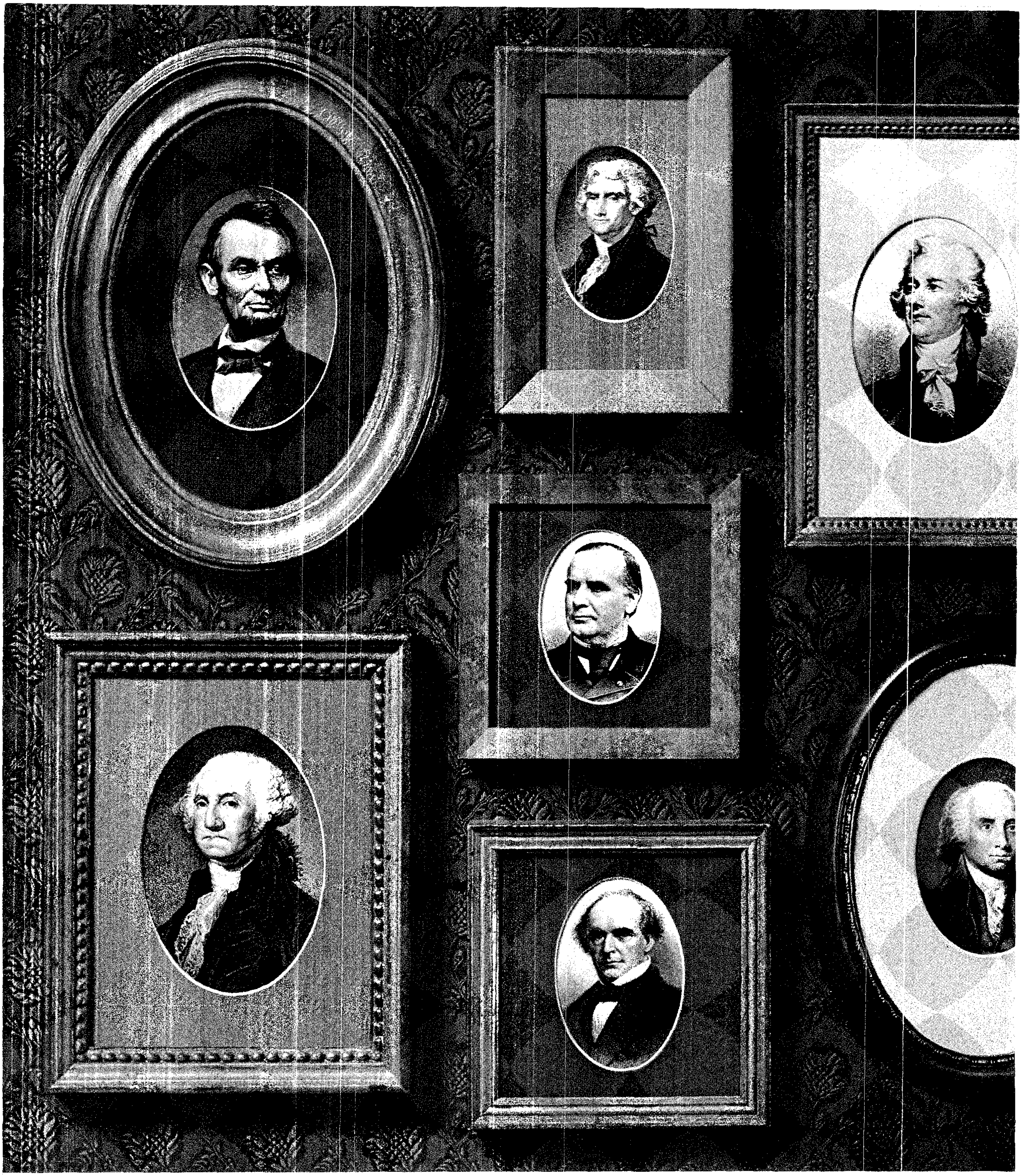

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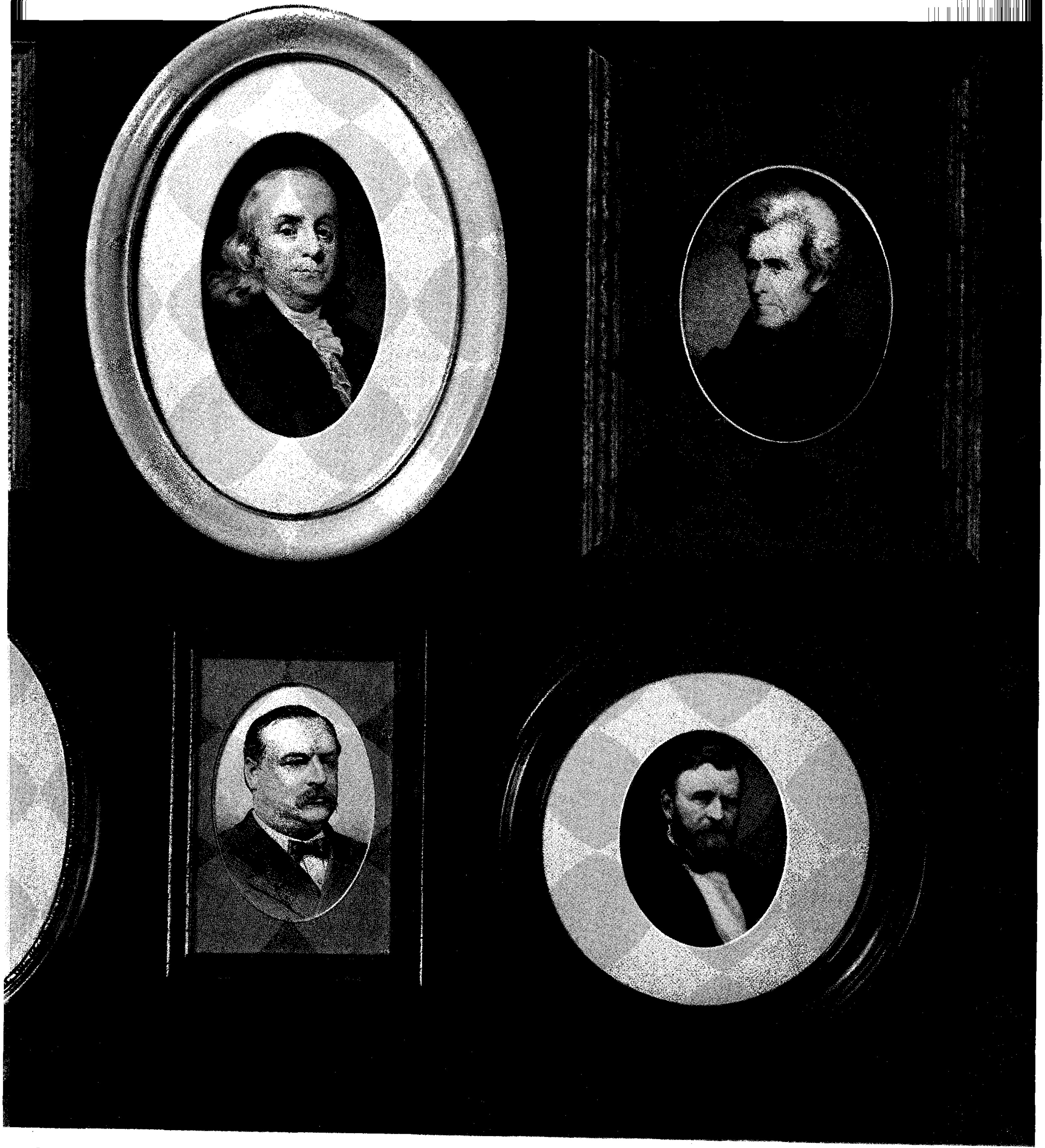

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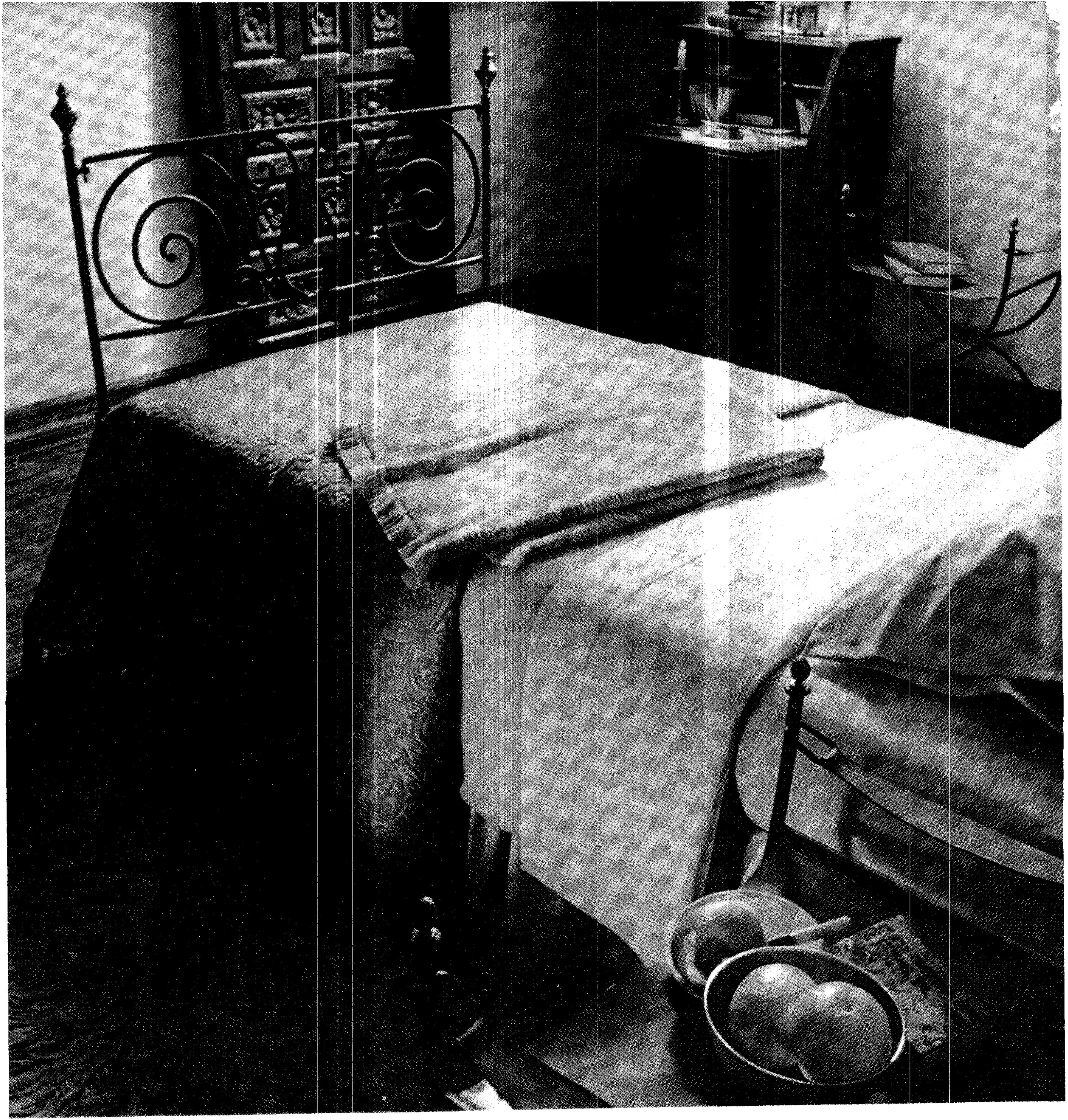

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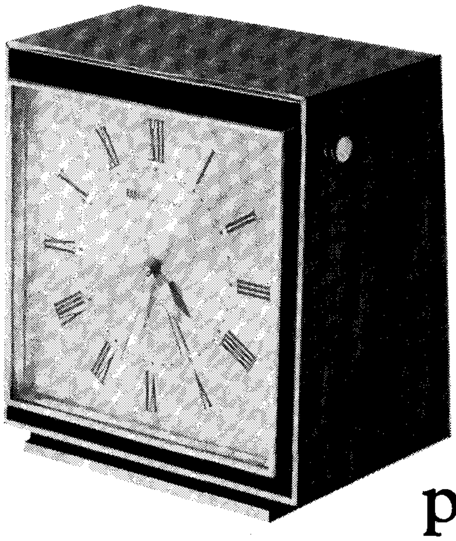
forgeries, as he has noted in his book "The Archaeology of Palestine."

THIS question, of course, has been raised again on account of the discovery of the Qumrân scrolls—Shapira himself had suggested that his own fragments of Deuteronomy might have belonged to some Dead Sea sect—which were at first, in the same way, rejected by competent but prejudiced scholars. Certain special features of the Shapira texts, which have been used to discredit their authenticity, have, according to Professor Mansoor, now been found in the Qumrân documents. It does seem a little unlikely that a forger should have produced a text that differs so widely from the accepted one as the Shapira Deuteronomy does: the sixth and seventh commandments interchanged; elements from the old second, third, and ninth combined in a new seventh; and the first prohibition of Leviticus 19:17—"Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thy heart"—appearing as a new tenth, etc. But Albright says that such a version would have been impossible for the pious Jews of the period when this text is supposed to have been written.

THE discovery of the Dead Sea scrolls, like the Moabite Stone in its day, has now, with the prices that such things have come to bring, been stimulating a whole series of forgeries. Some strips of silver inscribed with nonsense in characters derived from archaic Greek were offered to Dr. Cross and immediately rejected by him. A group of papyri supposed to be in late Hebrew, on which the German Professor K. G. Kuhn paid for an option, were also pronounced fakes by Dr. Cross. Professor William H. Brownlee, one of the original editors of the Habakkuk *pesher*, of which I have already spoken, has written me that "in the spring of 1962 I was working on the Ezekiel scroll from the 11 Q Cave in Jerusalem. . . . I was surprised by a caller from Bethlehem reporting that the Ta'amireh Bedouins [who had brought in the first lot of scrolls and have been hunting scrolls ever since] were excavating again and here were some things they found. One was readily identifiable as a portion of a modern scroll of Esther [the only Biblical book that had not yet turned up at Qumrân]. The other was an irregularly shaped limestone slab . . . with Aramaic (or Hebrew) letters scratched on it. I sent back word that the one piece was modern and that the limestone slab was a forgery, but that the shapes of letters



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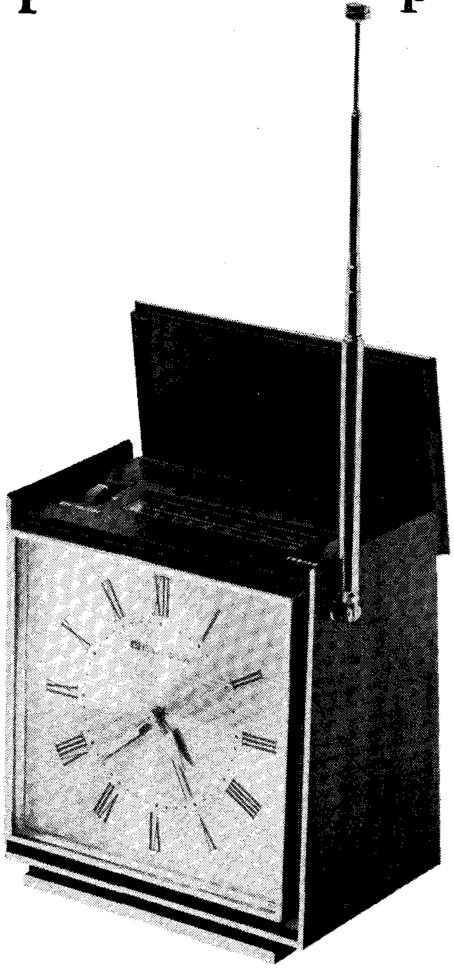

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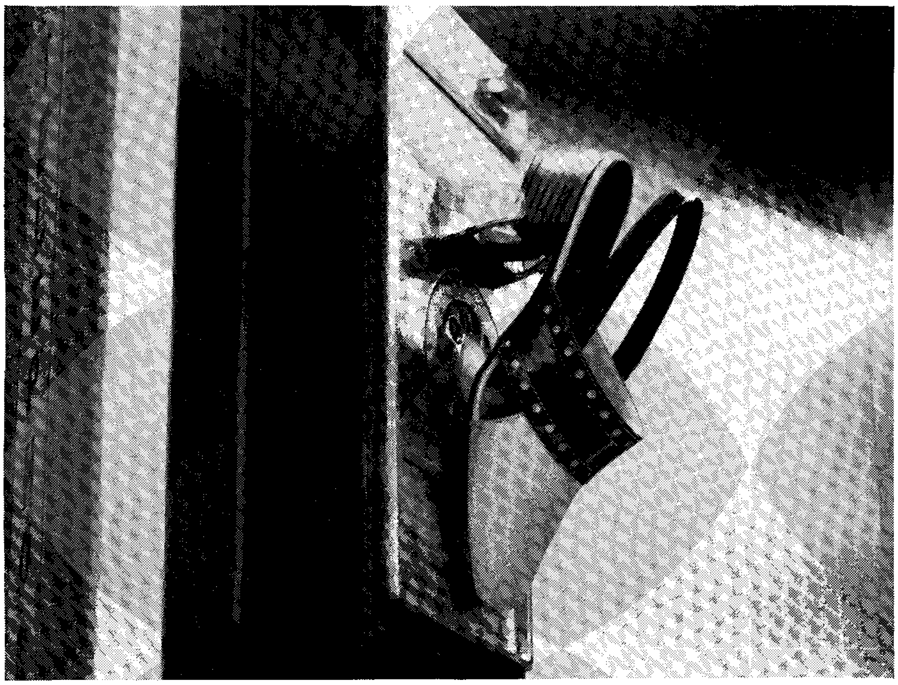

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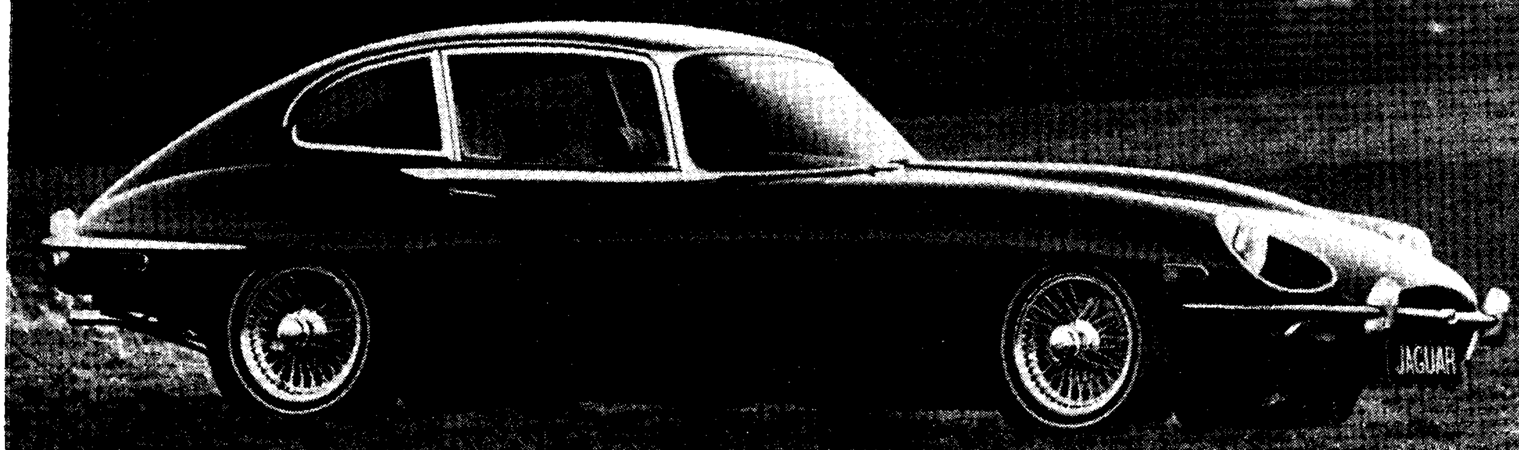
on the slab were more ancient than the Dead Sea scrolls." These characters turned out to have been copied from a mass of crumbled Samaritan papyri which the Bedouins had stumbled on in a cave, "located," Dr. Cross explains, "in a remote and terrible country fourteen kilometers north of old Jericho . . . about twelve kilometers west of the Jordan in the tortured hills that mark the western line of the faulting which created the Jordan Valley." This faked slab, Dr. Brownlee believes, was the Bedouins' devious way of feeling out the interest of the scholars in characters such as this. Kando of Bethlehem, the middleman for the Bedouins, showed a fragment of papyrus, with Aramaic on both sides, to the director of the American School, and he and Père Roland de Vaux and the director of the Palestine Museum made their way, with considerable difficulty—they first thought they needed helicopters, then found they could climb on donkeys—to the almost inaccessible cave, nearly three hundred and twenty-five feet above sea level, where they discovered, amid clouds of bat dung, the remnants of some forty documents which evidently dated from the fourth century B.C. They were "relatively banal" in themselves, says Professor Cross, who has been working on them—records of "dealings in slaves, sales or conveyances and documents of manumission . . . real-estate transactions, settlements of broken contracts including divorce, and loan agreements," but historically and paleographically not without interest in regard to a period in Palestine about which little is known. There were also coins and signet rings and an extraordinary quantity of human skeletons: men, women, and children—further gruesome evidence of the massacre of the natives by their Western, this time Greek, invaders. These Samaritans had apparently fled to the hills, taking their records with them, to escape from Alexander the Great. It is recorded that Alexander destroyed the city of Samaria and settled upon its site a colony of his Macedonians. Dr. Cross believes that the great, gluttonous dominator must have hurried on to Babylon. These refugees would have been the leaders of those who stood up to the Greeks but who "were discovered in their hiding place by the Macedonians, either by assiduous search, or, more likely, by betrayal on the part of their fellows who remained in Samaria, and were mercilessly slaughtered to a man."

Dr. Cross has said that he sometimes shudders at the thought that some



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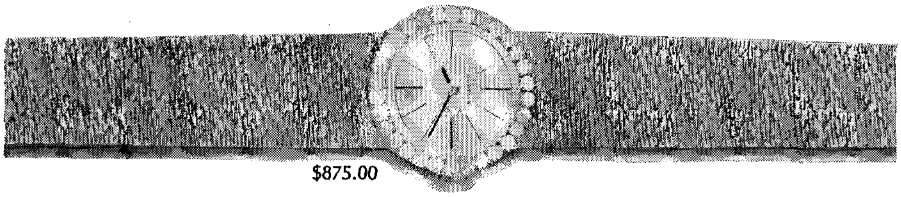
III

THE JUNE WAR—THE TEMPLE SCROLL: When the Israelis made their way into Old Jerusalem on June 5, 1967, they found that the Palestine Archeological Museum, in which the later batches of scrolls had been kept and studied, was being used as a fortress by the Jordanian defenders. It was one of the prime objectives of the Israeli forces, and they had little difficulty in capturing it; their blue-and-white flag was flying on it from the noon of June 6th. When Dr. William G. Dever, of the Hebrew Archeological School in Israeli Jerusalem, got through to it, on June 12th, two days after the cease-fire, he found it, he says, pockmarked by bullets, and its tower, which had been used as a gun position, rather badly damaged. Inside, the showcases and the windows were smashed; the exhibits had been knocked about, and some of them had been broken. The bodies of several Israeli soldiers had been found inside and in the courtyard. There was now a sign at the entrance that announced it was a museum of the State of Israel. The scrolls were not found at first, and it was thought that they had been taken away, but they were later discovered in a safe in the wall, against which a display case had been moved. An inventory was made of the fragments, which had been fitted together by the scholars and fixed between sheets of glass, and everything had apparently been collected, with the exception of the strips of the copper scrolls, which had long before been sent to Amman, the capital of Jordan.

This museum had been built with Rockefeller money in 1929. In the days of the British Mandate, it was administered by the Mandate government, but when this came to an end in 1948, as a result of the first Arab-Jewish war and the proclamation of the State of Israel, its management was taken over by an international board of trustees. These trustees, perhaps spurred to emulation by the Shrine of the Book in the new Israel National Museum, proposed, in 1965, having been offered a grant for the purpose, to build a special wing for the scrolls, and asked the Jordanian government to sell them a piece of land behind the museum. The result of this move was that suddenly the Jordanian government, through its chief representative on the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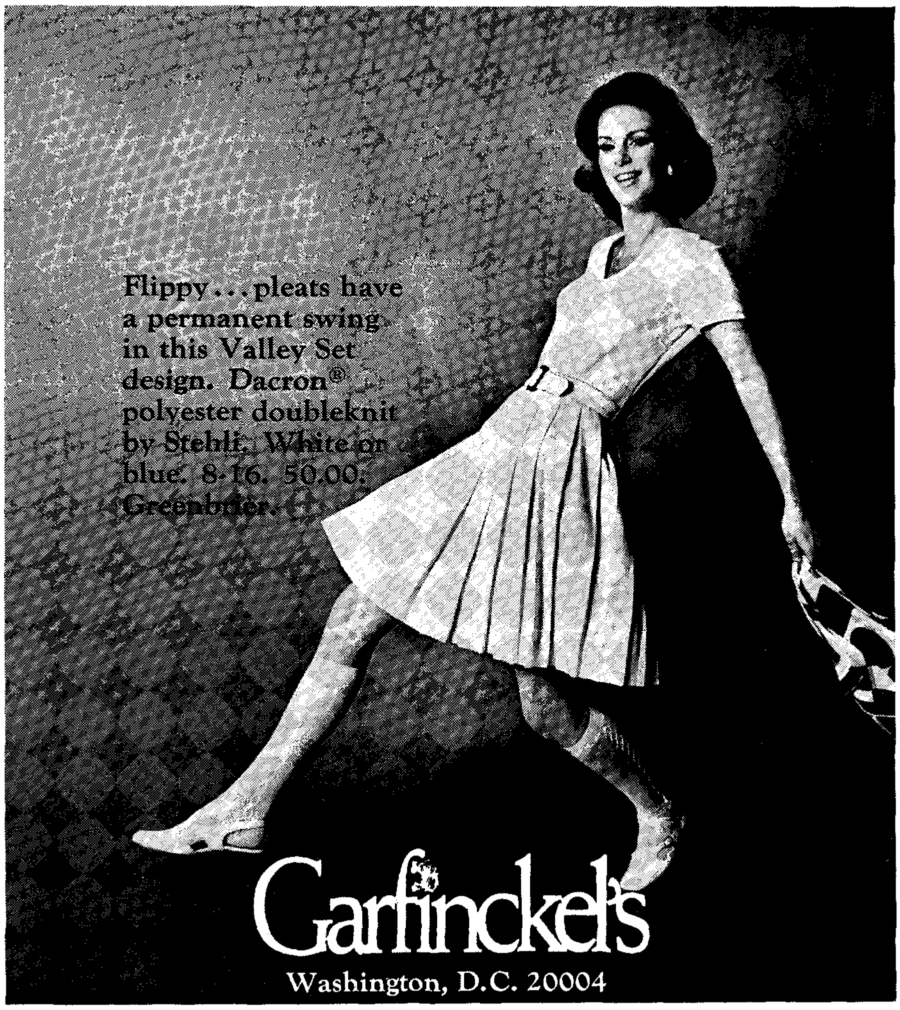
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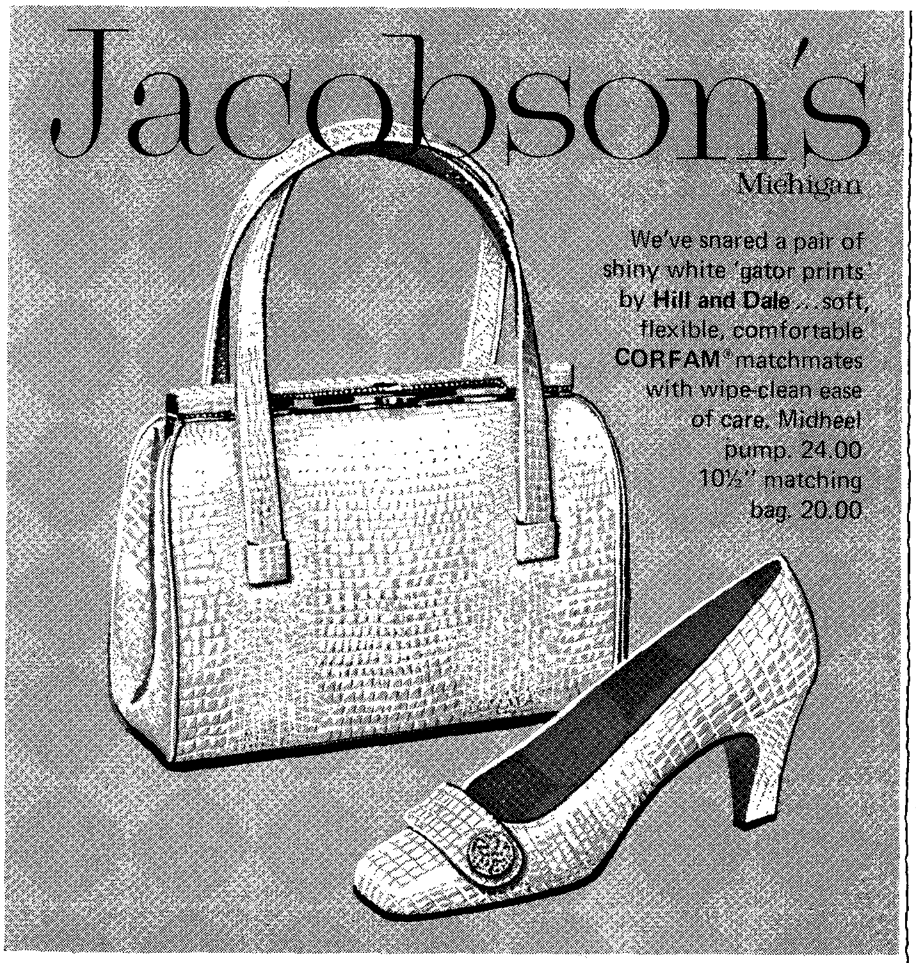
museum's board, demanded that the museum be nationalized. The American and British ambassadors made no objection to this, though the foreign scholars were much perturbed, and the nationalization of the museum took place in November, 1966. The Jordanians transferred its securities—which now amounted to less than half a million dollars—from a bank in London to a bank in Amman. The scholars were left embarrassed. The scrolls now belonged to the Jordanians, who were not even able to read them, and it was decided not to allow any of the manuscripts to be published without the foreign scholars' having raised a large sum of money to reimburse the museum for its expenditure in buying from the Bedouins the scrolls found in Cave Eleven. The permission to issue the scroll of the Psalms, described in the first of these articles, the only one from this cave that has yet been published, had to be financed in this way, and the rich lady who had put up the money could not be induced to contribute any more, perhaps because, now that the Palestine Museum had been taken over by Jordan and was not an American institution, as the American School had been, such a donation would no longer be eligible for deduction from her income tax. I had the impression in Jerusalem that the whole affair was rather in the doldrums. It was known that there were other scrolls yet to be bought, but there was no way of getting at them. If the officials knew where they were, they might simply confiscate them and put the man who had them in jail, so there was no inducement now for the latter to offer them. And it was rumored, perhaps falsely, that exhibits from the museum had recently turned up for sale in antique shops. The scholars could not be sure that new scrolls might not be sold outside Jordan. The capture of the museum puts the scrolls that are already in it safely in the hands of the Israelis, but the bitterness of the Arabs rather increases the danger that the Bedouins will not allow them to buy any not yet acquired.

Neither the École Biblique nor the American School was seriously damaged by the war. On Monday, June 5th, the first day, Père de Vaux was reading in the library when a shell exploded outside and shattered the windows. The personnel all went down to the basement, and the next morning Israeli soldiers arrived and brought them out at the point of a gun. They took all the Jordanians captive but allowed the priests to go to their rooms on condition that two of them, taking



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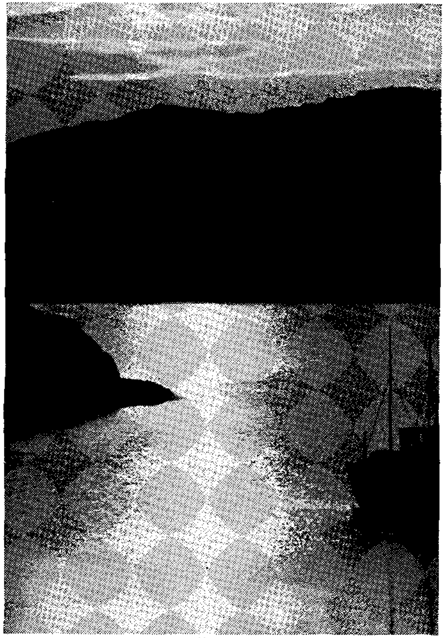

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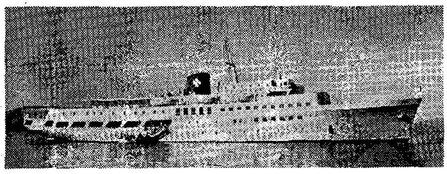

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turns for an hour, would sit outside in the yard as hostages. They were told they would be executed at once if a single shot came from the building. Machine guns had been mounted on the terrace and the monastery tower. The reason for all this was evidently that the Jordanians on Monday morning had been shelling Israeli Jerusalem from a vacant lot next to the École Biblique. The priests are said to have accepted the situation without protest or agitation, though it came at a peculiarly inconvenient time. The remains of the founder of the School had just been brought back from France to be reburied on the monastery grounds, and, while sitting as hostages in the yard, the priests exchanged stories of its early days. They decided on Wednesday to distract their minds by delivering a series of lectures—Père Benoit, the director, was to give a talk on the Magi, Père de Vaux one on Abraham—but then the shelling began again and continued for an hour and a half, in the course of which the grounds and the building, though not the monastery church itself, were considerably battered and scarred. When the war was over and the Palestine Museum was in the possession of the Israelis, there was no longer, in regard to the scrolls, anything to be feared from the Arabs, but it might still have been awkward for the foreign scholars who had already done so much work on them for the Hebrew University to take them over and distribute them to different editors. Père de Vaux is said to have announced that if this happened his usefulness in Jerusalem would be over, and since he had already retired as Director of the School, he would simply go back to France. He was immediately reassured by a meeting with Professor Yigael Yadin and the Director of the Department of Antiquities of the Government of Israel. It was agreed that all the work begun by de Vaux and his colleagues and the scholars to whom he had assigned the editing of the various unedited scrolls should go on as if nothing had happened. The principal change on which Yadin insisted was that the general title of the series published by the Clarendon Press should be changed from "Discoveries in the Judaean Desert of Jordan" to "Discoveries in the Judaean Desert."

As for the American School, at which I had been staying in May, when the Director for the year was Dr. John H. Marks of Princeton, he got away with his family in a taxi at eleven-twenty-five Monday morning, just

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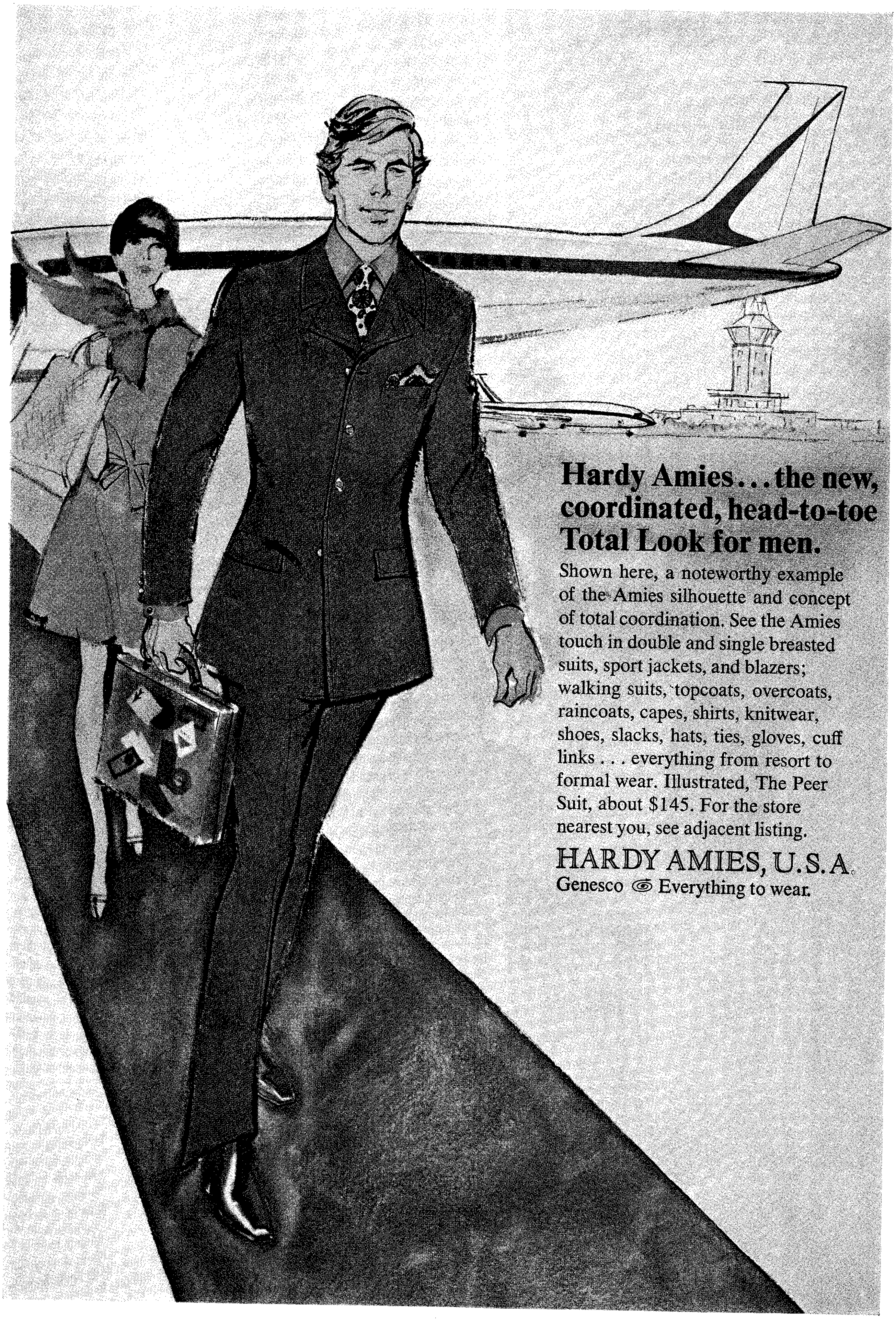

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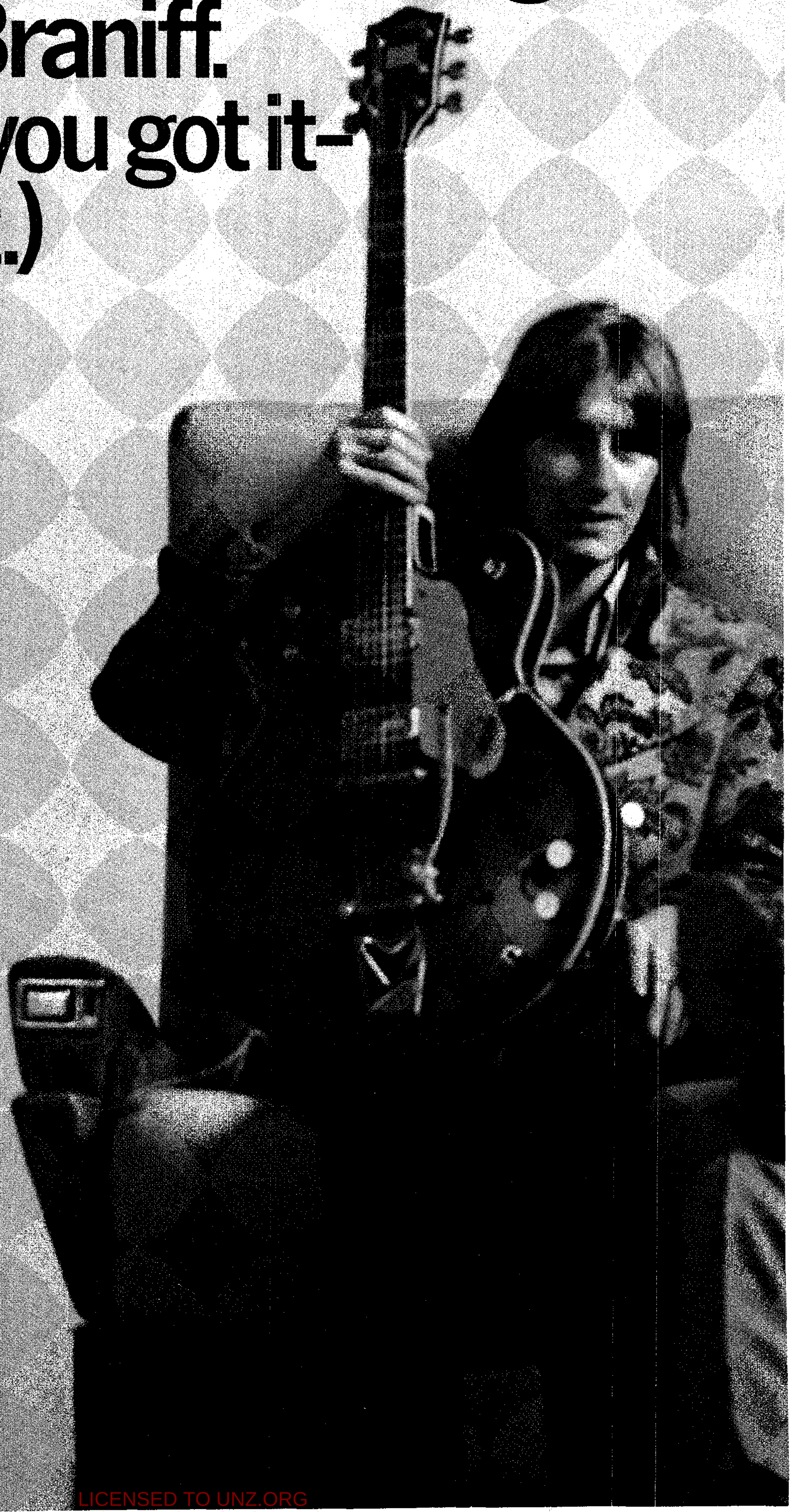

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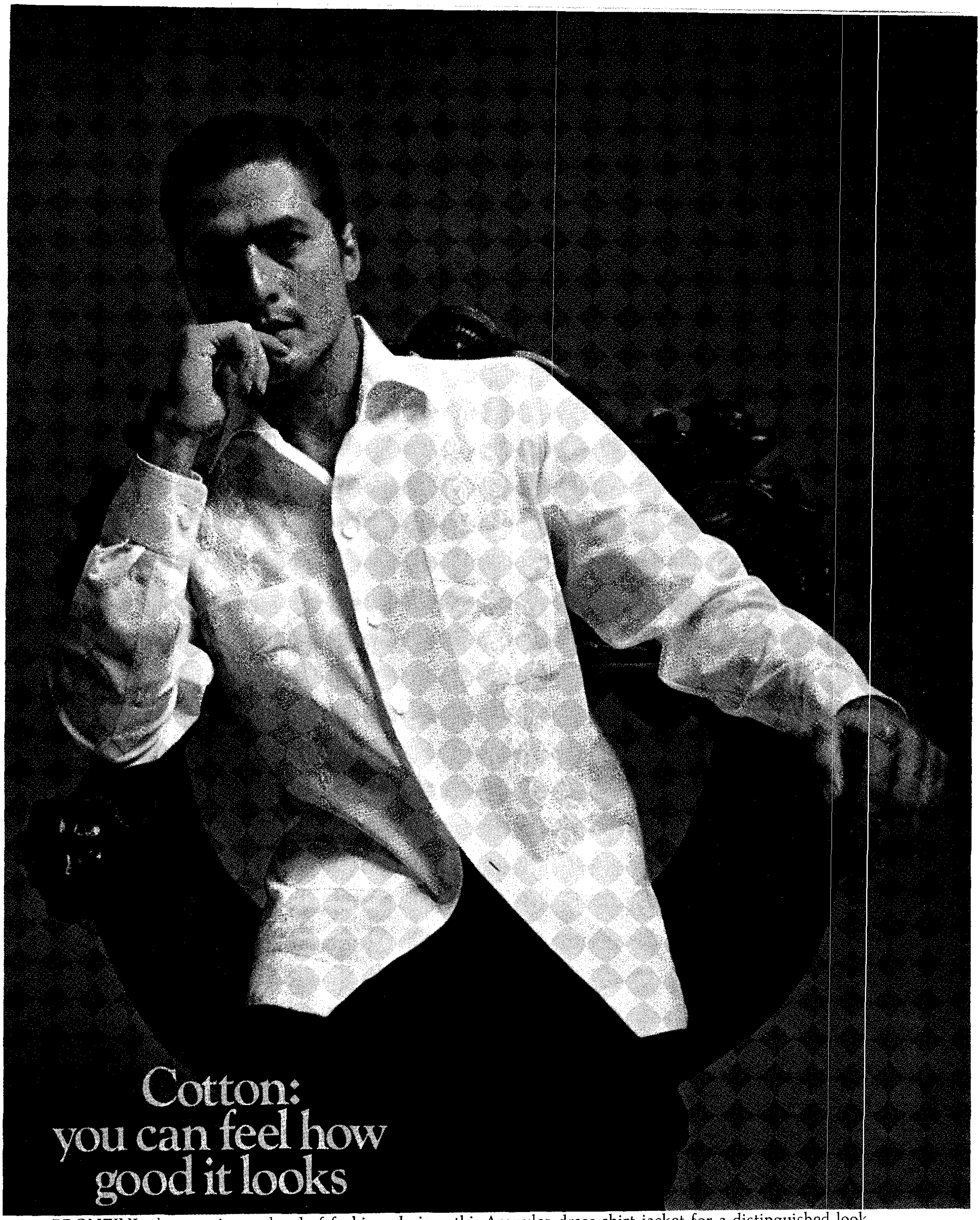

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as the first shots were being fired. They were caught several times in crossfire, and saw the dome of the Church of the Dormition, just over the border in Israel, from which the body of Mary is supposed to have ascended to Heaven and which the Israelis had been using as a military post, "enveloped," as he says, "by a cloud of debris" when it was hit by a Jordanian shell. They got through to the airport at Amman, but it was closed and the personnel were fleeing. The Israelis were about to dive-bomb it, and several air raids on the city followed, which drove the Markses into a night club that was now being used as a shelter. The party was eventually flown, by way of Teheran, to Athens. The American consulate in Jordanian Jerusalem was shelled, and its inmates took refuge in the School building. This building, at the time I left Jordan, was supposed to have been sold to a sheikh who was acting for the Jordanian government. The Jordanians had resented its being free of taxation and wanted it for government offices, since it stood almost opposite the government headquarters. The price was to have been a million dollars, and Dr. Marks at that time believed that he had nearly completed the deal when—after many unnecessarily secretive meetings and muffled negotiations—he received a postdated check for about a seventh of that sum. The check was sent back by the Amman bank, which said it had no such account. The School's lawyer attached some of the sheikh's property as compensation for the expenses incurred by the School. The School wrote the sheikh a letter expressing indignation over the bad check and received this delightful reply: "Since the United States declared at the United Nations Assembly in May its decision to oppose the United Arab States and stand by Israel, the payment of my check . . . is something in my opinion the outcome of which may not be safe."

In less than two weeks after the Markses had left, the new Director for the year arrived at the School and was admitted by Omar, the chef, who had been working there for years and who had explained to the Israeli soldiers that the School was American property and could not be tampered with. The business of the School then went on as before, and I owe to its Bulletins and Letters the greater part of my information on the happenings recorded above.

PROFESSOR YIGAEL YADIN had known for seven years of the existence of another scroll in the posses-

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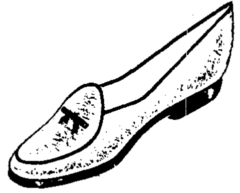
sion of the Syrian Kando, to whom the Bedouins, in 1947, had brought the first batch of scrolls. He was a cobbler, and he bought the old leather because he thought it would be useful for his shoemaking. Since then, as I have already explained, he had been acting as the go-between for the Bedouins with the scholars. Totally ignorant, he is said to be a master of Middle Eastern cunning, and he had been enriching himself by hoarding and selling manuscripts. "I cannot at this stage," says Mr. Yadin, in a paper on the new scroll, "disclose the way this scroll came into our hands, lest I endanger the chances of acquiring further scrolls; it is sufficient perhaps to say that this aspect of the scroll, when told, will seem like a tale from the Arabian Nights." All we know from other sources is that Kando was seized by the Israelis and taken to Tel Aviv, where for five days he was put under house arrest and, it is said, "interrogated," and that the scroll was brought to Yadin from the newly invaded territory. Kando had been asking for it a price of $1,300,000, for which he held out in the hope that some rich Westerner would buy it, and Yadin believes that it has suffered more damage from seven years in the damp climate of Bethlehem than from the preceding two thousand years that it had lain in a Dead Sea cave. When it came into his hands, says Yadin, the upper part looked like melted chocolate and the worms had got into the outside layers. Kando is said to be suing the State of Israel for having broken a Jordanian law that gives the Palestine Museum the right to purchase any manuscript found in the country. But the museum is now held by the Israelis, and so is the west bank of the Jordan, where Kando lives. The status of this region has not yet been settled, but one feels that Kando has as little chance of ever getting back his scroll or being compensated on the scale he demanded as the American School had of being compensated for its expenses in negotiating for the sale of its building.

This scroll is a singular document. It is the longest that has yet been found; it unrolled to four feet longer than even the complete Isaiah scroll from Cave One, and it is written on the thinnest parchment, Yadin reports, of any of the scrolls yet known to him—less than one-tenth of a millimetre. The text is from sixty-five to seventy per cent intact. This was evidently, from its language, written in the latter part of the Second Temple period—that is, in the first B.C. century, and copied perhaps a little



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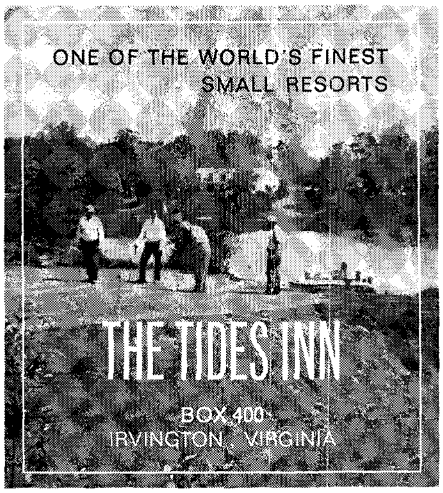

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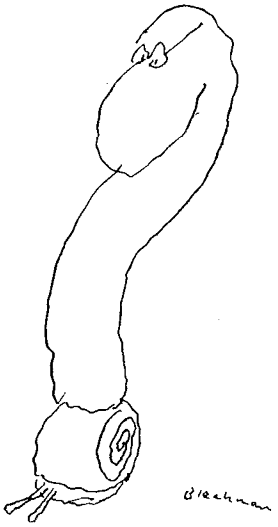

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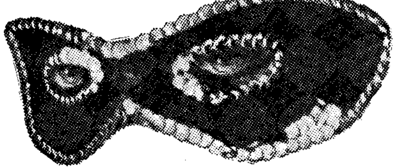

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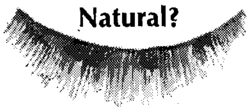

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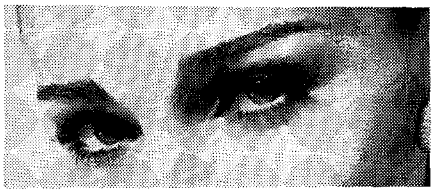

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later. The author was obviously a member of the Sect, because he reckons by the Sect's special calendar and, in correcting the practice of the Temple, has an emphasis of Sectarian polemics.

The most striking feature of the scroll, which makes it unique among Hebrew religious writings, is that it purports to be a message communicated not through a prophet but directly by God Himself, who speaks in the first person, even changing it thus from the third when He is quoting His past utterances from the Torah, and nonchalantly referring to Himself by His otherwise unpronounceable name, which He makes no attempt to disguise, as is done in other non-Biblical books of the Sect, by putting it into Old Hebrew characters or indicating it simply by *yodhs*. The author appears to believe that God is speaking directly to Moses—in fact, adding a new book to the Torah. He gives rules about cleanness and uncleanness, often quoting the Torah, but with additions to and deletions from the accepted text; He enumerates the sacrifices and offerings appropriate to the Festivals, as reckoned by the Essene calendar, and lays down the rules for the services of the Temple. Almost half of the scroll is occupied—which has led Yadin to call it the Temple Scroll—with plans for building the Temple, and these descriptions are at variance in many details with what we know of the Second Temple as it had been remodelled by Herod. Yet it is not a visionary temple foreseen for the End of Days but a practical temple to be built by men. Even the problem of the toilets has been thought of. They must not be set so high as to be in sight, so they cannot be east on the Mount of Olives, nor west, because the frequent west winds would be blowing in the direction of the Temple. The place for them is fifteen hundred yards north of the sacred building, which would have put them not far from the site of the Mandelbaum Gate and quite close to the present American School. The Temple is to comprise three courts, one inside another, and both the outer and middle courts shall be provided with twelve gates named for the Twelve Tribes, as in the specifications given in Ezekiel and the Apocalypse for the gates of Jerusalem. In I Chronicles 28, David is said to have given Solomon the Divine plans for building the Temple: "All this, said David, the Lord made me understand in writing by His hand upon me, even all the works of this pattern." Yadin believes that the Temple Scroll is an attempt to supply this document, not to be found

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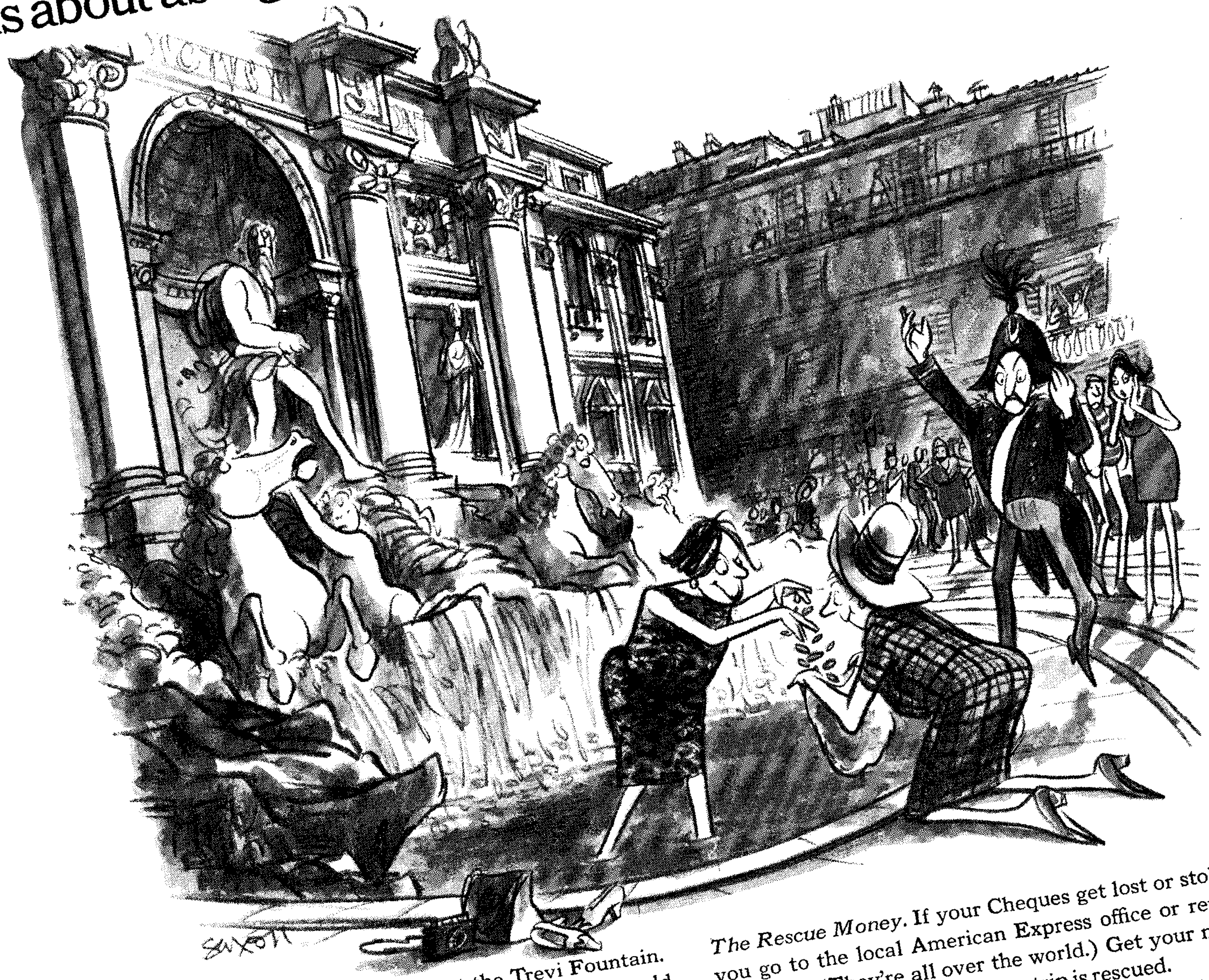

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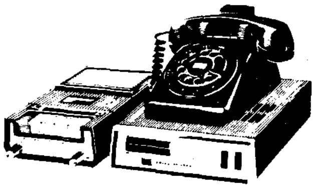

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in the Scriptures, which was given by God to David and handed on by David to his son, who did actually build the first Temple. There is, in fact, it seems, a reference to such a scroll in the Palestinian Talmud.

Another section of the scroll deals with the Statutes of the King. I had better let Mr. Yadin describe this in his own words: "Although it begins with a direct quotation from Deuteronomy 17:14 ff. ["When thou art come unto the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee, and shalt possess it, and shalt dwell therein, and shalt say, I will set a king over me, like as all the nations that are about me; Thou shalt in any wise set him king over thee whom the Lord thy God shall choose"] . . . it proceeds immediately to the two main subjects of interest to the author: the king's bodyguard and the mobilization plans—phase by phase—to be taken by the king when the 'land of Israel' is faced with the threat of a war of extermination. On the first subject, God prescribes, according to our author, that the king's bodyguard comprise twelve thousand soldiers—a thousand per tribe. These soldiers must be without blemish—'men of truth, God-fearing, hating unjust gain.' While some of the expressions and principles are borrowed from Exodus XVIII, our interest is in the additions which reflect the political situation of the period. The main purpose of this guard is to protect the king 'day and night lest he fall into the hands of the Gentiles.' This fear of the danger from the Gentiles is paramount in this section. In another place, the scroll prescribes the death penalty for anyone who betrays the people of Israel and passes information to the enemy. However, the most interesting part—also historically—refers to the mobilization phases. When the king is aware of a danger from an enemy who wants 'to take everything which belongs to Israel' he should mobilize a tenth of the nation's force. If the enemy force be large, one fifth of the king's force is to be called up. Should the enemy come 'with his king and chariotry and great multitude' a third of the force should be mobilized; two thirds should remain in the land to protect its frontiers and cities lest 'an enemy band penetrate into the country.' If, however, 'the battle be strong,' the king must mobilize half the total fighting strength and 'the other half will remain in the cities' to defend them. Having read these rules immediately after the war, I could not help commenting at the time that here was an excellent de-

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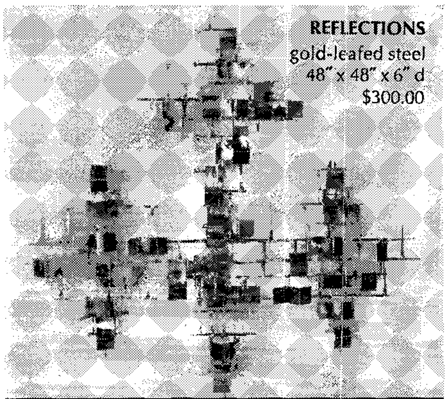

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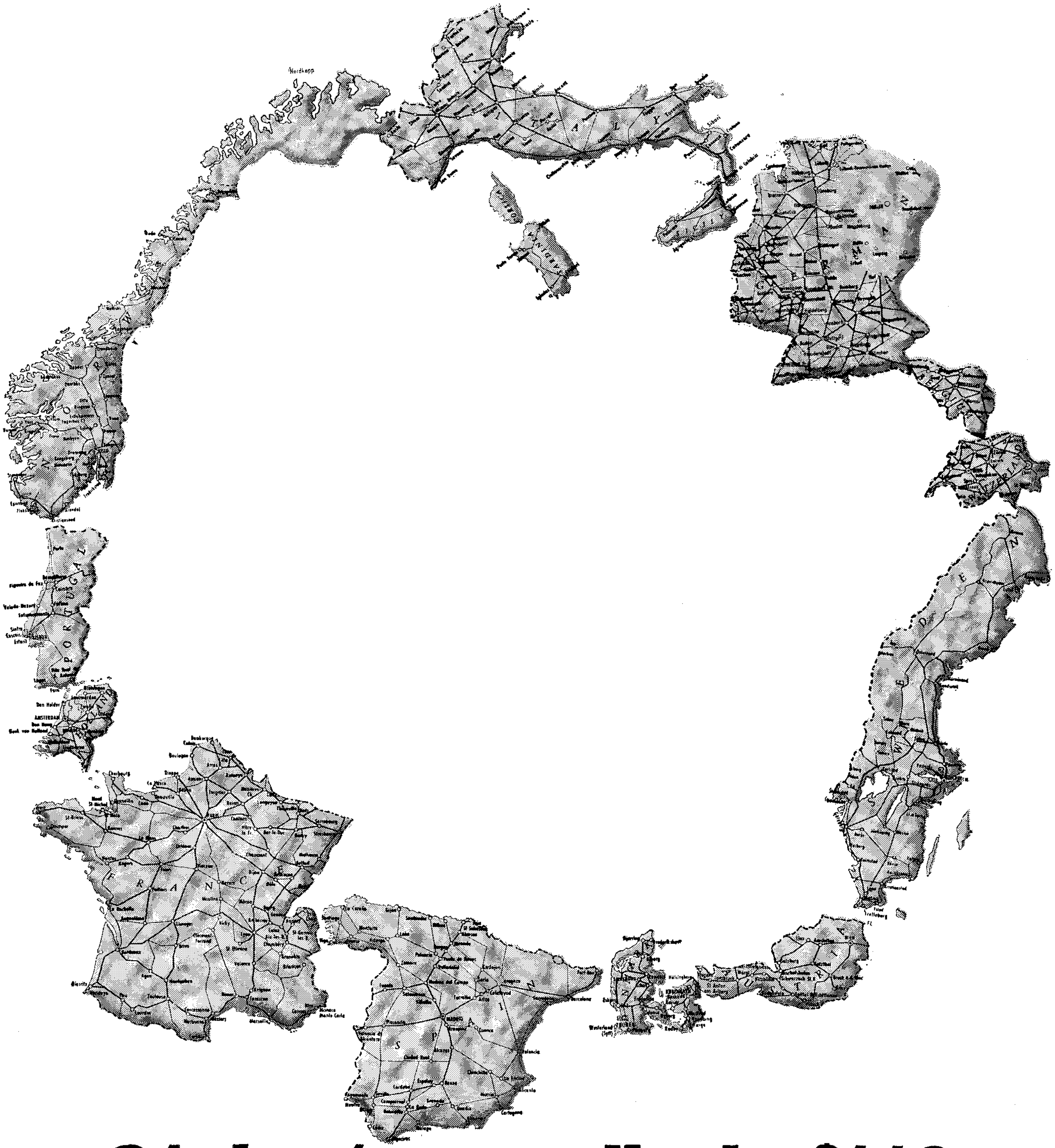

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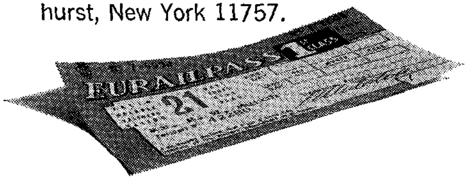

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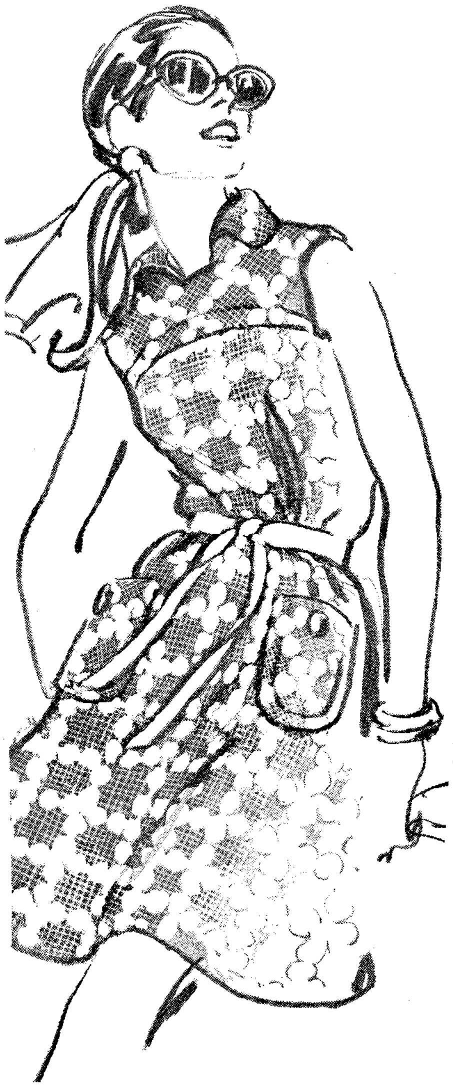

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scription of the actual phases of mobilization preceding the Six-Day War in Israel. The parallel between the scroll's prescription for mobilization in the face of complete extermination and what actually happened in Israel two weeks before the war is quite fantastic. This is, of course, a strictly personal and subjective reaction; the real importance of this section is that it reflects the true political and historical problems facing ancient Israel at the time the scroll was written. These rules are basically different from those in the scroll of the 'War of the Sons of Light Against the Sons of Darkness.' The latter deals exclusively with the offensive eschatological war, while here we deal with a defensive war against an attacking unnamed enemy."

Yadin also feels a significance, a symbol of the rebirth of Israel, in the appearance after two thousand years of the apocalyptic Essene War Scroll, in the midst of the first Arab war, when his father got through to Bethlehem and recognized the genuineness of the first set of scrolls. This millennia-spanning mixture in Israel of ancient and modern history makes it, in my opinion, a place of unique interest and of heartening inspiration. The ancient Jews had no real sense of time in the way that we understand it. Their verbs had not tenses but "aspects." Certain of these aspects are now used to indicate time, yet to visit the modern Israel and to see what is going on there is to feel oneself partly released from the narrow constrictions of today's and yesterday's newspaper and to find oneself, thus rising above the years, with their catastrophes and their comings and goings, in touch with one of the greatest human forces for the tenacity and authority of our race.

—EDMUND WILSON

(*This is the last of a series of articles on the Dead Sea scrolls.*)

•

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few drops red food coloring if desired
3½ cups (two 1 pound cans) drained red sour pitted cherries
apples and pears. A politician certainly needs a strong rules committee to run things. A statesman finds his power elsewhere. Perhaps Duryea is indeed that higher form of public being, a statesman. Call us in April for an answer.

—*Clinton (N.Y.) Courier.*

We can't wait till April. We're sick.

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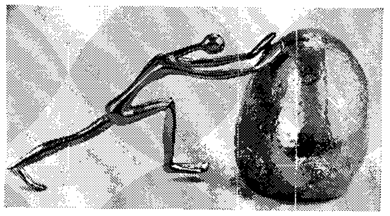

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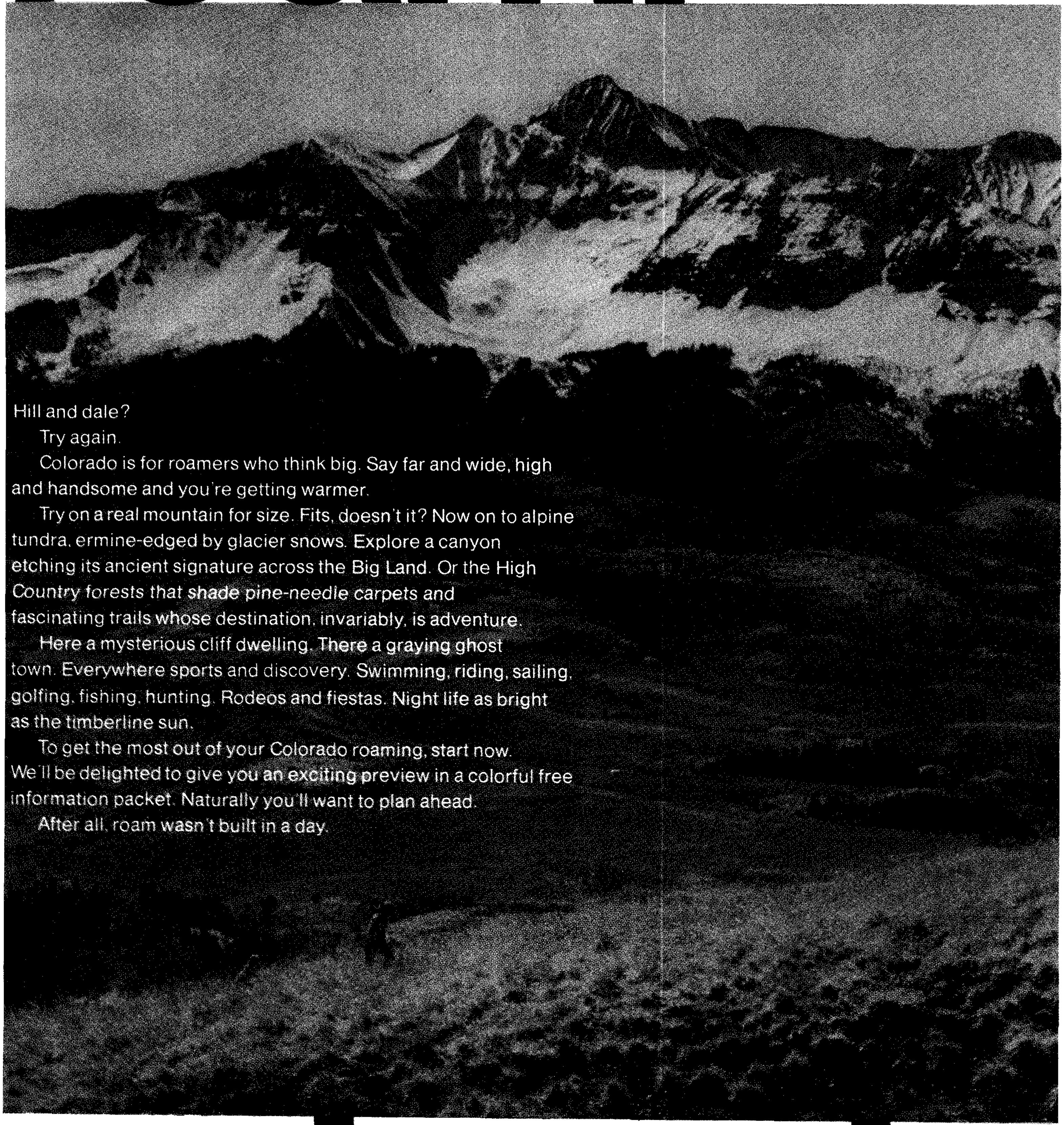

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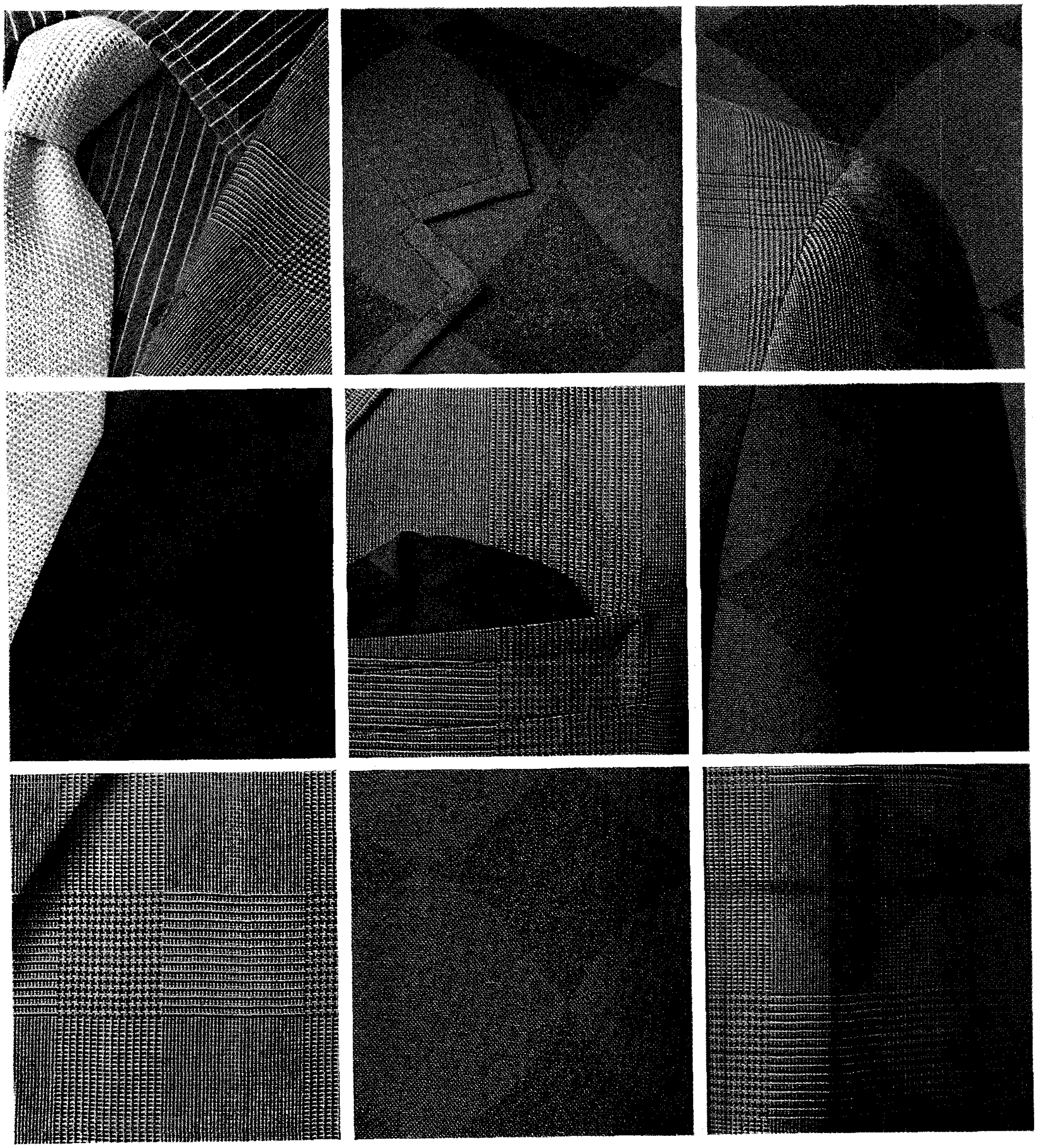

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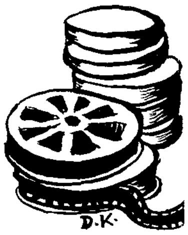
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Letter from the Flicks: Manhattan, Spring, 1969



SO, well, the stock in Grove Press has gone up X points since the opening of its notorious import, the puny-hearted "I Am Curious (Yellow)," almost as if the people of the city were prepared to swallow any old hootch under the rule of some wild thirst during a time when sex is placed as alcohol was during Prohibition—which is quite a fantasy of privation. And I have been to, and quit, three glum movies about homosexuality, one of them set in a laundry of lesbians and full of frightful tiffs amidst the washing. And the spring rains have been heavy, though they were held to be good for agriculture. In the meantime, town living is far from bucked up by the witless libertarianism of the wave of rotten pictures hopefully called sexy by the public. They mostly have effects that are anti-erotic in the extreme, and they are about as accessible to criticism as an egg-and-spoon race or a trot round the reservoir. After any time spent in their company, you have a strong impression that sex is on its last legs and will soon die out, like crochetwork. Language sometimes seems to be finished, too. Last week, a play in Manhattan was closed by the police for offenses that included "consentual sodomy." One of the many, many reasons why pornography is in such a bad way now may be that its mere name gets everyone down. Funniness might well not have survived if it had been a topic for pundits and been called "risibility."

This is a time of transition, though, and the winds of change are whistling through the corridors of power and the concrete jungle and other places of cliché, and the age of neurosis is having its agonizing reappraisal. In any case, cant is flourishing and many things to do with going to the pictures are all to pot—for instance, ticket-buying. You are quite likely to be kept out of the theatre if you make the mistake of saying "please" to one of the stone women in box offices, because she may then take you to be a murderous nut who is having her on. Yet at the same time, in this half-world of the business of pleasure, some sweet and inapt vestiges of old manners remain. A couple of weeks ago, for instance, reading one of the questionnaires about obscenity and nudity that pour in from academic institutions and learned journals at the moment, I got to a sheet that said solicitously: "As a woman in the cinema, *when confronted by blatant sex* [my itals], do you feel obliged to respond asexually?" I didn't know what it meant, but the middle part sounded protective, as if women were being sent into the trenches. Another set of demands asked, "What is your opinion of pornography? When is it good? When is it bad?"

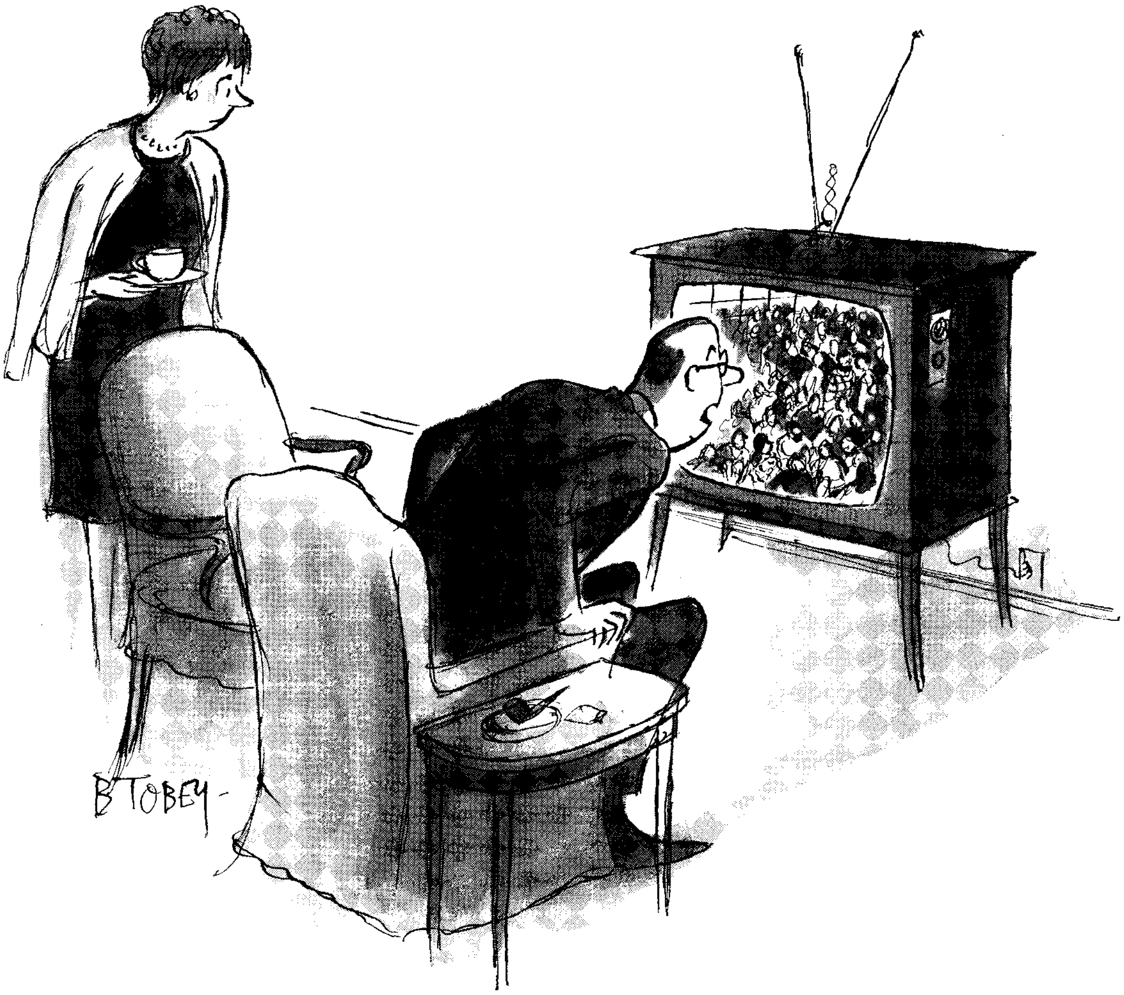
(Q.: Discuss.

A.: Humor is good when it is funny and bad when it is not funny; by extension, pornography is good when it is erotic and bad when it is not erotic. I put this forward as a possibility.

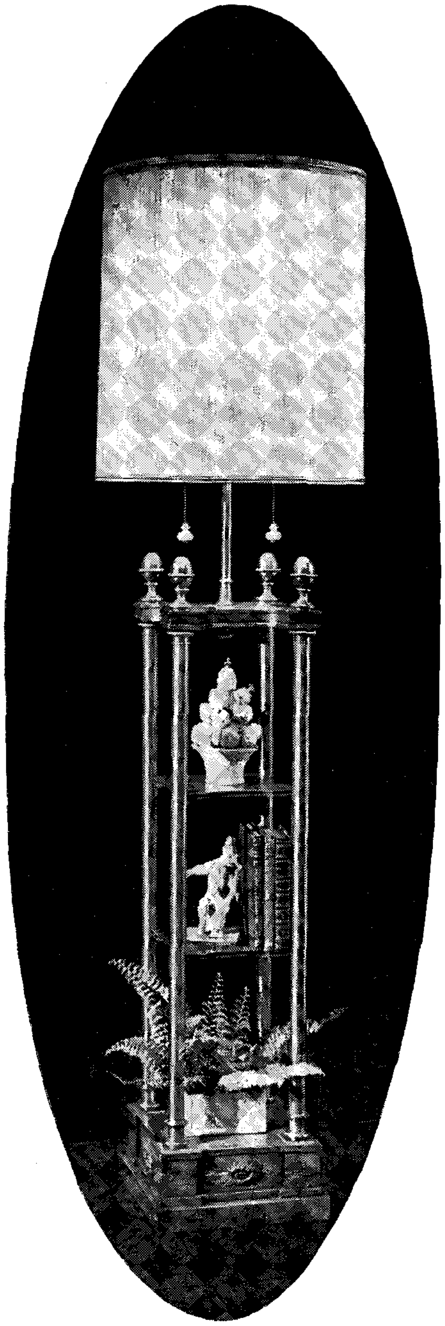
No. Erase.

A.: I have thought about this and I have no thoughts.)

For inanely diligent reasons, I put myself through the trial of seeing "I Am Curious (Yellow)" twice. I went to it first in the customs building, invited by Grove Press as a possible expert witness for the defense when the film came to trial for obscenity. As far as I could judge, the movie only went to show that the Swedes can be as chic and mannered as anyone else. It is decked out with a lot of idiot sociology and seriously marred by its mock humor, which has the discomfort and occasional ugliness of a jape by a meagre-spirited schoolmaster. I told the Grove Press lawyers that I was prepared to argue strongly against censorship in general but that I knew this was no good to the film, since the law asks such a case to be fought on the plea of redeeming social and artistic value. On these grounds, it won—earnestly, doggedly, and with immense profit in pub-



"Agnes, come here, quick! Isn't that Nancy in that group taking over the Administration Building?"



Etagère, executed in the classical spirit of the Second Empire, to showcase petits objets d'art. Aged ash, brass columns and finials. 61¾ inches. About $250*.

The Stiffel Lamp

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* Slightly higher west and south

licity. Well, O.K. But the second time I saw it I arrived for the last five minutes of the previous showing, and noticed that there were no subtitles. So I talked to the projectionist, and he adjusted the lens so that the subtitles suddenly burst on the audience, who had been sitting through the length of this Swedish-language film and losing all the redeeming social worth in its hours of puerile street interviews without missing redemption one bit. The people there seemed happy enough with the pittance they were being handed out, but who can tell what joy there might have been in a film more grown-up, more free, less peekaboo, more risky about clinging to its nature instead of courting sociologists' compliments? It seeks favors, and it swims with fins of lead.

JACK SMIGHT's "The Illustrated Man"—from a Ray Bradbury story—is a sci-fi film about a man covered with tattooed emblems that give any person who sees them a plaguing knowledge of past and future. He is played by Rod Steiger. I take it that seeing a film can sometimes be what is now called an environmental experience, so it may not be irrelevant to record that there is a life-size (distortedly thinned) model of the naked, painted hero in the foyer of the Trans-Lux West. The model wears a G-string, unlike the man in the film, and looks rather repulsive. On the opening night, you could have your photograph taken with the model, free. The people who did looked lonely and awkward as they posed, simulating conviviality with a dummy in the squalid racket of Broadway and making faces to send home, as if with an aunt on a rainy day at the seaside on a holiday that has to be enjoyed. The lobby announcements about the gimmick were audible in the auditorium while the film was running, and so was the recorded voice of Rod Steiger outside, shouting promotion for the picture onto Broadway and assaulting the eardrums of everyone within a couple of blocks, except perhaps for the box-office women in their bulletproof hutches.

The feature is preceded by two shorts. One is English, and unspeakable. It belongs to a series, produced by the Rank Organisation, called "Look at Life." This series has stalked English filmgoers for years and made careers in short films hard for independent directors because the huge circuit of Rank-owned theatres automatically gives booking preference to its own awful product. To see a sample in Manhattan was a shock. This one is about Jamaica. A breezy voice papers the cracks and says how much Jamaicans love the Royal Family. Small black children parade in Girl Guide uniforms and untropical replicas of English schoolgirl uniforms. Hundreds of them lie down on the ground in front of the Queen Mother in positions to spell out "WELCOME." We see rich whites sipping drinks on a beach, with the narrator saying chirpily that yes, it's expensive, but "if you're rich, you can pay. If you're not, you can sleep. Who cares?" The film here shows two blacks asleep under a tree during a day of working in the sugarcane, which isn't necessarily the same as taking a nap in Pucci beach pajamas after water-skiing. The people in the audience, a good many of them black, didn't stir or hoot, although the tone of the narrator was hard to bear, as if some hefty lout were talking about football to a crippled football player and telling him soothingly that he's lucky to have eyes to watch. The next short was a cartoon about a rabbit that gets inducted. I thought he was going to be nice, because he infuriates a sergeant by misinterpreting an order to clean and dress a lot of chickens for dinner and instead comes up with a henhouseful of charmingly formal poultry alive and spruce in dinner jackets. But the rabbit turns out to be craven, resisting expulsion from the Army and squawking that he wants to do something for his country even if he is a rabbit. There is a last shot of him working on an assembly line of space rockets, or munitions, if there is any difference. Don't young film-makers need the pre-feature space as sorely here as they do in France and Poland and Czechoslovakia? Apart from the laws that money calls the tune and the big combines get precedence, is there any reason to screen listless cartoons, or shorts that are infamous in England for their crassness?

"The Illustrated Man" itself is fairly gripping. A hobo, played by Steiger, has been illustrated all over with tattoos that look like drawings by Beardsley or Arthur Rackham, although other tracts of his body are non-figurative and more like the marbled endpapers of a book of Christina Rossetti poetry. The woman who does the tattooing, played by Claire Bloom with immobile beauty, is an early-twentieth-century witch. The people who look at the heart-shaped empty space she has left on one of the hobo's shoulder blades are moved to fatal wishes to see into the future and to know their own death. A young hitchhiker, well played by Robert Drivas, looks at the scapula and sees monstrosities. The best section of the poorly hinged screenplay shows Rod Steiger and Claire Bloom as edgy parents of the future, worried by ill-magicked children who look bland as cats, as if they have swallowed the television set and will never again be at the mercy of people calling them to account about turning off. They have a nursery where they bring themselves up according to a believable principle called the free-involvement theory. Any scene they want to live in they can have. A honeycomb wall turns into an entrance to whatever place they imagine. The one they most like picturing is the African veldt, and their parents get bothered because of the predominance of vultures. The Minister of Mental Health—enacted by the hallucinating hitchhiker—believes ferociously in free rein, but the parents' instincts remain more sane, even if they are reduced as human beings to an allowance of six months' work a year and dressed in unisex metallic trouser suits and housed in an all-white plastic hell where the furniture is designed like plumbing. There is nothing much left to them of the spectrum of the senses, but they can still smell murder in their children's heads. "We've been having our share of problems in that area," says the Minister of Mental Health.

It isn't a very good picture, but things from it remain—some lines of Rod Steiger's about a hot day when he was working in the circus and a lion was screaming and an elephant answering back; a reflective look by Claire Bloom at the vultures produced by her children's idling psyches; spacemen on a planet where trees have no leaves and rain pelts constantly and the atmosphere makes their skulls split with migraine; Steiger's face in old age, with a broken nose like Thackeray's. He has fits of tantrum about his dog and about the croaking of bullfrogs in a valley which are believably and movingly to do with his having lived the life of a freak. This is Steiger's best performance—his least technical—in a long time.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

NEW YORK (AP)—Norman Mailer's "The Armies of the Night" won the prize for arts and letters in the National Book Awards, the National Boob Committee announced Monday.—*Denver (Colo.) Rocky Mountain News.*

Now, now.

Sometimes masses of flowers are marvelous. Acres of tulips in Regents Park, or armfuls of daisies, or handfuls of violets. But sometimes one flower has more impact. This flower, for instance, appliqued in lone perfection on a Fortrel polyester and cotton skirt. 3 to 15. A glory of color combinations, to wear with skinny, shruggy, little so-what pullovers in ribbed cotton of the same colors. S,M,L. At good stores. Skirt about $18, pullover about $6.

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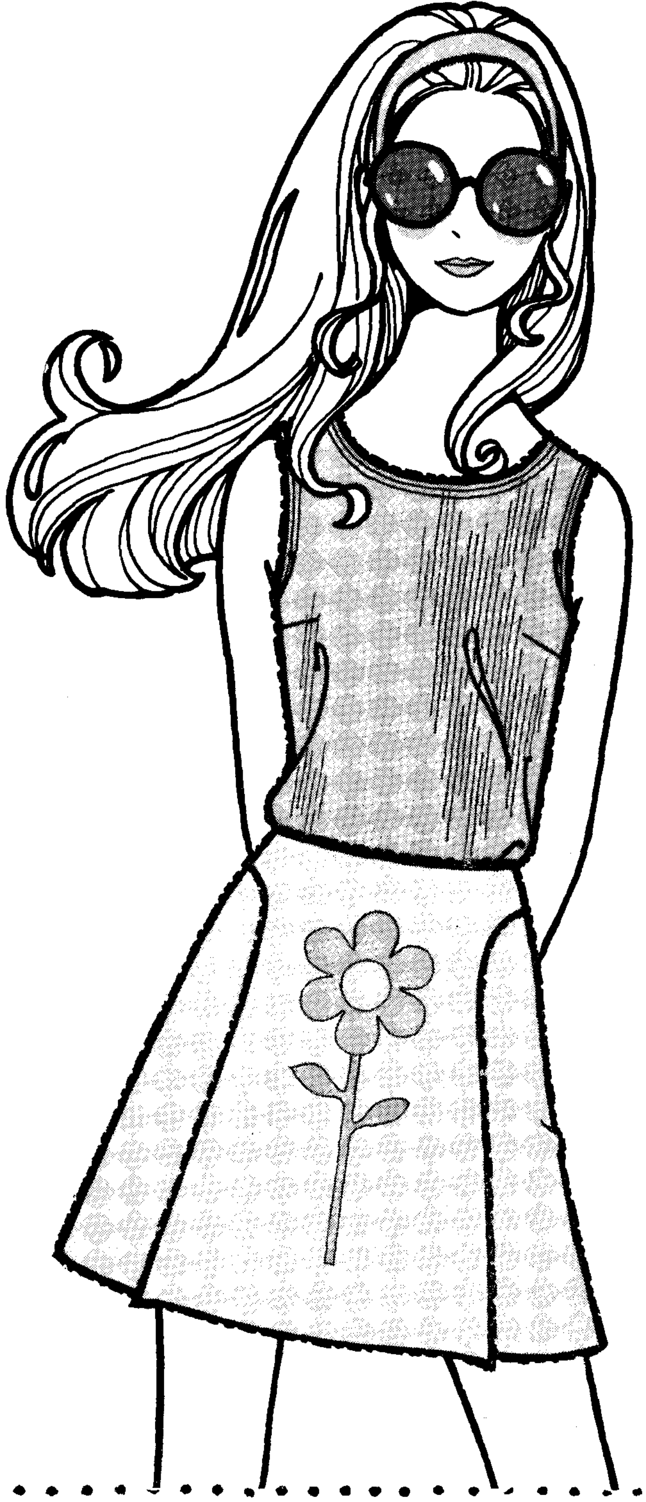

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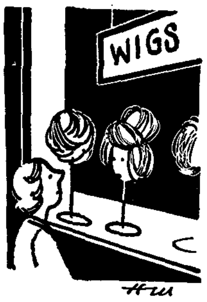
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT

I KNOW nothing about habits, except that I can tell when a woman is wearing a well-cut riding one. So I was surprised when a lemming I know went down to the sea, and not in ships, every year, and at the same time. "What is *that* all about, that you must go down to the sea, and not in ships, and at the same time every year?" I asked when he passed me on his way home, dripping wet and shivering, from the beach. "Follow the crowd!" he shouted as he moved off into the Nantucket fog. And this girl I knew was getting married every year, and always in the spring. "Why do you always do it in the spring?" I asked her. Her cold but nevertheless baby-blue eyes widened. "Doesn't everyone?" she replied. I notice that the shops are engaged in habit-forming, too. Spring is for brides, and white is for brides, and almost never shall the twain part. Bergdorf's bridal salon does get as far away from white as ivory, the tint of the satin in the floating skirts of its Edwardian frocks (the high-necked bodices and the trumpet sleeves are of Brussels-type lace on which crystal and seed-pearl beads abound) and of the peau de soie of dresses that use silk-organza Shasta daisies to make the cap sleeves and to adorn the ruching an inch or two above the hems. Less formal are the sheaths of *white* linen garnished with guipure lace in a rose pattern, but in this case, too, be sure to bring money. Bergdorf's bridesmaids' dresses require much less coin, pretty as they are; George Romney (the one who's *not* the Cabinet member) would have painted his subjects in the white silk organzas with the ruffles below the chins and the sashes of green ribbon at the high waistlines. The flower girls get to wear flowing dresses of white organdie (hearts and flowers show up on these), and the ring-bearer boys get to wear ivory shantung shirts and green or red velvet short or long trousers. Orders need six or eight weeks; no marrying in haste *here*.



You can't beat the gun by going to Saks Fifth Avenue, which requires the same waiting time for its orders. Little brides (well, five-foot or under) are getting a break this year—long dresses, sizes 3 to 7, for no more than $150 in some instances. The nineteenth century is apparent again in the dresses of white organza with high collars, puffed sleeves, and rose embroidery. For this century, there are bare-shoulder dresses of white net with capes and Alençon-type lace—not in the same places, naturally. For brides size 6 to 16 (and we have them by the dozen), the new idea is long jumper dresses of white peau de soie filled in by white batiste blouses with white forget-me-not embroidery. There are short deals, too—white faille bodices attached to skirts of rayon organza with floral embroidery; just $125, which is far from the ceiling here. (Papa can hit that when he hears some of the other prices.) Something new for bridesmaids as well—long, one-piece culottes of green rayon crêpe, but hidden by panels so that they will look like dresses; a mild $50.

Bloomingdale's bridal quarters can be Edwardian and even Victorian. Edwardian are the dresses of white organdie with wild blue roses and grosgrain lover's knots; Victorian are the gowns of white organza over pink taffeta. Snowdrops embroider the high ruched collars of these, and water lilies embroider the rest. Their Watteau trains are topped off by pink sashes tied in bows and with long streamers; $145, which is about the bottom here. Princesse dresses (and their low necks are among the few of the kind I've seen this semester) show up in white Irish linen, and midsummer-night's-dream dresses show up in white organdie with philodendron leaves on the Empire bodices and pink poppies on the billowing skirts. Sizes 4 to 20 for all these, and eight weeks. Eight weeks for bridesmaids, too, but this will bring about Gainsborough dresses of white organdie with flounced cuffs and wreaths of field flowers up top.

The flowers purveyed by Parrish Woodworth, in Carlton House, are real and can be bridal—one white tulip embedded in millions of petals and looking like a giant pond lily; mounds of white geraniums and their leaves; armfuls of long-stemmed white lilacs; muffs of pink geraniums, or of pink roses and their leaves; bouquets of pink carnations, rubrum lilies, lavender tulips, African daisies, and yellow roses. Try not to have hay fever.

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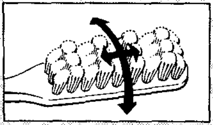

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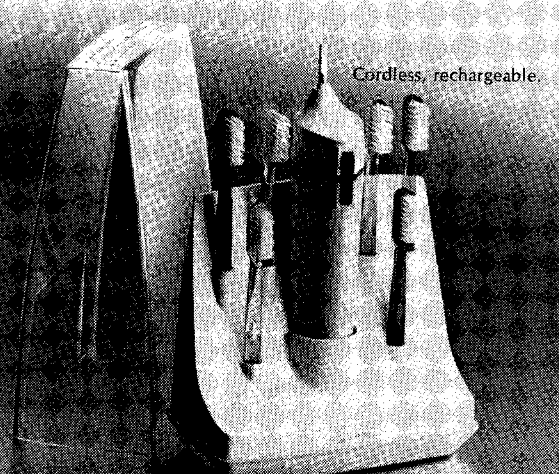

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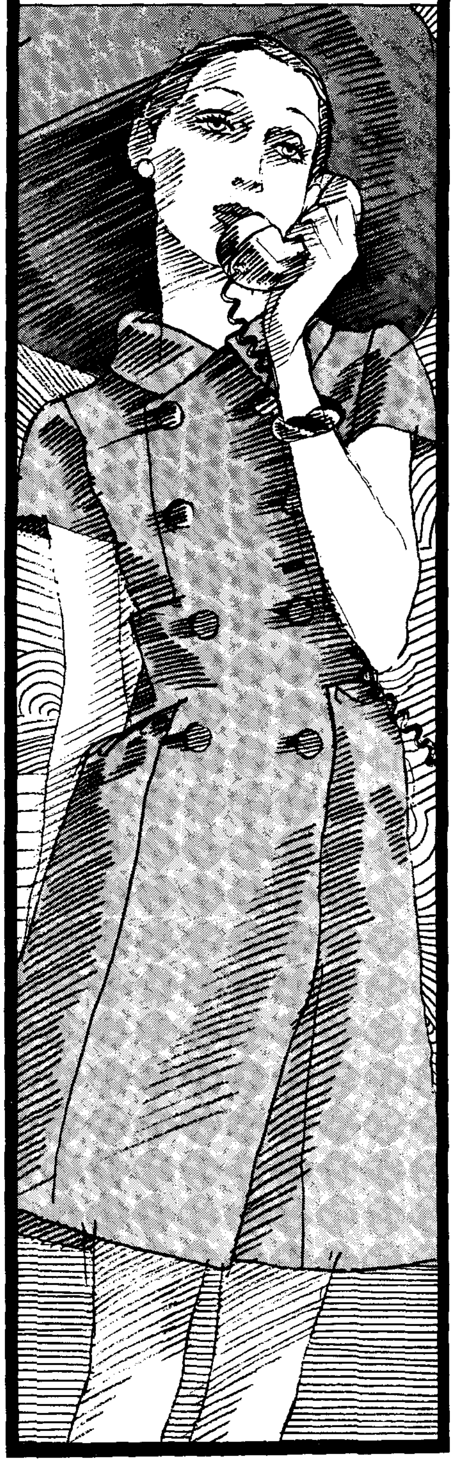

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from England, and the clothes are not as far out as they used to be. What I like most of all: long red silk shirts, in a cream poppy print, that dangle over flaring trousers of red rayon crêpe; overblouses of white voile with navy butterflies on them and corresponding short or long trousers below them; Hansel-and-Gretel suspender playsuits of turquoise or pink denim; coats of silk organza (in a galaxy of stars against a most improbable heaven) floating over bare-midriff bodices and straight trousers, both these of matching lightweight silk.

Cordoba, at 989 Madison Avenue (77th Street), is an English offshoot, too. (Never mind the name.) My choices here: buckskin separates in salmon, honey, or sand, often trimmed in a contrasting antiqued patent leather. The skirts, which rest slightly below the waist, fasten like sailors' trousers, but with silver discs or rosettes of gold and black metal; the long, fitted vests close above the waist with gold-metal bits; the tunics and the Western jackets could go with slender trousers. The price range is $50 to $105, the size range is 6 to 12, the hours are eleven to six.

Design Research, at 53 East 57th Street, is as Finnish as Sibelius, and this season's crop of clothes is closer to the body and more subdued in print than things used to be around here. Cotton is the major item: lime shirtdresses with a white-and-yellow print that makes one think of black-eyed peas; reversible coatdresses in red and white pencil stripes on one side and green and white wavy stripes (plus dots) on the other; décolleté dresses (white with chains of turquoise scallops) suspended by thin shoulder straps; dresses with wavy yellow and white stripes all over and rows of quilting around the flyaway hems. Astronaut suits were inevitable, and D.R. does them in black stretch twill, with grommets down the front to hang the six separate pockets. Nothing here is expensive.

You'd think, because of the proliferation of bikinis, that everyone was sunproof, but for women who are not, Altman's Resort Shop provides, from Hawaii, cover-ups (as well as bathing suits)—cheerful events of various piqués in various blazing floral patterns—along with the customary bra tops and shorts. Among them are shirtdresses, princesse dresses, and brief sarongs.

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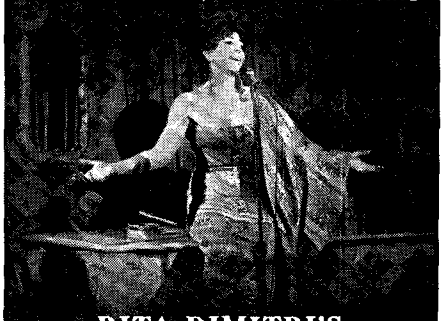

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on the instep. There are step-ins of tortoiseshell patent leather with spats of cream stretch nylon leather, and step-ins of white lizard with fan-shaped tongues and grosgrain bows. These last are $60, but $45 is a representative price. Next: high-rise monks' shoes in brass calf with buckled straps; spectator pumps of white calf with wingtips and foxings of that patent leather; stately and beautiful evening pumps of finely pleated gold or silver lamé; and (to order) mules, sort of, with low heels and done in bronze or dull-gray paillettes—and not as gaudy as they may sound. Most of the shoes, though, are on heels a bit over two inches high, and some of us may have to learn to walk all over again.

HUNTING WORLD, at 247 East 50th Street, is dyeing elephant hide gray-black and converting it into a great array of luggage and handbags—makeup cases, travel totes, suitcases, satchels almost as big as walk-in closets, combined change-and-passport cases, and such. These last are not expensive, but the big jobs are. Still, like the elephant himself, they are all sure to live to a great old age. —M. M.

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THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[From an open letter to Harvard students from A. H. Brewer, captain of the Harvard football team, published in the Daily Cardinal, University of Wisconsin, March 21, 1895; the letter was triggered by student protests against a decision of the Harvard faculty to abolish football]

But are we actually in a position to question the wisdom of this action? Do we, as undergraduates only in this college, consider that we can judge with that judgment that comes from experience? Is it not better to trust to the foresight of our elders in experience at least? Surely they realize the importance of the step they have taken and are willing to accept the result, which they must sincerely believe will be only to our advantage. Is it not most disrespectful to the faculty if we tear to pieces their opinions and criticize them piecemeal, we who are only undergraduates who have scarcely reached our twenties? Let it be for others to criticize.

•

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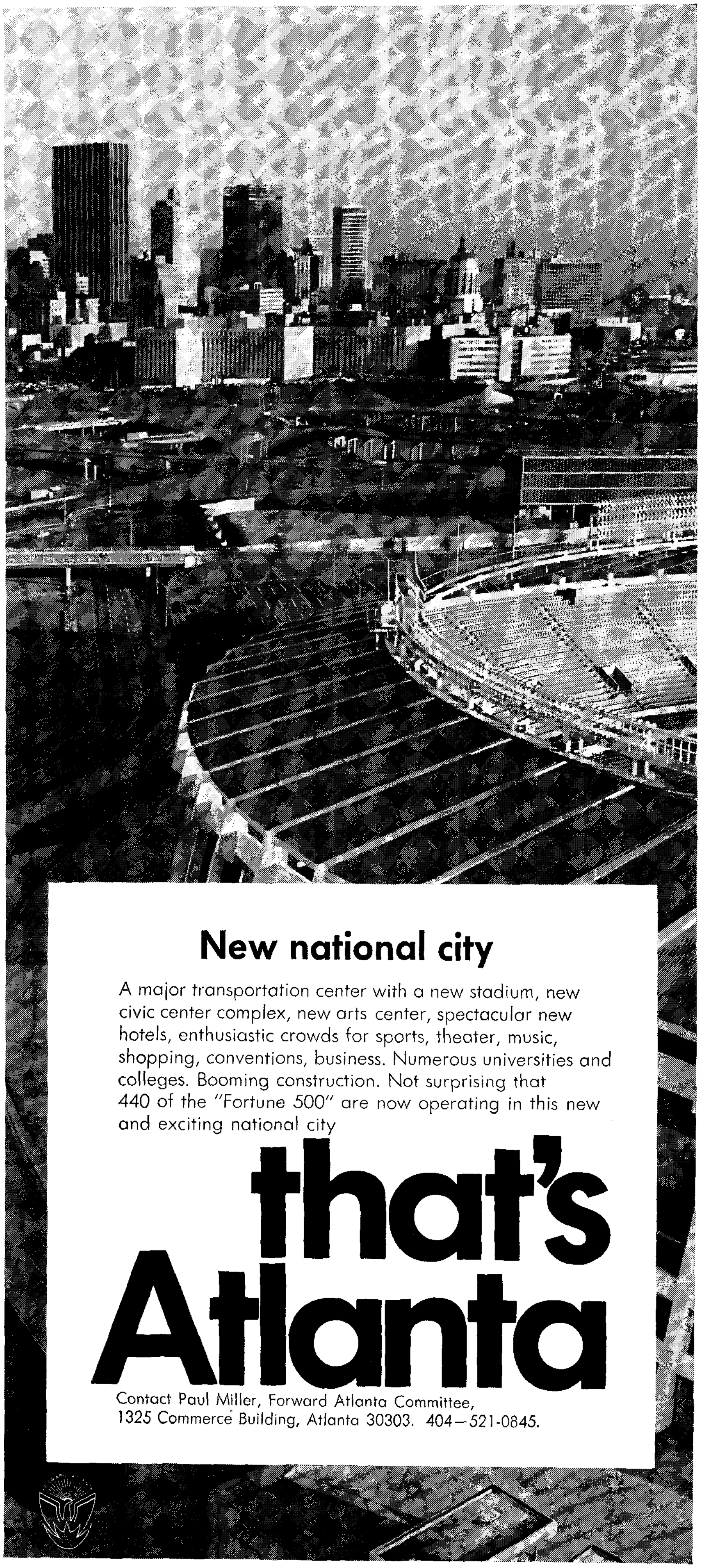

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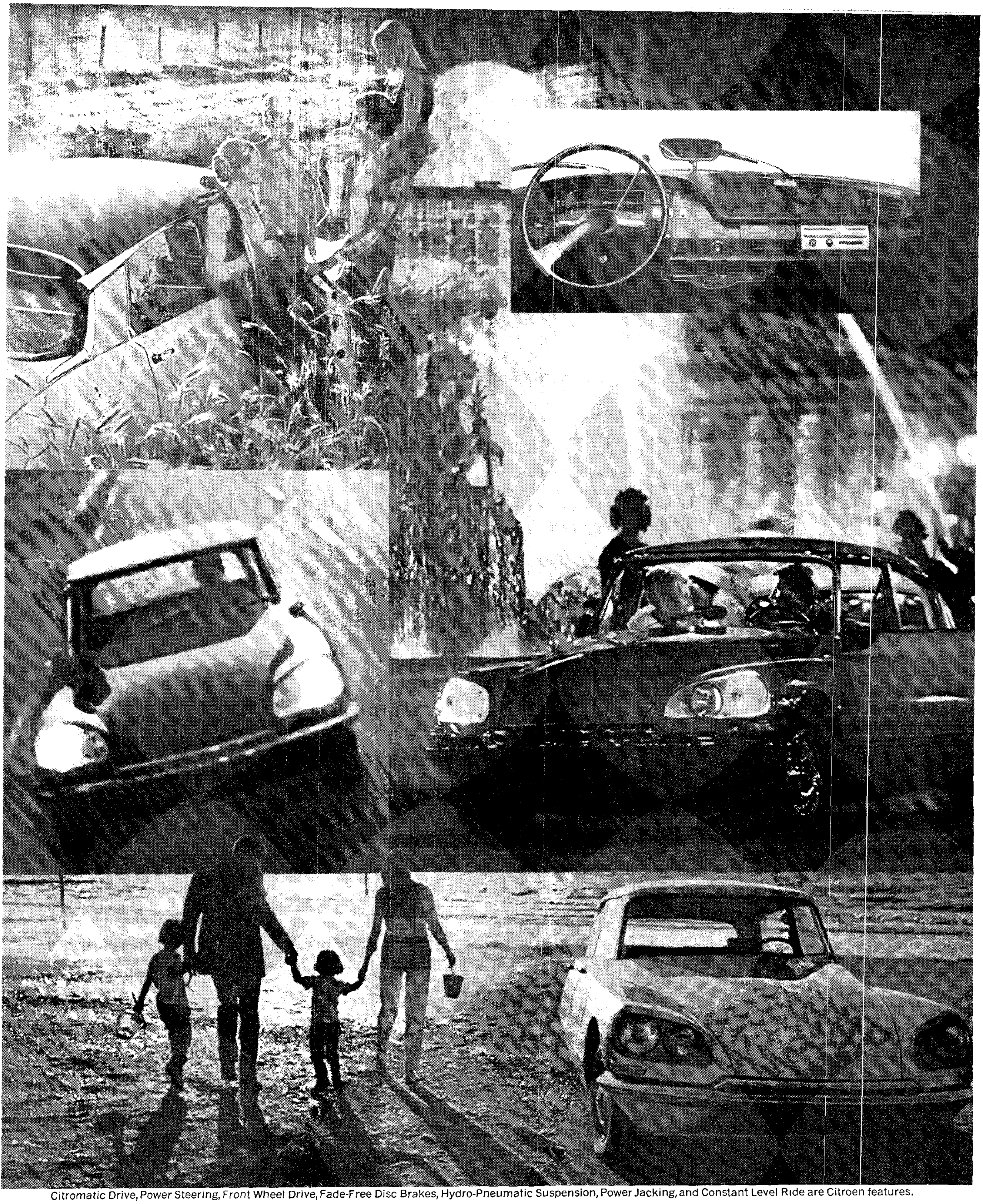

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ANNALS OF MEDICINE

THE HICCUPS

AMONG the several patients who consulted Dr. Heinz B. Eisenstadt, an internist, at his office in Port Arthur, Texas, on the morning of February 13, 1945, was a sixty-year-old oil-refinery worker whom I'll call Eliot Warren. Warren's appointment identified him as a new patient, and, as was usual in such cases, his medical history was recorded by a nurse in a cubicle off the reception room. It showed that he had undergone a hernia operation in 1940, and that he suffered from hives (after eating certain foods), hay fever (in season), asthma, and a frequent need to urinate. This visit, however, had nothing to do with any of those afflictions. His present complaint, he told the nurse, was what he took to be an attack of indigestion. He had been troubled for almost a week with flatulence and heartburn. Dr. Eisenstadt had the nurse's report on his desk when Warren was shown into his office. He could see no cause for serious concern in either Warren's past or present problems, and an immediate freehand examination confirmed that first impression. Warren's allergic susceptibilities were essentially unimportant, his asthmatic symptoms were a manifestation of a mild emphysema, his urinary difficulties were the natural consequence of a moderate (and, in a man of sixty, more or less normal) enlargement of the prostate gland, and his indigestion was probably simple indigestion. Dr. Eisenstadt explained these observations to Warren, and then turned him over to a technician for a definitive appraisal—a chest X-ray, an electrocardiogram, and the standard laboratory tests. Such an appraisal, he said, was merely prudent. He was confident that Warren had nothing to worry about. Meanwhile, he added, he would draw up a prescription to ease his stomach and a diet to keep it easy.

Dr. Eisenstadt didn't expect to see Warren soon again, and he didn't. Warren had not been a memorable patient, and Dr. Eisenstadt almost at once forgot him. Warren remained forgotten for almost exactly four years—until March 1, 1949. On the morning of that day, he reappeared at Dr. Eisenstadt's office with what sounded like the same complaint as before. Also, he had the hiccups. He had been hiccuping off and on for several weeks. Some of the spells had lasted as long as two or three hours, and he was beginning to get worried. He had tried all the home remedies that were known in his home, but none of them had worked. When the hiccups stopped, they simply stopped. Warren added that he had had a similar experience back in 1940. That was the year of his hernia operation, and, as well as he could remember, the hiccups had happened around that time. Dr. Eisenstadt made a perfunctory note. He couldn't see any real connection between that experience of hiccups and this. He could, however, see one between these spells and the chronic indigestion about which Warren had consulted him in 1945. Indigestion—gastric irritation—is the usual cause of hiccups. But his first concern was for Warren's comfort. He wrote out a prescription for what he hoped would be a curative combination of codeine, phenobarbital, and belladonna. He then reviewed Warren's diet. That seemed to confirm the cause of the trouble: Warren had drifted away from most of the 1945 recommendations. Dr. Eisenstadt put him firmly back on a proper bland regimen.

That was a Tuesday. Six days later, on Monday, March 7th, Dr. Eisenstadt received a telephone call from Warren. The reason for the call was only too apparent. Warren had the hiccups. Dr. Eisenstadt told him to come at once to the office, and he was ready for him when he arrived. He gave him an intravenous injection of a respiratory and central-nervous-system stimulant called nikethamide. Nikethamide is a powerful drug, and it had a powerful effect on Warren. He gave a gasp—an enormous gasp—and his hiccups stopped. The attack had lasted for five or six hours, and the relief he now felt was exquisite. It enabled him to think of other things—other problems. He reported to Dr. Eisenstadt that he still had trouble urinating. In fact, he thought, it was

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worse than before. Dr. Eisenstadt examined his prostate. Four years had made a difference. It was considerably enlarged. Dr. Eisenstadt gave him a prostatic massage, and that seemed to help. Warren left the office in good spirits.

Two weeks went by. Dr. Eisenstadt heard nothing more from Warren, and he found his silence gratifying. The nikethamide injection had apparently had a lasting impact. But it hadn't. Warren's hiccups returned on the morning of March 24th, and that afternoon he was back in Dr. Eisenstadt's office. Dr. Eisenstadt did as he had done before. He gave Warren an injection of nikethamide, and again the hiccups stopped. But this time they hardly stayed stopped at all. Warren was back again the next afternoon in the clutch of another seizure. Dr. Eisenstadt's confidence in nikethamide was shaken but not yet shattered. He gave Warren another injection, and it worked as it had before—exactly as before. It stopped the hiccups, but only for a matter of hours. They returned the following morning. Nevertheless, Dr. Eisenstadt tried nikethamide once again. He knew it would give Warren at least some relief, and he hoped it would do more than that. If it didn't, he decided, Warren would have to go into the hospital. He would need the kind of treatment that only a hospital can provide. The nikethamide failed to recover its enduring original power, and the hiccups were back the next morning. That was March 27th. Dr. Eisenstadt called St. Mary's Hospital and made the necessary arrangements, and Warren was admitted there that afternoon for observation and treatment of persistent hiccups.

A HICCUP (or, as medical pedants sometimes prefer, singultus) is the strangulating result of a spasmodic contraction of the diaphragm. It occurs when the massive intake of air thus involuntarily induced is abruptly checked by a sudden, arbitrary closure of the windpipe. The name of the phenomenon derives from the sound of that explosive interruption. In this onomatopoeic respect, the hiccup resembles the cough, the sneeze, and the belch, and it is also, like those similarly spontaneous spasms, a physiological commonplace. There, however, the similarity ceases. The cough, the sneeze, and the belch are all protective reactions. They are an essential part of the body's defensive apparatus: they clear the throat, they open the nose, they ease the bloated stomach. Hiccups

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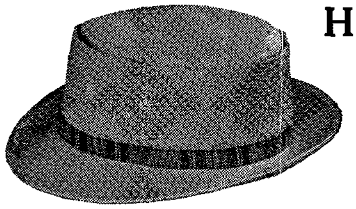

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serve no useful purpose. They are purely pathological. At best, they are merely innocuous. At worst, they can be, and often have been, fatal.

The immediate cause of the hiccup spasm is a reflex set in motion by an abnormal stimulation of the conductors that control the diaphragm and the opening (which science calls the glottis) at the mouth of the windpipe. These conductors are the phrenic and the vagus nerves. The stimulation that excites these nerves may be direct or it may have its origin in the central nervous system. Almost any disease, including (particularly in women) psychogenic disorders, thus has the power to precipitate an attack of hiccups, and, for the same reason, hiccups are a not uncommon aftermath of serious surgery. Hiccup spasms, being reflex actions, occur with metronomic regularity, but the tempo may be fast or slow. In dangerous attacks (those that persist for forty-eight hours or more), the beat is always fast. Persistent hiccups usually appear in tandem with some serious disease or condition. The severity of an attack of hiccups is determined by its duration, and it is persistence—hour after hour of jolting, jarring, breath-taking, sleepless spasms—that makes hiccups dangerous.

The treatment of hiccups involves the interruption of the perpetuating reflex. Once its regular rhythm is broken, the spasms generally cease. Simple hiccups—the hiccups that follow the bolted meal or the ultimate drink—respond to simple devices. There are many such devices, and most of them are very old. Some understanding of the cause and cure of simple hiccups is probably as old as the hiccups themselves. Plato, in the fourth century B.C., enlivened the Dialogue that he called the "Symposium" with a sudden attack of the hiccups: "The turn of Aristophanes was next, but either he had eaten too much, or from some other cause [he had been "drowned in drink" the day before], he had the hiccough." Aristophanes is advised by Eryximachus, "Let me recommend you to hold your breath, and if after you have done so for some time the hiccough is no better, then gargle with a little water; and if it still continues, tickle your nose with something and sneeze; and if you sneeze once or twice, even the most violent hiccough is sure to go." A few minutes later, Aristophanes announces, "The hiccough is gone. . . . I no sooner applied the sneezing than I was cured." Sneezing was the remedy most favored by Hippocrates. He seems, moreover, to

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have understood why it worked. "If sneezing is produced," he notes in the clinical testament known as "Aphorisms," "the singultus being temporarily suppressed, the singultus will be cured." The first-century Roman encyclopedist Pliny also recommended sneezing. "To sneeze," he notes in his "Natural History," "is a ready way to be rid of the yex or hiccough." Sneezing was one of several similarly effective remedies proposed by the eighteenth-century German physician Valentino Kraeutermann. In a book called "Der Thueringische Theophrastus Paracelsus, Wunder- und Kraeuterdoctor, oder der curieuse und verneunftige Zauber-Arzt," he notes, "Some cure [the hiccups] by unexpectedly frightening the patient. Some say to rub the little finger in the ears; some hold the breath or sneeze." Other standard remedies long listed in the folk pharmacopoeia include a cold compress on the back of the neck, a glass or two of cold water drunk slowly, and a sharp pull on the tongue. All of these several remedies are empirical remedies. They were discovered by some happy accident, and they have survived because—though for reasons unknown to the discoverer (the phrenic nerve, for example, runs up the side of the neck)—they more or less consistently work. The most reliable of the empirical hiccup cures is a refinement of Eryximachus's first recommendation. It is also ingeniously simple. The patient, instead of holding his breath, merely breathes for two or three minutes into a paper bag. Breathing and rebreathing the air in the bag increases, first, the amount of carbon dioxide in the bag, then the carbon dioxide in the lungs, and, finally, the carbon dioxide in the blood. This emergency arouses the respiratory centers in the brain to defensive action. They move to eliminate the dangerous concentration of carbon dioxide by quickening and deepening the contractions of the diaphragm, and the hiccup spasms are tripped and broken.

The dyspeptical hiccup remedies have no effect on hiccups of more complicated origin. They are too feeble to interrupt the spasms that spring from powerful provocation. Persistent hiccups give way, if at all, only to overwhelming pressures. The most overwhelming of these maneuvers is surgical—one of the phrenic nerves (usually the left) is exposed and blocked. Another approach is chemical. This includes the administration of such variously potent drugs as anti-spasmodics, muscle relaxants, respiratory stimulants, and central-nervous-system depressants. A third approach is an absolute refinement of the paper-bag technique. The paper bag is here replaced by a machine that produces a mixture of five to ten per cent carbon dioxide in oxygen. The patient, masked and closely attended, breathes that near-toxic air for several minutes (but no more than ten) every hour until his hiccups cease—or until he feels a warning wave of dizziness. It was to receive this often magisterial treatment that Eliot Warren was admitted to St. Mary's Hospital on the afternoon of March 27, 1949.

WARREN spent a week at St. Mary's. The carbon-dioxide-inhalation treatment was at first only briefly effective, but then the intervals between attacks began to lengthen. They grew from hours to a day to days. By the seventh hospital day—on Saturday, April 2nd—it was clear that the seizure was over, and Warren was discharged that afternoon. Dr. Eisenstadt saw him out with a comfortable combination of relief and satisfaction. He was relieved that Warren's hiccups had finally relented, and he was satisfied that he knew their probable cause. He didn't think it was indigestion again. These hiccups were too persistent for that. But the hospital had offered a clue. A series of diagnostic tests and examinations showed that Warren's general debilities now included an incipient cerebral arteriosclerosis. His arteries were beginning to harden. It was Dr. Eisenstadt's guess that Warren had recently suffered a little stroke. Little strokes—strokes so slight that they do no perceptible damage—are not uncommon in men past sixty. Warren's arteriosclerotic condition favored such a stroke, and such a stroke could easily have produced the neural excitation necessary to set off a prolonged attack of hiccups. Dr. Eisenstadt closed his record of the episode with that tentative explanation.

Warren faded once again from Dr. Eisenstadt's mind. He was recalled, but only for a moment, in the spring of 1951. Dr. Eisenstadt had been away on a short vacation. When he returned to his office, he found among the reports left by his locum tenens a note on a visit from Warren. Warren's complaint was hiccups—intermittent hiccups of three days' duration. The doctor had prescribed, apparently successfully, a sedative. Two more years went by. Then, on June 22, 1953, Warren turned up again. But it wasn't hiccups this time. The symptoms that prompted his visit were swollen ankles, shortness of breath, and a recent gain in weight. Dr. Eisenstadt's interpretation of these conspicuously dropsical signs was conventional. In view of Warren's arteriosclerotic history, they almost certainly pointed to congestive heart failure. At the moment, he thought, it was not an unduly dangerous condition, but he prescribed the conventional treatment: digitalis, once a day. He then asked Warren about his other, established complaints. Warren thought they were much the same. Two years ago, not long before his last visit, he had suffered a painful attack of prostatitis, and a urologist he consulted had performed an alleviative transurethral resection—but that was all. What about hiccups? Warren shook his head. He hadn't had a real hiccup in months. He thought they were gone for good.

Warren spoke a bit too soon. Three weeks later, on July 12th, Dr. Eisenstadt got a telephone call from Warren's urologist. Warren was back in St. Mary's Hospital. His prostate was again inflamed, and he had been admitted the day before for a cystoscopic (or direct) examination to evaluate the nature of the trouble. The cystoscopy had been reassuring—no sign of any serious disease. But shortly after the operation Warren had begun to hiccup, and he had been hiccuping ever since. Would Dr. Eisenstadt, as Warren's family physician, come over and lend a hand? Dr. Eisenstadt would, and did. He treated Warren first with carbon dioxide, and then, when that failed to firmly subdue the spasms, with a respiratory stimulant called pentylenetetrazol. Pentylenetetrazol, after almost a week, brought the attack to an end. But what had caused this attack? Warren's general condition seemed much as usual. Dr. Eisenstadt was at a loss for several days. He finally decided to attribute the attack to the stress and strain of the cystoscopic examination.

Another interlude occurred. Warren came to Dr. Eisenstadt's attention just four times in the course of the next twelve years. He saw him once in 1955, once in 1958, and twice in 1962. Three were office calls, and one was a hospital visit. The 1955 consultation was for a sudden recurrence of the hiccups. It was not a vigorous attack, and Dr. Eisenstadt treated it successfully with a muscle relaxant

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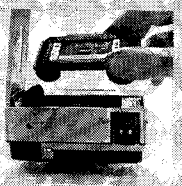

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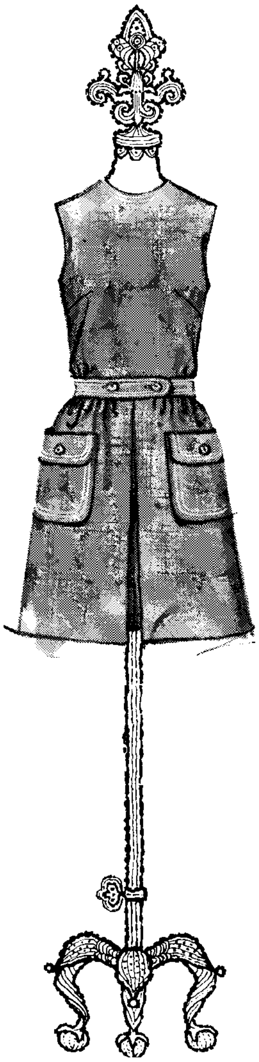

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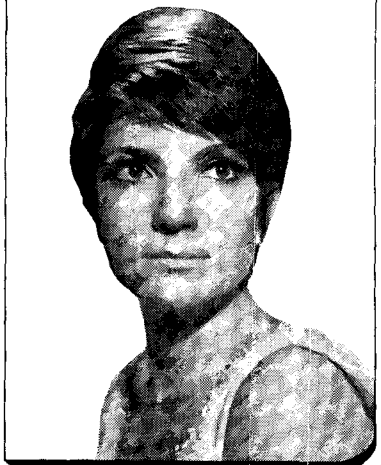
called quinidine. The cause of the attack appeared to be a return of Warren's chronically recurrent indigestion. It was an attack of indigestion—including heartburn, nausea, and vomiting—that brought Warren into Dr. Eisenstadt's office in 1958. Dr. Eisenstadt satisfied himself that it was indeed an attack of indigestion, and then treated Warren with a soothing drug and another warning word on diet. He also took advantage of the occasion to give him a comprehensive checkup. This confirmed that Warren's several ailments were still progressing at an unhurried rate commensurate with his age. It also added a new debility to the list. Warren now had a mild and easily controllable diabetes mellitus. The first of the 1962 visits was brought about by another prostate operation—a transurethral re-resection. Dr. Eisenstadt's role was that of a clinical consultant to the urologist. He determined that Warren had the stamina to endure such an operation, and then stood by in case an attack of post-operative hiccups broke out. One did, but he brought it quickly to heel with dramamine. The other 1962 visit occurred only two weeks later. It was a routine post-operative consultation, and Dr. Eisenstadt's findings were entirely routine.

Warren turned eighty in 1965. He was still active enough for his limited needs and notions, but the burden of ailments that he carried now was considerable. Dr. Eisenstadt examined him in February of that year and found that he was suffering from general arteriosclerosis, congestive heart failure, coronary heart disease, emphysema, chronic indigestion, prostatic hypertrophy, diabetes, hay fever, phlebitis (in the left leg), and gallstones. None, however, was alarmingly advanced, and most of them were held in tolerable check by drugs. The drugs that performed these services were also notably numerous. Dr. Eisenstadt ran down the list. It included digitalis, an aluminum hydroxide stomachic, a diuretic (to control the edema resulting from his congestive heart failure), an antihistamine (to control his hay fever), tolbutamide (to control his diabetes), a choleretic (to control his gallstones), and sulfamethizole. This last was news to Dr. Eisenstadt. He was aware that Warren's urologist had prescribed sulfamethizole at various times in the past. The sulfonamides have always (since their first appearance in the late nineteen-thirties) been the drug of choice in the control of infection in urinary-tract disorders. But



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now he learned that Warren had not confined his use of sulfamethizole to the periods immediately following his prostatic operations. He took the drug whenever he felt or feared a recurrence of prostatic pain. He sometimes took it every day. Dr. Eisenstadt opened his mouth to remonstrate, and then changed his mind. He didn't approve of this casual consumption of sulfamethizole, but he could see that it probably performed a salubrious psychological service. It was probably almost as necessary to Warren's well-being as any of his other drugs. Dr. Eisenstadt completed the examination in a generally optimistic frame of mind. For a man of Warren's age and afflictions, he was in satisfactory shape. The only problem was his hiccups. Their persistence was inexplicable. He may have been right in attributing Warren's first attack to a burst of indigestion. He may have been right in attributing the second to a little stroke. He may have been right in attributing others to the stresses and strains of surgery. And yet he didn't think so. He couldn't believe that so many different attacks had sprung from so many different sources. He couldn't believe in anything as arbitrary as that. He thought there was probably a single underlying cause. But he couldn't think what it might be.

Warren's hiccups lay unaccountably quiescent for just over a year. Then, in the spring of 1966, they unaccountably returned. The attack began on May 12th. None of the usual home or office remedies had any prolonged effect, and on May 15th Warren was again admitted to St. Mary's Hospital for observation and treatment. The treatment included carbon-dioxide inhalation, intravenous injections of the respiratory stimulant pentylenetetrazol, and, finally, intravenous injections of a tranquillizer called chlorpromazine hydrochloride. The observation took the form of an allergy investigation. Dr. Eisenstadt was still convinced that all of Warren's hiccup attacks were the work of a common cause, and it now occurred to him that the cause might be some food, some drink, or some drug. The investigation followed the standard elimination procedure. Certain frequently allergenic foods—milk, eggs, corn, wheat—were successively eliminated from Warren's diet. Then, after an interval, they were successively and abundantly restored. The results were noted. They were negative. Warren had no allergic reaction to any of the tested foods. Neither deprivation nor plenty had any effect on his hiccups. Dr. Eisenstadt then turned his attention to Warren's diet

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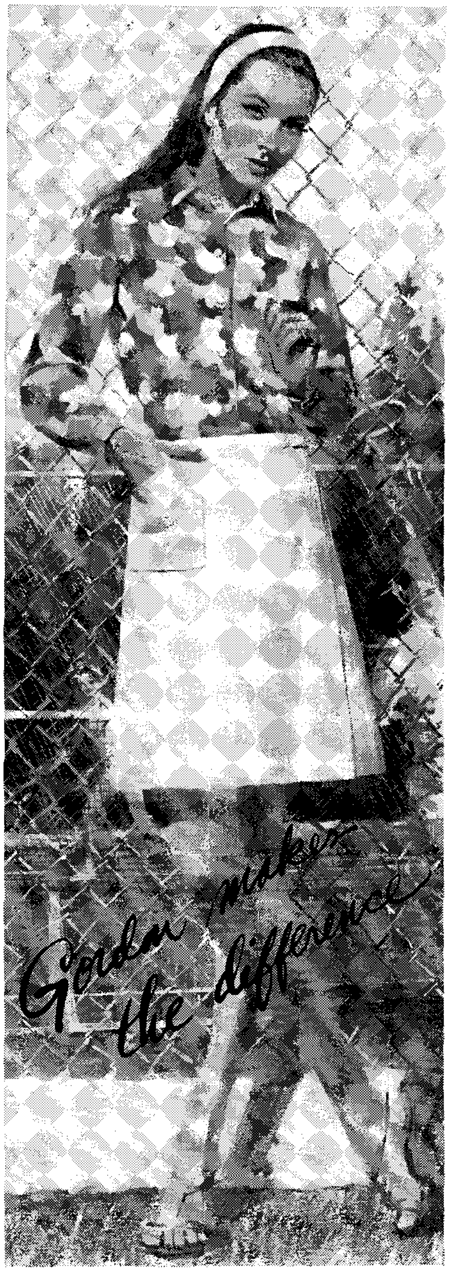

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of drugs. The drugs that he took every day—digitalis, aluminum hydroxide, tolbutamide, antihistamine, the choleretic, and the diuretic—were one by one withdrawn. The results were the same as those of the food-allergy tests. Warren's hiccups continued. They continued through the elimination tests, they continued in spite of repeated carbon-dioxide inhalations, they continued in spite of the pentylenetetrazol injections. They were stopped at last by several commanding injections of chlorpromazine hydrochloride. That was on May 29th, and Warren's endurance was almost at an end. He had endured three weeks of almost continuous hiccups.

The episode had also shaken Dr. Eisenstadt. It left him with an uneasy view of the future. Warren's persistent hiccups were becoming more and more persistent and less and less susceptible to treatment. He dreaded the next attack.

THE next attack began on April 6, 1967. Warren was then making his home with a married daughter, and it was she who notified Dr. Eisenstadt. He responded by coming at once to the house. He found Warren exhausted and in bed—the hiccups had kept him awake all night—but otherwise much the same as before. His only notable bedside finding was that Warren was now wearing (on his urologist's prescription) an indwelling catheter to relieve his urinary difficulties. The hiccups were, as always, inexplicable. Dr. Eisenstadt considered his diminishing armamentarium, and gave Warren an intravenous injection of chlorpromazine hydrochloride. Chlorpromazine was the drug that he had used with success in the last persistent attack. Its effect this time was similarly, but not equally, successful. It lasted only overnight. Warren's hiccups then gradually returned—gradually and, as if some authoritative trace of chlorpromazine still lingered on, in a muted form. The spasms were weak and widely spaced. Dr. Eisenstadt prescribed an oral dose of Dramamine. The muted spasms subsided, but after a couple of restful hours Warren began to hiccup again. However, Dramamine was still effective, and it remained effective against a succession of recurring mild attacks. Then, on April 14th, Warren was shaken by a violent seizure, and it was necessary for Dr. Eisenstadt to administer another chlorpromazine injection. That drug was once again effective, and Warren once again experienced an overnight remission and another

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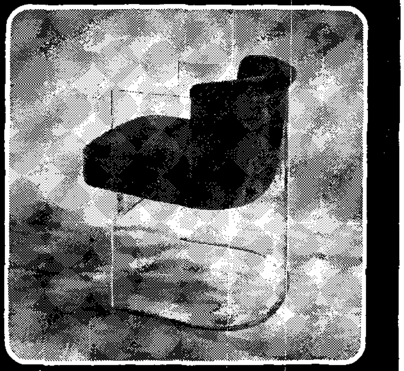

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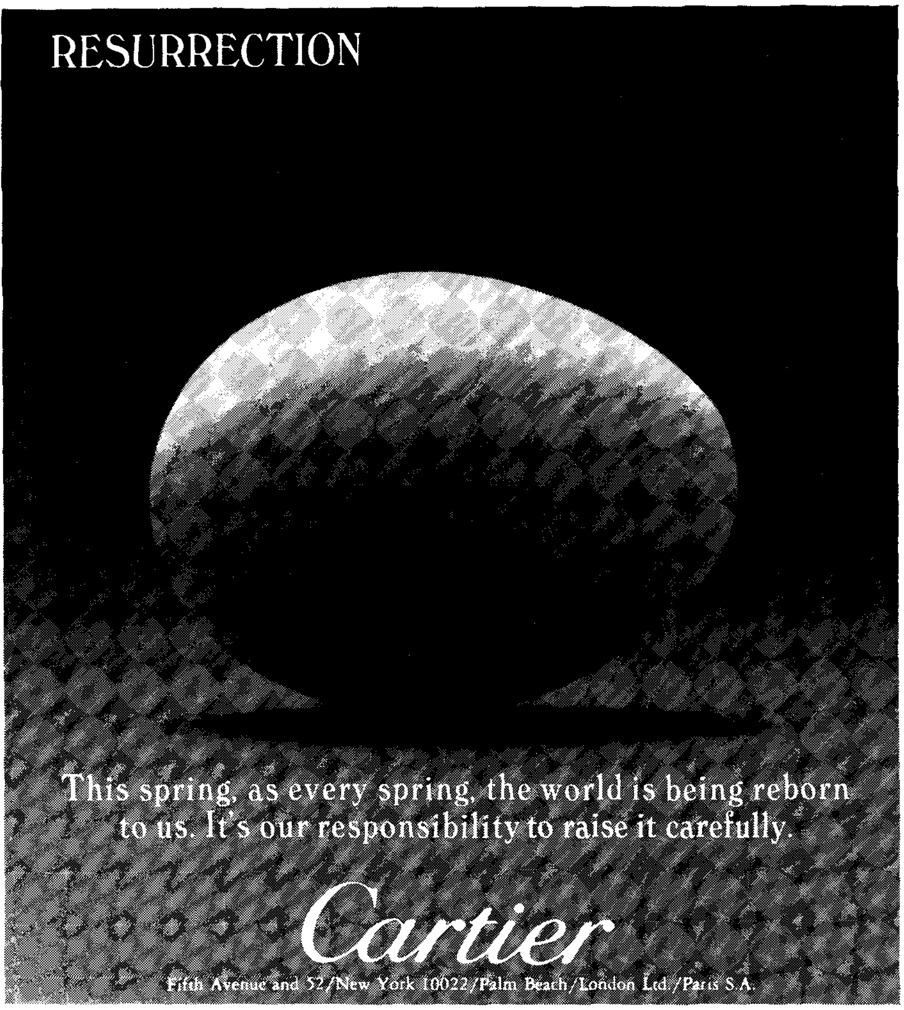
week of generally mild and easily subdued attacks. By the end of the week, the Dramamine tablets had begun to lose their suppressive power, and Dr. Eisenstadt revised his prescription to Dramamine suppositories. This more forceful treatment prevailed for another week, and then it, too, began to weaken. On April 29th, the violent hiccups violently reappeared. They yielded again for several hours to intravenous chlorpromazine, but when its hold relaxed they erupted as violently as before. Dramamine suppositories had no effect on this attack. It was brought under control with chlorpromazine in suppository form. But only momentarily. Another, more severe attack occurred on April 30th, and this was followed three days later by another. That attack was intractable, and on Thursday, May 4th, after two days of unbroken hiccups, Warren was admitted once more to St. Mary's Hospital. He reached there more dead than alive. Four weeks of almost continual jerking had exacerbated most of his chronic ailments, and his heart was enlarged and beating hard. He was groggy from lack of sleep, and weak from lack of food. The hiccups that kept him awake had kept him from eating, and he had lost some twenty pounds in weight. He was also in pain. All of his muscles were stretched and sore, and he hurt at every gulping, strangulated breath. His condition at admission was described as critical.

The first hospital attempt to hobble Warren's hiccups involved the once-triumphant carbon-dioxide-inhalation treatment. It gave him only a few short spells of relief. The next treatment was an intravenous injection of nikethamide. His hiccups continued unimpeded. A lumbar puncture was then proposed. A lumbar puncture is usually performed to obtain a quantity of cerebrospinal fluid for diagnostic analysis, but the operation was recommended now for therapeutic purposes as well. It was hoped that an examination of the fluid would suggest the cause of Warren's hiccups, and that the operation itself would excite a remedial reaction in the central nervous system. The lumbar puncture was half successful. It didn't explain the hiccups but it stopped them. The remission lasted twenty-four hours, and then the spasms started up again. Another lumbar puncture was tried, but this time nothing happened. Warren continued to hiccup. The news of his trouble had spread by now throughout the Jefferson County medical community, and on May 10th Dr. Eisenstadt was approached by a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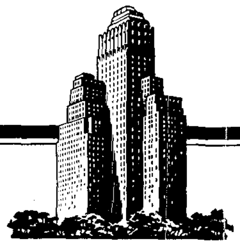
colleague who was also a hypnotist. The hypnotist offered Warren his salubrious powers of suggestion. Dr. Eisenstadt considered, and agreed. He didn't think that hypnotism would do much good. He didn't think that Warren's hiccups were psychogenically inspired. Psychogenic hiccups seldom interfere with sleep. But it could hardly do any harm. The hypnotist appeared at Warren's bedside at nine o'clock the following morning, and he stayed there most of the day. He then wrote a short memorandum and left it for Dr. Eisenstadt. It read, "Patient hypnotized and taught how to relax. Second technic: to forget how to hiccup. Third: improve bowel habits. Fourth: improve sleep pattern. The patient was very coöperative, and I feel that he responded well to hypnotherapy. He said he may want me to come back. Thanks for letting me see this fine gentleman." But Warren went on hiccuping. A desperate remedy composed of promethazine hydrochloride (an antihistamine), meperidine hydrochloride (or Demerol, a narcotic analgesic drug with certain antispasmodic powers), and oxygen inhalation produced a restful respite, but—as so often before—it was only temporary. Surgical intervention involving the phrenic nerves was next considered. That, however, wasn't possible here. The action of the diaphragm is directed by two phrenic nerves, and in Warren's unfortunate case both of these nerves were involved in his spasms. To block them both would also block his breathing. Dr. Eisenstadt and his hospital consultants consulted once again. There was almost nothing left to try. And then, while they were consulting, the crisis resolved itself. Warren's hiccups spontaneously stopped. His general condition at once began to improve, and on May 20th, the seventeenth hospital day, he was judged sufficiently recovered to go home.

Warren was at home for just two days. He was discharged from the hospital on a Saturday, and on Monday he was readmitted. His hiccups had intractably returned. All of the standard remedies were tried, but only one was more than momentarily effective. That was oxygen, and even it gave only an hour or two of relief. Dr. Eisenstadt sat down with Warren's chart and reread its entries. The reading confirmed his belief that there were no more untried drugs to try. Nor were there any new techniques or devices. He reconsidered and once again discarded the possibility that Warren's hiccups might have their seat in one or another of his



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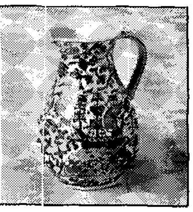
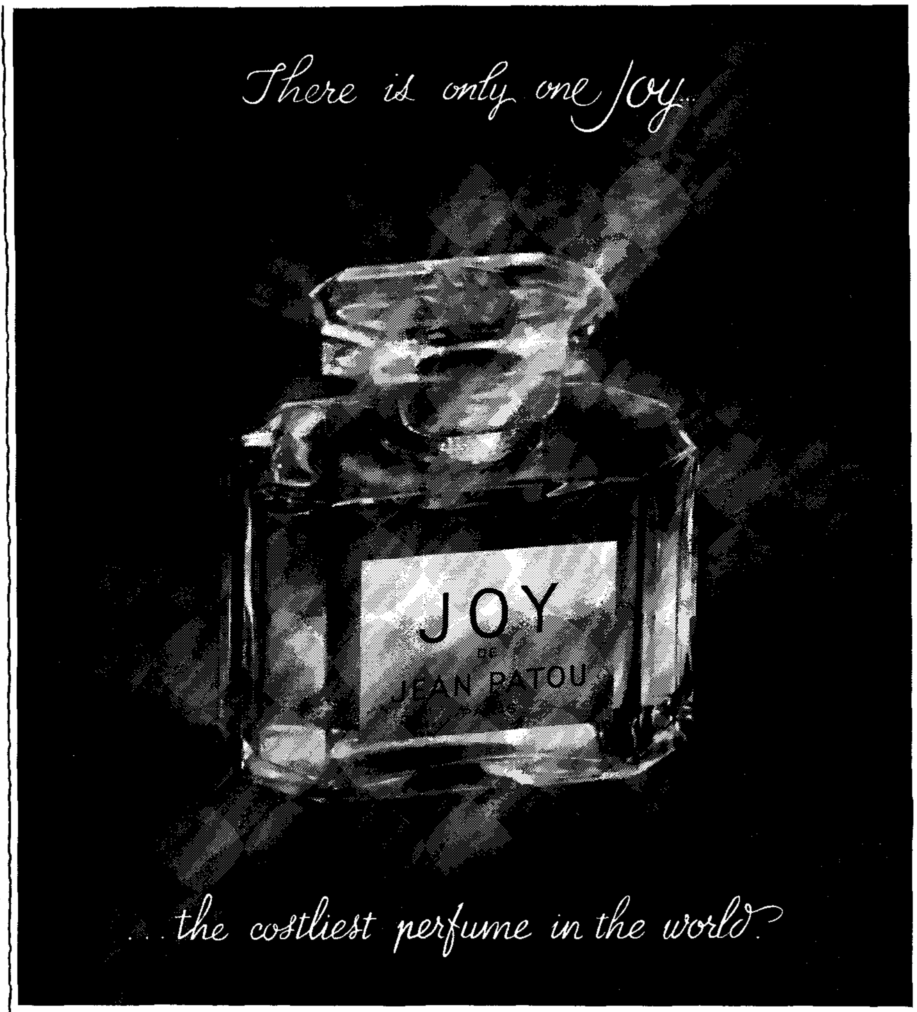


many chronic diseases. Except when exacerbated by the hiccups, all of Warren's diseases were pretty well under control. He reviewed the series of allergy tests that had been performed in 1966. The results still looked as conclusive as they had a year ago. There was nothing in Warren's diet that could possibly cause his hiccups. The same was true of the drugs he took. Dr. Eisenstadt checked them off—digitalis, aluminum hydroxide, tolbutamide, antihistamine, a diuretic, a choleretic, sulfamethizole. He stopped and looked again at the chart. Sulfamethizole was on the list of Warren's drugs, but it hadn't been included in the allergy tests. There had been no reason to suspect it. Its use was too occasional. It wasn't part of Warren's daily regimen. But now he began to wonder.

Dr. Eisenstadt returned the chart to the record room and went into the ward and had a word with Warren. Warren told him what he wanted to know. He was taking sulfamethizole. He had been taking it for the past two or three days. His prostate had been acting up again. Dr. Eisenstadt went to a telephone and put in a call to Warren's urologist. He explained what he had in mind. It wasn't a hunch. It wasn't even a notion. It was just that sulfamethizole was the only unknown factor, the only uninvestigated drug. The urologist listened, and unenthusiastically agreed to indulge Dr. Eisenstadt in his whim. He would see that Warren was taken off sulfamethizole for a couple of days. There were other, though less satisfactory, drugs that could replace it if the need arose. He would make the necessary arrangements at once. Dr. Eisenstadt thanked him and crossed his fingers and waited. He wasn't kept in suspense for long. Warren was separated from sulfamethizole—from all and any sulfonamide drugs—in the late afternoon. Late the following afternoon, his hiccups began to subside. They continued to slow and slacken, and in the early evening of the second day they finally stopped altogether. The urologist extended the sulfonamide ban, and entered an antibiotic substitute in the order book. Another day went by, and then another. By the end of the week, it was certain. The attack was definitely over, and on Sunday, June 4th, Warren was discharged to convalesce at home.

WARREN'S recovery left Dr. Eisenstadt in a state of hamstrung exultation. He thought he had found



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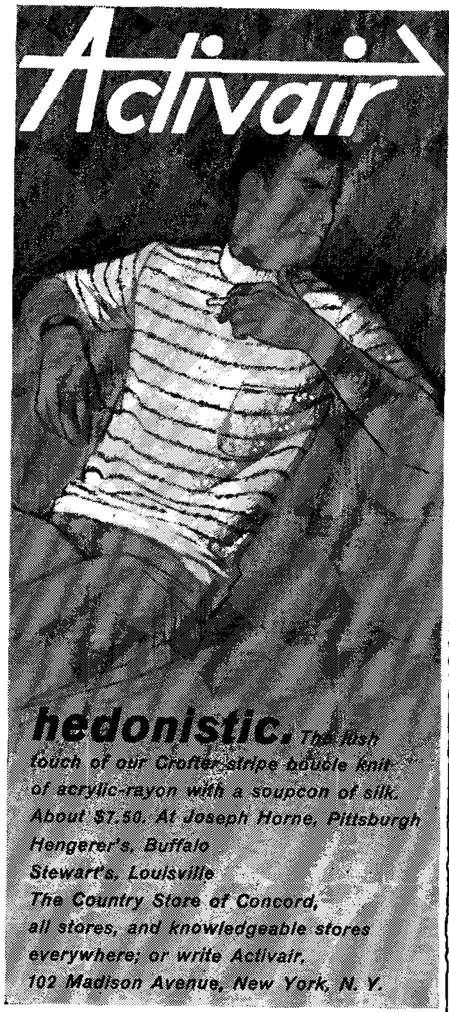

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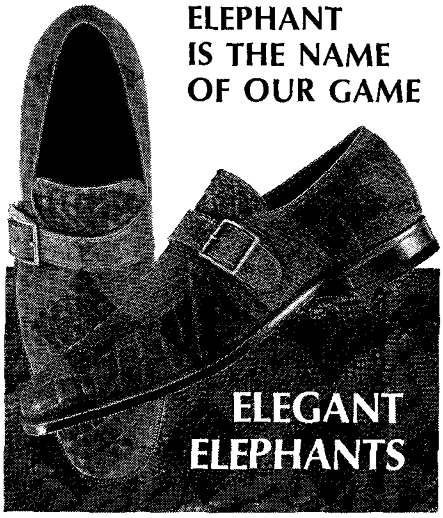

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in sulfamethizole the root of Warren's endlessly recurring hiccups. The evidence was everywhere. Warren's last attack had followed a self-prescription of sulfamethizole, and the elimination of sulfamethizole had been followed by a remission. That plainly projected a cause-and-effect relationship between sulfamethizole and the hiccups. Nor was that all. The presence of sulfamethizole—or of some other sulfonamide drug—could at least be assumed in all of Warren's persistent attacks. Hindsight seemed to show that they had coincided with either self-prescription or surgical prescription of that drug. It was even possible to link it with Warren's first attack—the outbreak of hiccups that followed his hernia operation back in 1940. Nineteen-forty was before the development of antibiotics. The only drug then available for use in the routine prevention of post-operative infection was one of the sulfonamides. Reflection also suggested that sulfamethizole had the power as well as the opportunity to precipitate Warren's attacks. It was true that none of the sulfonamides had ever before been implicated in a case of persistent hiccups, but most of them were notorious for their manifold side effects, and these included a malevolent impact on the central nervous system. In a man as variously debilitated as Warren, that impact could easily detonate a violent attack of the hiccups. And yet. None of this was proof. It was merely a structure of supposition. Warren's remission wasn't necessarily attributable to the elimination of sulfamethizole. It could have been simply spontaneous.

Whatever its nature, Warren's remission continued. He looked and felt and was in better health than he had been in for more than a year. His only remaining complaint was his perennially progressive prostatic hypertrophy, and toward the end of July the urologist judged—and Dr. Eisenstadt concurred—that his general condition was robust enough to withstand another transurethral re-resection. Warren re-entered St. Mary's Hospital on July 24th, and the operation was performed the next morning. The following day, Dr. Eisenstadt received a telephone call from the urologist. He was calling to report on Warren. The operation itself had gone very well, but now, he was sorry to say, a complication had developed. Warren had the hiccups again. He had been hiccuping for several hours and responded to none of the conventional remedies. Dr. Eisenstadt's heart sank. He thanked the urol-

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ogist and said he would see what he could do and started to hang up—and had a sudden thought. The urologist was still on the line. By the way, Dr. Eisenstadt said. He spoke as casually as he could. What drug were they using to control post-operative bladder infection? Drug? the urologist said. They were using sulfamethizole. That was the usual drug in such . . . Memory struck him, and he stopped. He cleared his throat. But if Dr. Eisenstadt preferred, he would change his orders to some non-sulfonamide drug. As he had before, Dr. Eisenstadt said he thought it might be worth trying.

It was. Sulfamethizole was stopped and Warren's hiccups stopped, and he never took any more sulfonamides and he never hiccuped again.

—Berton Roueché

•

ALONE

what a word and I thought it would be
less disrespectful
old rotten tooth hanging on
there is no radius for this

so here I am
with the rusty motor of hope
sticking out of the sand like a dead arm
well it lasted
long enough it lasted until it was over

it ground the corn and did the dishes
and when it started to break down
where could I hide the pieces
with that repairman
looking at my uncouth hair
while I handed him tools always
the wrong one

now I can watch bushes
running their fingers over the legs
of strangers and say why not
let them have whatever
they get out of it

under the shadows are more
shadows and under those shadows
is nothing

I have my work to do
inventing new memories
and keeping verbs in the proper mood
somebody has to
and if I walk my defeated secrets
like a dog what's that to you
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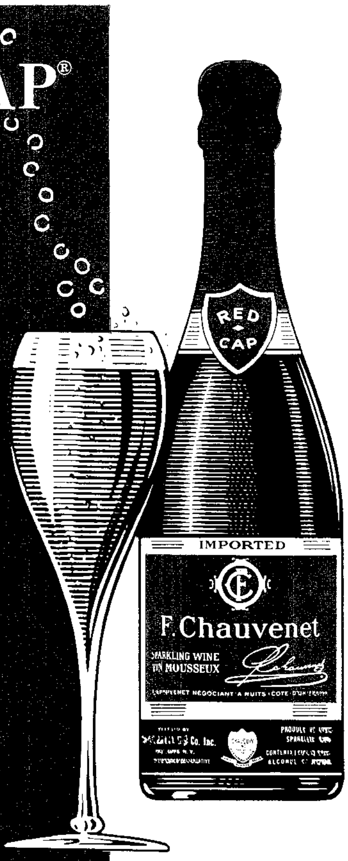

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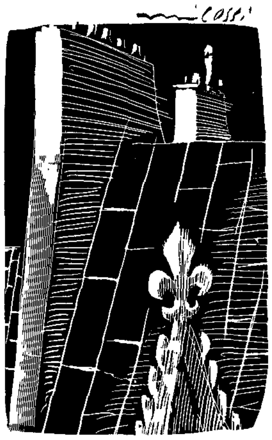
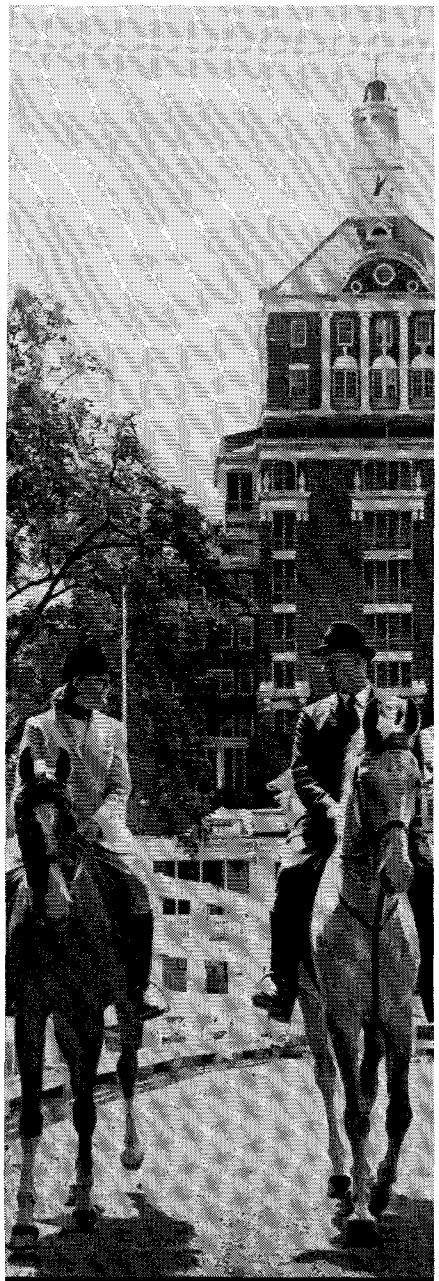
LETTER FROM PARIS

MARCH 25

PARIS is changing fast in certain quarters, almost always at the price of an aesthetic loss of familiar charm or of some modicum of architectural beauty, and invariably with a gain in planned progress that is usually relatively repugnant to look at. The latest progressive improvement is the desertion this month of Les Halles, the famous, picturesque medieval city marketplace adjacent to the Gothic church of St. Eustache, set up around the year 1183 by King Philippe-Auguste for the sale to his Paris people of edibles of all sorts. In our time, it had developed into the market for everything vegetal and fresh from the local French fields and farmyards, with trussed fowl ready for the Paris roasting pans; every sort of feathered and four-legged game in season; dozens of differing cheeses, succulent and odorous, from the farmwives' butteries; bleeding carcasses of beef, pigs, and lambs for fine dining; and also fresh flowers in nosegays and big bouquets. After talking unwillingly for a quarter-century about the possible necessity of exiling the market and its nocturnal traffic jams from the crowded heart of Paris, the municipality finally made it new and suburban by situating it on the Paris side of Orly Airport, in the town of Rungis and in new market buildings of sanitary cement cubicles that look rather like a vast one-story prison complex. Back in the early nineteen-twenties, when a small colony of us unrich Americans began living in Paris on the Left Bank, those of us close to the river would be wakened around one or two o'clock in the morning by the rumble on the *quais* of the farmers' great two-wheeled carts, their wheels as tall as the farmers themselves, all headed for Les Halles to the accompanying clip-clop of the hooves of the huge Norman stallions that pulled the loads of cauliflowers as white as porcelain, or the huge bundles of leeks as refined, in green and white, as if blown in glass. Because the markets were open all night for the restaurateurs buying something fresh for their menus that day, and for the greengrocers stocking up for their daily housewives' trade, Les Halles over time developed their own modest nocturnal pleasure spots, set up around the high heaps of vegetables nightly covering the center of the market square. Au Chien Qui Fume was a popular favorite for its rich, brunette onion soup, as traditional a snack for marketmen as the lamb trotters with Paulette cream sauce served at the more ambitious Grand Comptoir restaurant. At daylight, Au Chien's bar was crowded with the thirsty *forts des Halles*—the strongest of the marketmen, who carried the animal carcasses balanced lengthwise on their heads, on top of their special hats with broad brims that prevented the blood from dripping onto their shoulders. For our modest purses, the Halles were better for a night out than the champagne purlieus of Montmartre. At the animated Halles bistros, we drank white wine and Calvados and danced to an accordion, and at dawn we would walk back to our small hotels across the river carrying flowers, for we were all rather young and foreigners, and Paris was gay.



Edibles for feeding Paris are, of course, no longer brought to the old Halles, but the square still smells reminiscently of good cheeses, and the restaurants of the old lively nights still do business and are more crowded than ever, since taxis can now penetrate Les Halles's side streets, no longer jammed with produce-filled motor trucks. In the Rue Montorgueil, L'Escargot, with its rich chocolate-colored walls and gilt ornaments, is the gastronomic mecca for the well-to-do. In the Rue de la Grande Truanderie, the hospitable, picturesque old Pharamond restaurant still flourishes, with its elegant curved staircase, and on the first floor the walls gleam, as formerly, with the intricate Art Nouveau mosaics, encrusted there just before the last century ended. No one seems to know what may be the fate of the Halles's graceful, high-arched iron pavilions, nicknamed *les parasols* by the marketmen, since they protected the food stands underneath from the rains. All but two of them were set up between 1851 and 1868 as the first iron architecture created in France, and at night they look as if made of metal lace. Art historians think they should be saved. When and if the entire Halles neighborhood, with its un-



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salubrious little medieval shop buildings leaning tight against one another for support, is razed so as to drive out the colony of millions of rats that has battened there on market scraps for eight hundred years, the cleared expanse will have the unbelievable area of some seventy acres, which presents the biggest problem to French urban planning since Baron Haussmann cut through the Paris slums to extend the Rue de Rivoli in the Second Empire.

The best description of the old Halles at daybreak is still that written by Émile Zola in the most popular of all his realistic novels, "Le Ventre de Paris" ("The Belly of Paris"). An unofficial and free translation would read: "At the corner of St. Eustache, the dawn smelled of balsam from the herb market. Along the length of the tripe stalls you would have thought there were fields of thyme, garlic, and little spring onions, and the merchants had wrapped branches of laurel, like green decorations, around the young sycamores on the sidewalk. It was the powerful odor of laurel that dominated. As day began dawning, a sea of vegetables stretched between the two groups of pavilions like a flood, drowning the sidewalks. It was a river of verdure that seemed to flow, taking on delicate violet shadows and milky rose colors, with greens awash in yellows, and all the colors that make the sky seeming like changing silk as day broke. As the fire of morning grew, the salads and lettuces, still heavy with earth, showed their opening centers. The bundles of spinach, the bouquets of artichokes, the piles of beans and peas chorused all the shades of green, which died in the bunches of celery. But the high note, which sang loudest of all, was always the lively stain of color from the carrots."

THE Paris theatre is, frankly, neither brilliant nor brainy at the moment. For intellectual and even spiritual nourishment, intelligent people here, as if committing a solecism, have been going to a movie instead. It is the latest cinematic work of Luis Buñuel, arbitrarily called "La Voie Lactée" ("The Milky Way"). It is so luminous and clear that it seems superior to all he has created before in the brilliance of his confusions, and, indeed, it may be his masterpiece. In it he has at last discarded his contentious violence, in which he always seemed to be quarrelling with himself, as well as with the entire Christian world since the conventional beginning of its time. In its nature, his new film is still

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Surrealistic, Spanish, and mystically anti-Church. It concerns two French tramps of our time who set out on a hitchhiking pilgrimage to Santiago de Compostela, in Spain. En route, what they meet with furnishes a telescoping of time itself, certain historical characters and incidents reappearing along the roadsides and in the inns of today, like visions or temptations, or even like improved parables, perhaps. The tramps meet up with the Good Samaritan, a uniformed chauffeur who gives them a brief lift in his master's car and then contemptuously throws them out because they are dirty, hungry, and poor. They participate in Jesus' miracle of the loaves and fishes, which is a happy happening, like an outdoor picnic supper. They learn about the cruelty and injustice of the Inquisition and its tortures of the bodies of believers in the inner freedom of conscience. There is a spirited rapier duel between a Jansenist believer in the tenets of Pascal and the rigid faiths of his Port-Royal convent and a follower of Fénelon. The color photography both of the large cast of actors and of the forest, roads, and fields is like fine portrait and landscape painting. Laurent Terzieff and Paul Frankeur admirably play the two tramps. The film ends with a curious printed piece of information, like a misplaced footnote. It states that all references to Catholic practices are taken from the authentic doctrines of the Catholic Church. The statement is like a defense by Buñuel of the exceptional Christian charity he has shown to Christianity in this film. Owing to the extreme popularity of "La Voie Lactée," it is being shown simultaneously in six Paris cinema houses.

THE first anniversary of the real inception of last year's May riots did not pass unnoticed here. There was a long editorial in *Figaro*, oddly titled "March 22, 1968, at Nanterre: One Year Ago, the Detonator." This lengthy article related the original incidents, which barely received five lines, on an inner page, in the press a year ago. It seems that on Monday, March 18th, last year, just before dawn, a little left-wing commando of two young men, one a university student, and three high-school boys, who all belonged to an anti-Vietnam-war organization, used small explosives to blow out the windows of the office of the Chase Manhattan Bank, and also of the Bank of America, Trans World Airlines, and the American Express Company. As they later affirmed to the police who arrested them, theirs had

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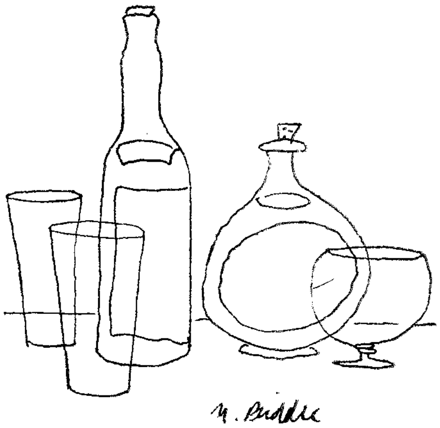
been a militant act of disapproval against America and its Vietnam war—a war they considered a "scandalous sign of the genocidal aggression of a society that claims to be the creator of prosperity and equality." Late that Friday night, at the suburban University of Nanterre, west of Paris, Daniel Cohn-Bendit, Nanterre's extraordinary German-born red-haired student spokesman, called a meeting to protest the arrest of the commando youths and at the same time founded what was called the Movement of March 22nd. It was this movement that popularized the phrase "*les enragés*," which the Paris rioters later called themselves in honor of a certain Revolutionary cleric, Jacques Roux, the original *enragé*, known in 1789 as the priest of the sans-culottes. It was the Movement of March 22nd that, almost without precise aim, set off the opening of the student riots on May 3rd.

Little has happened in the universities since then except for intermittent and fairly scanty student voting on the Law of Orientation, which was one of Minister of Education Edgar Faure's brilliant reforms for giving the students the power (to be held jointly with the professors) to control their studies and how these should be chosen, implemented, and taught. French university students are now more than halfway through what has been so far a completely lost year in their education. Classes at the Sorbonne, for instance, are irregular or ill-attended or practically nonexistent. The old system of elegant, almost effete scholasticism, practiced in French education for several hundred years, has definitely broken down, and the new system that was so much desired—connecting learning with the living of one's life, rather than with high grades based on an obedient memory, all restricted to specially chosen middle- or upper-class students—has thus far not been put in force. As for examinations, they have been dismissed by many Sorbonne stu-



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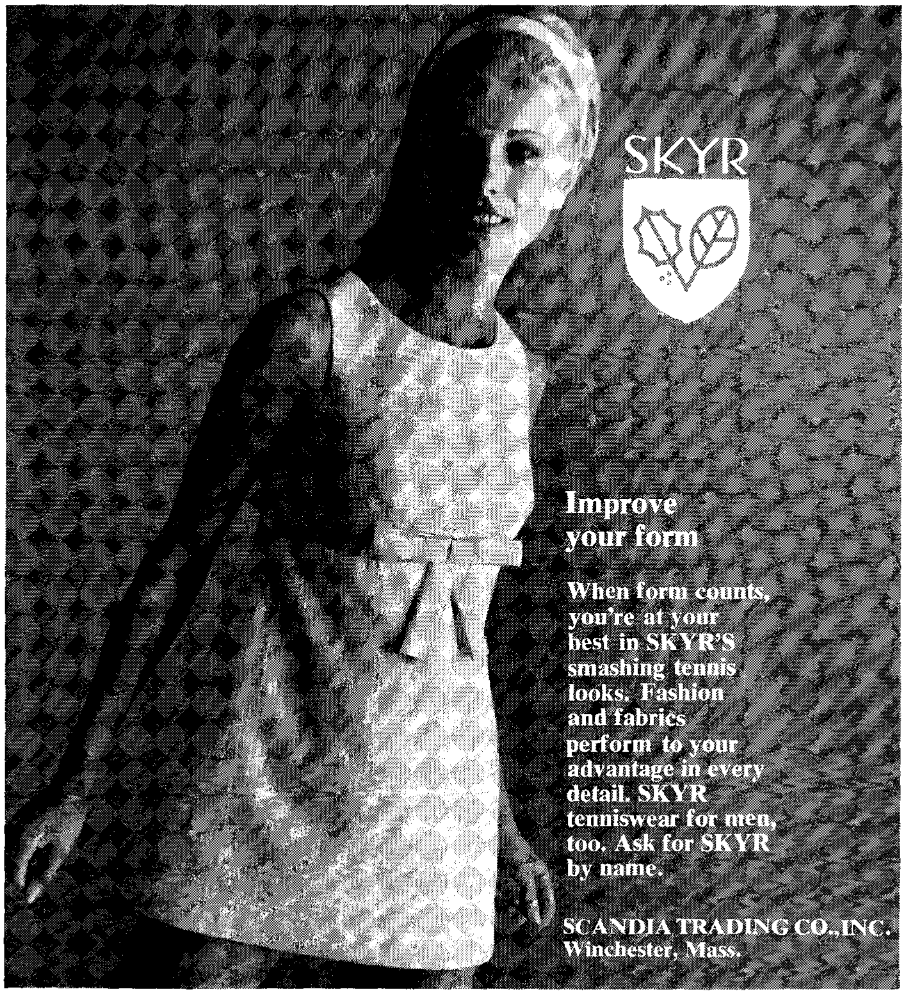

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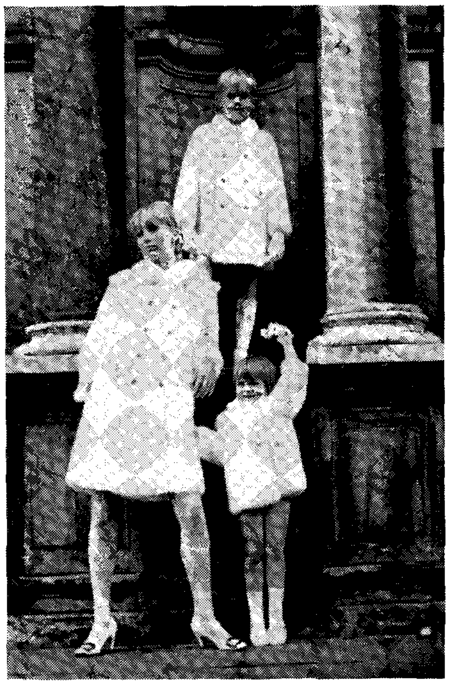

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dents, who have declared that "to swim, you must risk trying to do it in water"—that, in truth, examinations as they have been practiced here until now have been "like lying on a piano bench and going through the muscular motions of a swimmer," which proves nothing except physical memory.

There has been great French public impatience with the lack of discipline still generally shown by the French students. Also, certain members of the Gaullist party's political bureau are becoming impatient with Minister Faure, and recently came close to demanding his departure from Prime Minister Couve de Murville's Cabinet, a move that former Prime Minister Pompidou would not agree to. In the end, the Gaullist political leaders glumly decided that the crisis among students is a quasi-universal phenomenon of the student generation today, after which the politicos simply resigned themselves to the total sacrifice of this past scholastic year, which will end in early summer and during which French university students, for the most part, have learned absolutely nothing at all. —Genêt

•

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As Mr. Nixon says, we must move forward.

•

Of course, the moral to the tale, like most about ancient decadence, is that voluptuous living led to softness and downfall. Yet all the ingenuity of the Sybarites in avoiding hard work for themselves wasn't a patch on the labor-saving devices now generally available.

The legendary easy life of Sybaris is fascinating to moderns, nonetheless. "Lost 'Sin City' Is Found Beneath Italian Muck," read the Bulletin's headline over a story that naturally stressed the Philadelphia tie.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

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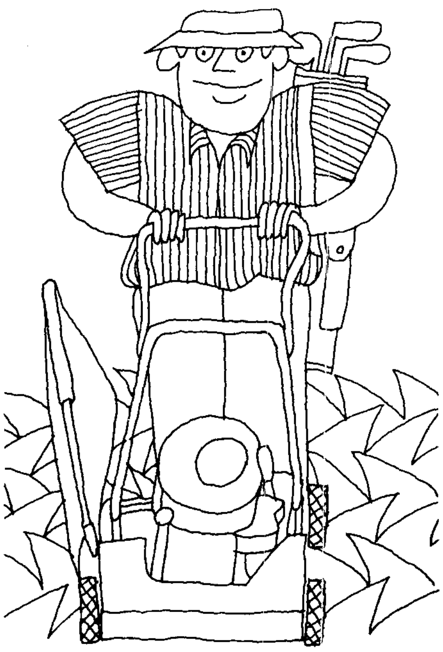

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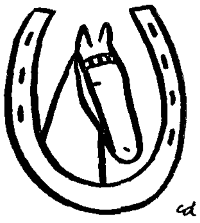
THE RACE TRACK

Six Straight

ON the spur of the moment, I'd say that the most notable performance of last week was the apparently effortless victory of Majestic Prince in the Santa Anita Derby on Saturday. Extending his unbeaten record to six straight, he made the nine other three-year-olds look like hacks as he won by eight lengths. Now, that's a long margin for a horse to win by, especially if he's eased up in the stretch, but that's the margin the chartmaker gave Majestic Prince over Mr. Joe F., who won two stakes races at the meeting and placed in two others. Lonny's Secret was third, a length away. Majestic Prince was never worse than third—at first behind Right Cross, then behind Mr. Joe F.—but from the moment Hartack gave him his head the race was virtually over. The time for the mile and a furlong was 0:22⅗, 0:45⅘, 1:10⅗, 1:35⅗, 1:49⅕. Johnny Longden, who won the Santa Anita Derby five times and now trains Majestic Prince for Frank McMahon, plans to ship the colt to Lexington in a week or two and wind up his preparation for the Kentucky Derby with a run for the Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland late this month. I expect that the Prince will be an even shorter-priced favorite in the Derby than he has been in the Caliente future book. But if you're looking for a long shot, there are four entries quoted at 5,000–1 each.



ABOUT three hours before Majestic Prince ran in California, Top Knight strolled home lengths ahead of Arts and Letters, Al Hattah, and Fast Hilarious in the Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park. Beau Brummel, the other starter, was always so far behind you might have thought he was warming up for the next race. It was my impression, as I watched the race on TV, that Top Knight dominated the scene from beginning to end. Away well, Ycaza, who rode him, steadied him and dropped him in behind Fast Hilarious, the speedball of the lot, and kept him there until halfway around the turn for home, where he took the lead. Arts and Letters beat Al Hattah almost as easily for second place. The time for the mile and a furlong was 0:24, 0:48⅖, 1:12, 1:36⅕, 1:48⅖. I thought the telecast was the best I'd seen in a month of Sundays. It was, however, part of an A.B.C. "Wide World of Sports" program, and my ears took a beating from an automobile race in Florida and a hockey match in Sweden.

Drone, my fancy for the Florida Derby, went lame in a workout two days before the race. X-rays showed a chip fracture of the right knee, and as this is written there's no telling when he may run again. Nobody knows exactly how or when the injury occurred, for he was going a half mile at a not particularly fast pace. Owned by A. B. Hancock's Claiborne Farm, the big, handsome gray colt by Sir Gaylord out of Cap and Bells, by Tom Fool, won his first start on the opening day at Hialeah in January and his fourth in a row with a victory over King of the Castle, winner of the Louisiana Derby a fortnight later. Hancock has never made any secret of the fact that he thought Drone the best prospect he ever had for the Kentucky Derby; the most he can hope for now is a comeback in the rich handicaps next season.

PERHAPS it was the weather, but racing at Aqueduct last week seemed to me too dull for words. Obviously, this is a minority report, for horseplayers came to the track in droves and bet like anything in the tote—another five-million-dollar day on Saturday. (Actually, $5,331,311.) For the record, the Westchester Stakes, at one mile, brought out half a dozen horses that Iron Ruler could beat, and did. Beaukins was second and Sky Count third. Fair enough.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Last night I understood Thelma to say she and Jerome were going to a party. I woke up at 4 A.M. with an uneasy feeling. I always feel better when I know Thelma is home, so I checked her bed. It had not been slept in. I was worried sick but decided not to awaken my husband.

At 6:25 A.M. Thelma came tiptoeing into the house, carrying her shoes. I gave her a long, hard look but said nothing. My husband did not wake up and he doesn't know about this.

WORLD'S OLDEST

The giant land tortoises of the Indian Ocean variety are the world's oldest walking creatures.—*Ann Landers' column in the Victoria (B.C.) Daily Colonist.*

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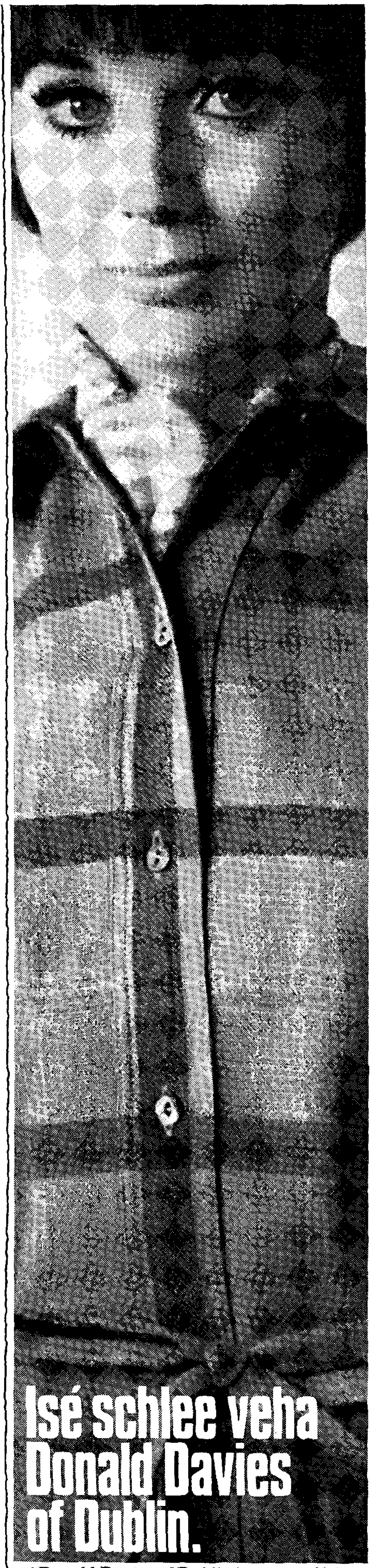

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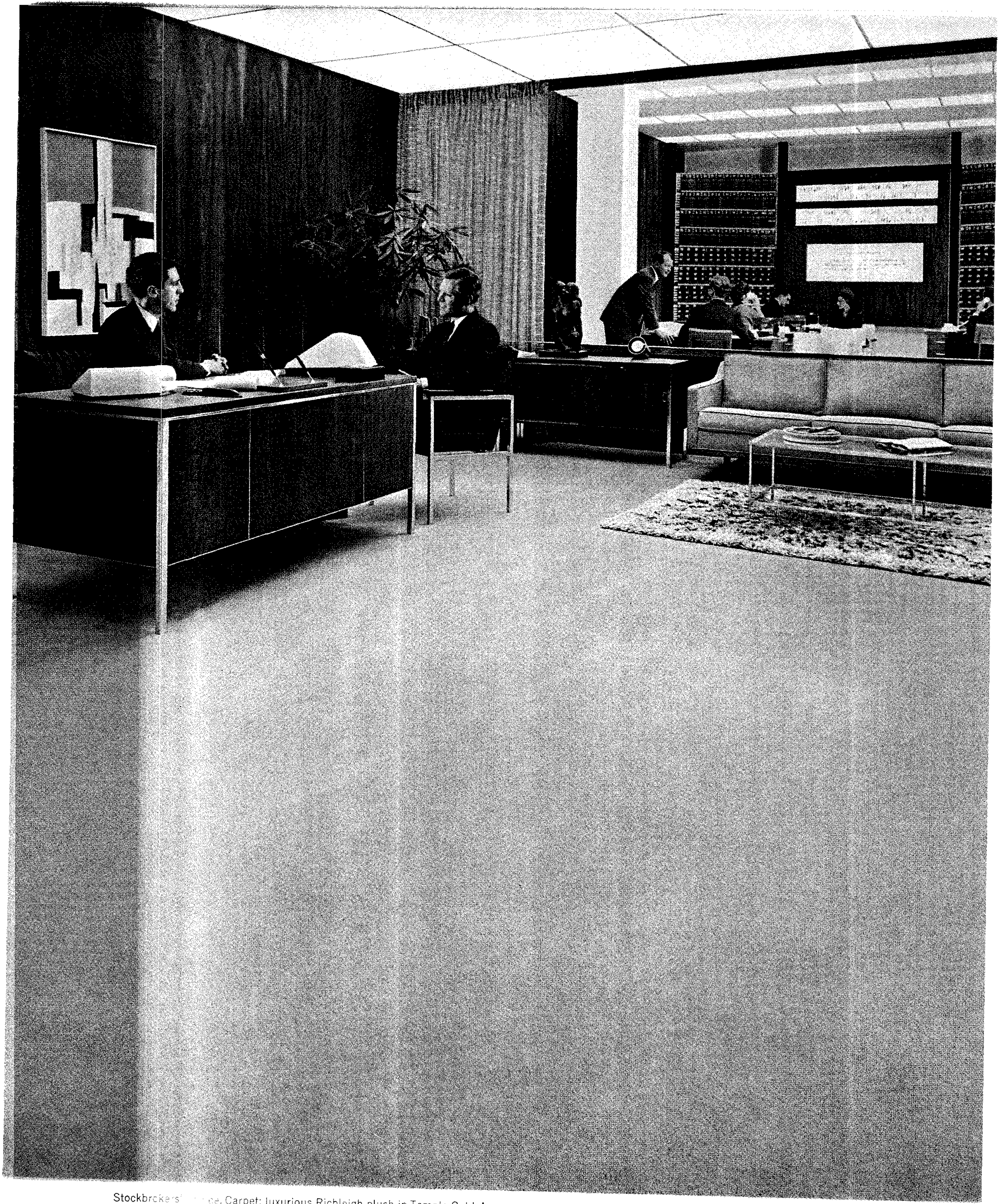

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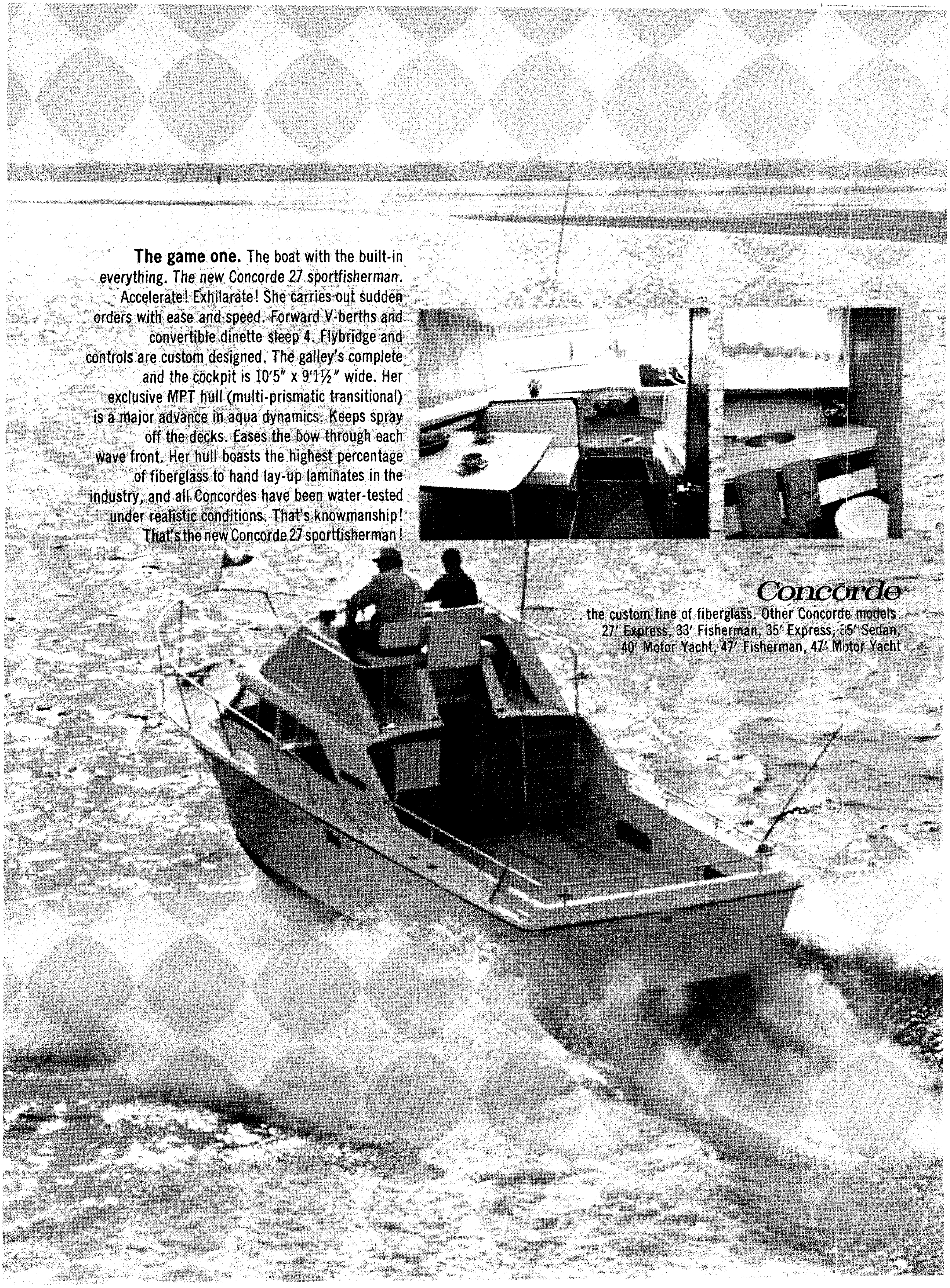

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THE 1930 OLYMPICS

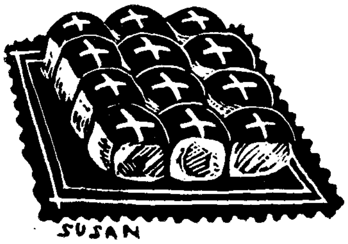
“WHAT else?” Dr. Larsen said. I could not see him. There was a tall window behind him. His shadow fell forward on my left, long and thin, sliding across the thick olive-green carpeting. A huge potted plant grew at my feet, and another beyond that spread like a web.

“I can’t remember,” I said.

“Try.”

I felt like looking at his long, narrow face. At thirty dollars an hour, he should have *sounded* interested. There was a silence that cost me about half a dollar. I had been going to him for a year, and he wasn’t helping me. No one was. But that was my fault. I knew that. I didn’t want any help. Perhaps.

“Well,” I said. “Somehow, my father and I were on this train to Providence. I don’t know why Providence, or why my father. I’ve never been there myself, except on the way to Boston. . . . Wait. Once, I did go *through* Providence with him. When I still lived home, in New Haven. It was ten years ago. I remember, because my mother died shortly after. I drove his car. There were three of us—he brought along one of his friends to talk with. I don’t remember who now. The windows were closed—it was winter—and the two of them smoked a lot. I was a senior in college, on the swimming team, and I remember the cigar smoke bothered me, because I didn’t smoke then and I was in good shape.”



“Did you talk with your father on the train in the dream?”

“In fact, I was in perfect shape. I still felt that life was sort of meaningful, you know? We drove through on Route 1. The purpose of the trip was an interview for a Midwestern medical school—the interviewer was staying at a big Boston hotel. My father was confident I would get accepted, and he was prepared to do anything to see me through—take out a second mortgage, borrow money, anything. He probably only had a couple thousand dollars in the bank, if that. I let him down.”

“Did you?”

“Well, I never wanted to be a doctor. But try to tell your father that when he came from the old country and worked hard all his life, and you’d said when you were eight or ten that you would be a doctor someday. I hated him for it then. Driving to Boston, I said to him in my mind, ‘You lousy bastard, I don’t want to be your lousy doctor or your lousy son.’ But, like I told you before, I think it had something to do with the fact that my mother was so sick at the time.”

I stopped. I almost felt like telling Dr. Larsen the truth. That my father was dead, too. That I had come to this office a year before because my father had just died and my only feeling was a slight relief. Then I had begun to find it frightening to get up, to go to work. Dr. Larsen knew the last part.

I said, “I don’t want to talk about it. Not now.”

“Go ahead. Try to talk about it.” His voice was gentle, prodding.

I couldn’t. I said, “The interview went badly. I remember the man who interviewed me was thin and pale, with black hair growing out of his nostrils. He asked me a question, and I went blank and said so. I asked him if he would be patient with me. I told him I always got rattled during interviews. His face set, and I understood. A week later, at college, I got a form letter of refusal. Right away, I withdrew my applications from all the other medical schools. It was the first real decision I ever made in my life. I was scared, but I felt happy, too. Relieved. I don’t think my father ever looked at me the same way again. I think he felt I was a failure. I think he still does.”

“Do *you* think you are?”

I did not answer. There was a dollar pause.

“About the train, now. The train ride.”

You’re all the same, I thought. With your trains and pencils and monuments and screwdrivers. “The train wasn’t important,” I said. “It was just a way of getting there and happened in a flash. When we got off, we weren’t in Providence. We were in the country. It was beautiful, in a desolate way. There were streaks of thin yellow clouds, with reddish tints. I think the sun was setting. We were near a cove that ran out to sea. On the other side of the cove a large patch of dry fronds moved in the light. The sand was soft and white. We stood on the shore together, my father and I, looking at the water. It was a beautiful blue, and right at the shore, near razor grass and beach roses, the water was frothy, white. I looked up, and

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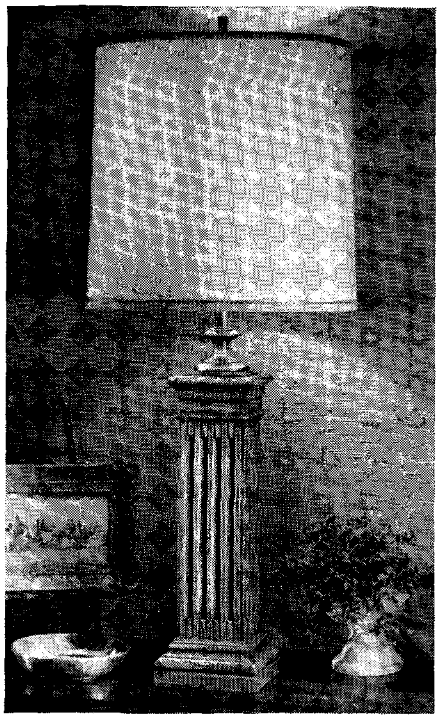

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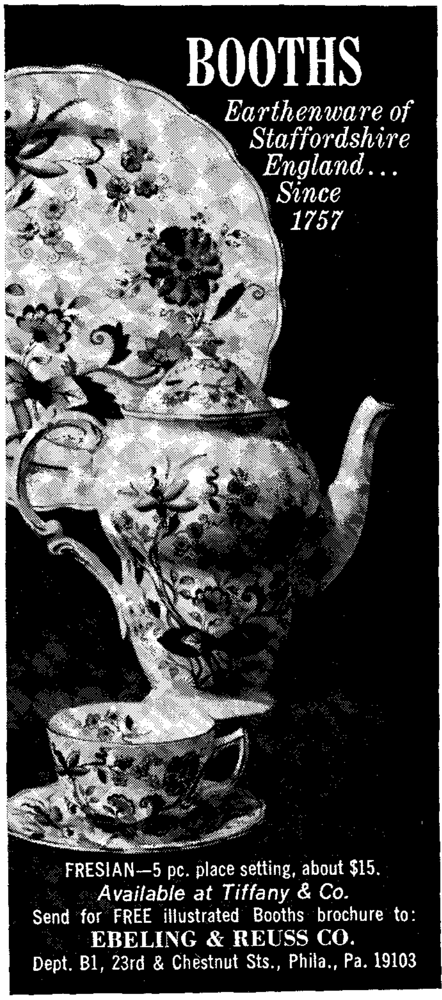

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far away there was a huge city—industrial, with smokestacks, yellow smoke coming out of them, and brick buildings, dirty. Something like when you pass through the Bronx on the way to Manhattan. You know?"

"Mmm. That's interesting. How did you feel about your father right at that moment, when you were standing beside the water together looking at the city?"

"I don't remember. I didn't feel any way toward him. Nothing aggressive, I mean. We were just *there*, that's all. Together."

"Beside the water."

"Yes. And then my father said, 'Aren't you going swimming?' '*Swimming*?' I said. 'But it's winter.' He said, 'I would.' The next thing, we're in a crude wooden bathhouse. I look at my father. He has on one of those old-fashioned tank suits, black. I think he even had a mustache. He looked like someone out of one of those old Victorian photographs. I only remember the top half of the suit. I was surprised at his shoulders, at his good build. He was slim and strong."

"Why only the top half?"

"How should I know?"

"How was he standing?"

"It was like a closeup in the movies, and you could only see him from the waist up."

"Could you see yourself, or feel your own whole body then?"

"I don't remember."

"You mustn't hold back anything. If there are things you remember and don't tell me, then you're wasting both your time and mine."

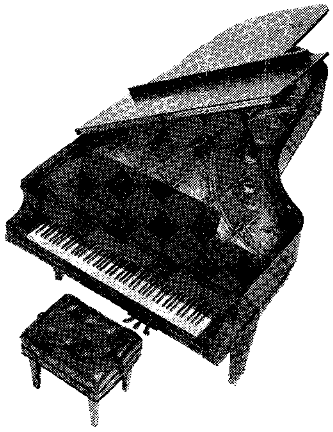
He has to be hard, I thought. "Honestly, Doctor, I don't recall."

"Go on, then."

"I went to a wooden beach locker and opened it, and there was nothing in it, no bathing suit. I looked at my father, and he shook his head. He pointed above him, and across a beam his name was carved, with a date: Alberto Cottelli 1930. Then there was a bathhouse attendant, some kind of a trainer, standing beside me in black pants, a white shirt, with a black bow tie. He said, 'They don't make them like that anymore. He was a great athlete. I trained him for the 1930 Olympics.'... Doctor, there weren't any Olympics in 1930, were there? Were there?"

"Let me see. '36, Berlin ... No."

"I didn't think so. I think that's the year my father came to America. His name and that date were carved in the pine beam.... Then my father and I were at the beach again."



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"What were you wearing now?"

"I don't remember. I guess clothes weren't part of it. We were on the same piece of shore, looking at the same scene. The water was moving, rippling. And then I heard a voice. Mournful. It was calling my name: 'Jo—seph . . . Jo—ey . . .' Like music. Pleading. It was my mother's voice. I turned around. There was no one there. And then I saw, on the sand, half hidden under a thick tuft of grassy bank, a small, dark-green plastic bag. It was about a foot square, shiny, full, puffed up, gathered, tied tight at the top. 'Oh, no!' I said. My father nodded slowly, wiping his eyes."

There was a long silence. For the first time, I didn't think how much it was costing, this silence.

I could hear the doctor breathing. "A bag?" he said. I thought there was a smile in his voice.

I said, "But Doctor, don't you see? It was *her*—the voice came from *that*. And my father stood there crying."

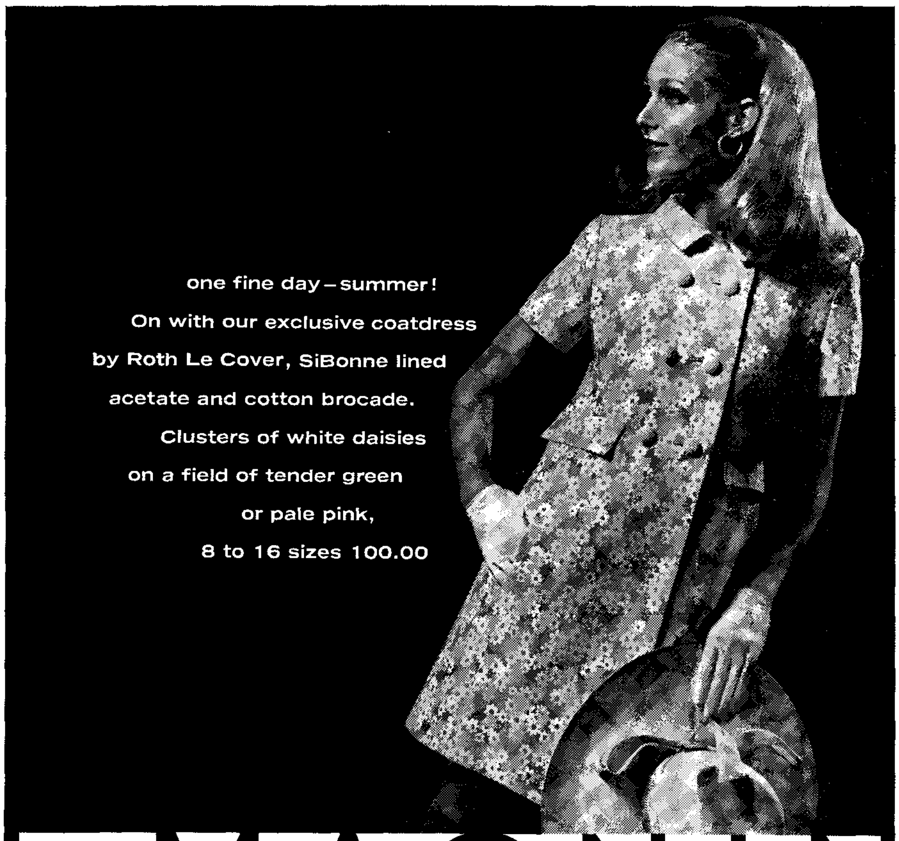
"What else?"

"Nothing. Not there, anyway. Next thing, we're home—in the old house in New Haven. While my father and I were out, someone ransacked the whole place. Christ, everything piled up in heaps in the center of the rooms—mattresses, mirrors, pictures, tables. And in my study all my books thrown down from the shelves, the papers from my files scattered all over the room. Someone had broken in and turned the place upside down. My father said, 'We must get to the bottom of this.' And that's all. There wasn't any more."

The doctor ruffled his pad. He said, "Well, I think we have some progress. We've run over the hour now. I've taken some notes, and we'll proceed from here next week. We'll try to go into this dream in detail then, and you can help me. . . . Tell me. Are you on speaking terms with your father yet?"

"In fact," I said, "I'm glad you asked. He was in the city last week, and I took him to dinner. We spoke a few sentences. Without having a fight. Neither of us mentioned my mother." I got up and prepared to leave. "There's something I want to tell you, Doctor. I think I'm beginning to like him. It probably sounds stupid, but there it is." Another lie, but I thought it would give him a feeling of a breakthrough, a benevolent feeling of helping me, one of his patients.

"Good," he said. "That's very good." He stood up quickly. As usual, he had been leaning back in his big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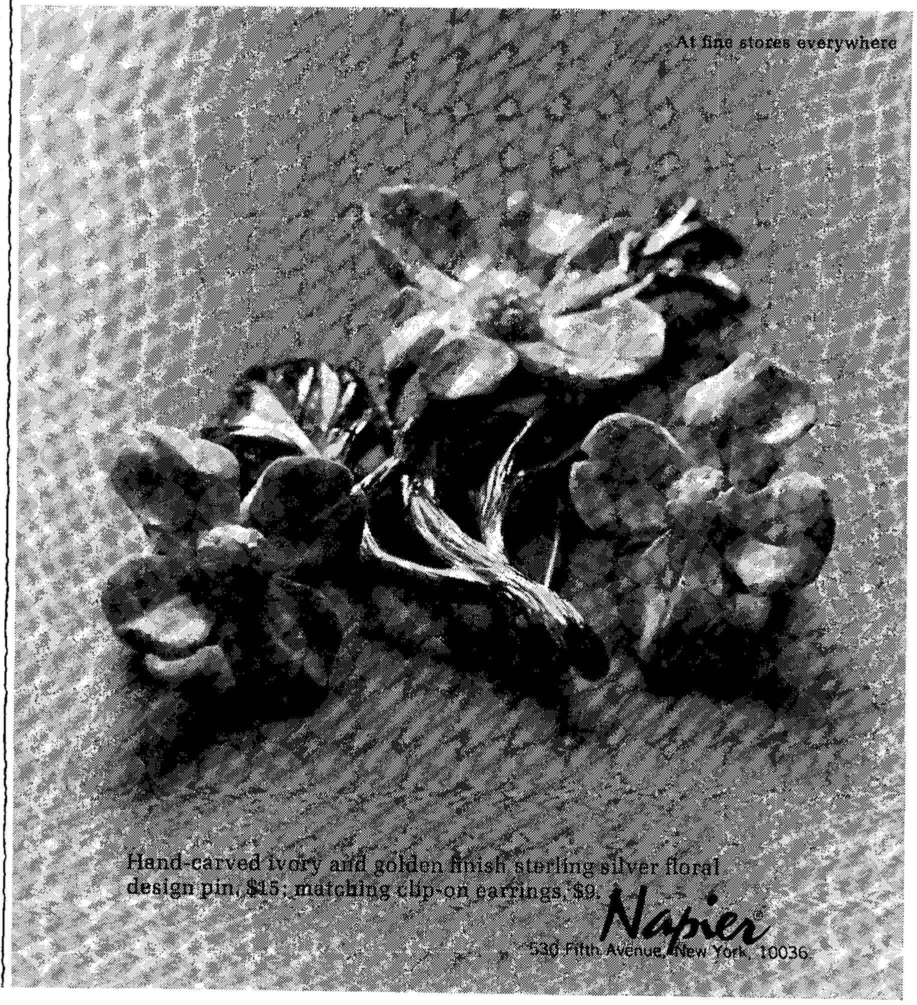
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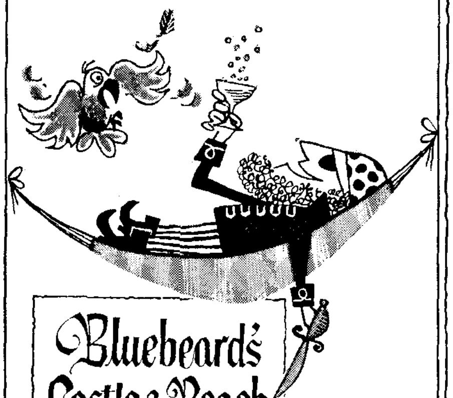

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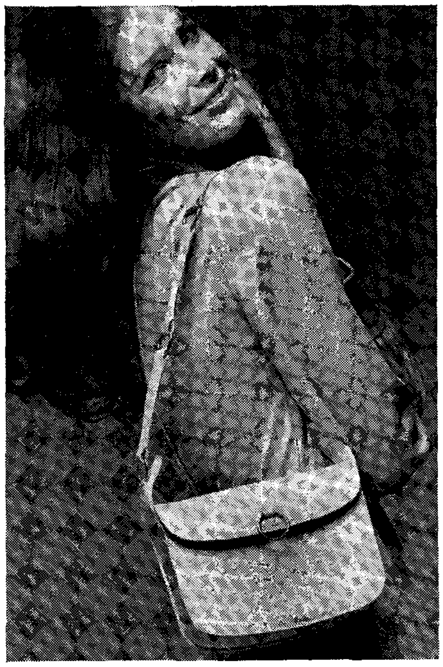

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black leather swivel chair, and it sprang forward like a dog. He said, "Of course, next week you may come in *all confused and hostile* toward *him* again, but don't let that worry you. As I've been trying to tell you, nothing is black and white. There are awful tremors in all our relationships. Try to see your father again this week. Force yourself to converse with him, no matter how hard it is. Be pleasant with him. Try not to argue. Then we'll see what next week brings."

We stood awkwardly for a moment. I glanced at his pale-blue, almost colorless eyes, and I felt embarrassed. The afternoon light was soft, yellow. What fools we all are, I thought. I said, "Same time, same station."

He smiled.

I THANKED him and walked out of his office, then through the reception room, where there was a woman waiting whom I had not seen before. She was about fifty, wearing a lot of makeup. She sat with a magazine in her lap, pulling hard on a cigarette. I went out and got into the elevator.

On the sidewalk, I turned right. Ahead of me I saw the back of a man, full length, in a cheap, baggy, silver-gray suit—a short, heavy man, walking slowly, pleasantly, as though he were out taking the air and didn't have a care in the world. His hair was salt-and-pepper, blowing softly. One of his hands swung as he walked, and it was thick and slightly gnarled. From the back, he looked and walked like my father.

My impulse was to catch up with this stranger, to tell him what I had just told the doctor in his muffled office full of green plants.

People hurried past, and the man disappeared around the corner.

I felt like crying for the first time in ten years. I walked to the building I had just come out of and stood flat against it in the shade and closed my eyes. —H. L. MOUNTZOURES

•

> The full squad works today
> for the first time. Gil Hodges
> first on opening day and stay
> there."
> will give another lecture to his
> dean, Al Jackson, "we start in
> "This year," said the Met
> Ahhh, sweet spring.
> new players. (Most of them
> on to the season.
> missed the first one). And then
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Marianne Moore has been hanging around again.

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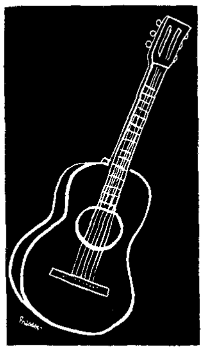
MUSICAL EVENTS

The Agony on the Ecstasy?



THE expressions "excessive romanticism" and "romantic excess" have almost become clichés among those who write disdainfully about nineteenth-century music. I have never been able to figure out what these expressions mean. I know of no music that is excessively romantic. I know of truly great romantic composers, such as Beethoven, Berlioz, Chopin, Wagner, Bruckner, Mahler, and the Richard Strauss of the operas, and I know the music of a great many lesser romantic composers, such as Tchaikovsky, Grieg, Gounod, and Massenet. And certainly there are a lot of pretty trashy romantic composers, such as Liszt, Vieuxtemps, Raff, Delibes, and Glazunov. But "excessively" romantic? No. Only good, middling, and bad composers writing romantic music. I have an idea that all music worthy of the name is romantic (by "romantic" I mean intoxicating or hypnotic in its effect), and that important music has always been what we call "romantic" ever since the first neolithic witch doctor beat a drum. The so-called romantic era represents only a small historical slice of romantic music. I imagine that Handel's contemporaries thought of *him* as a romantic; I *know* that Mozart's thought of *him* that way, because one of the fathers of romantic literature, E. T. A. Hoffmann, wrote about the ecstasies that "Don Giovanni" threw him into. "Classical" music becomes classical only when its romantic sheen has worn off and it sounds like music of a bygone era. Romanticism is the very element in which music of any vitality exists. It is the musical state of mind par excellence.

I think that the misunderstanding arises partly because nobody today seems able to write romantic music of any consequence, except possibly in the fields of jazz and rock, and also because the terminology of writing about the arts has become confused. In the art of painting, romanticism ranges from the quaint to the unbearable. Painting is simply not a romantic art. In literature, romanticism is generally frowned upon. It appears here and there in poetry (Shakespeare was certainly a romantic, but he had something else, too) and in the novel, where it is not highly esteemed, as Mario Praz long ago noted in his admirable book "The Romantic Agony." In contrast to these arts, music occupies an entirely different dimension. Considered as a reflection, or a description, of the real world, it can be charming but not much more; considered as an intellectual exercise, it is meaningless. It is an art that, as Stephanie von Buchau, of the magazine *San Francisco*, recently pointed out, concerns itself mainly with sex in one way or another. (I would point out that some of it concerns itself with death.) Music of any importance has also the character of myth—as though our deepest racial memories were being stirred by it—and unless it takes us out of ourselves into a hypnotic trance it is not worth listening to.

Last Wednesday night, I listened to an "excessively romantic" opera—Bellini's "La Straniera," presented by the American Opera Society in a concert performance in Carnegie Hall. It is excessively romantic because its libretto is an absurd concoction about a mysterious death-dealing woman whose refusal to reciprocrate the hero's love drives him to suicide, and who turns out later to be the Queen of Brittany in disguise. But there is nothing excessively romantic about the music. Though not by any means equal to that of "Norma" or "I Puritani," it is nevertheless fresh and lovely—romantic, if you like, but romantic as all good music is romantic. The *excessively* romantic elements in it are confined to its literary side.

The only remarkable artist in the cast that night was Montserrat Caballé, who sang the role of the disguised queen. I have never heard her sing more beautifully. There were the usual fine-spun pianissimos, but there was also a great deal of dramatic singing, in which the text was given meaning and the character some semblance of credibility. Aside from that, I could not work up much enthusiasm, though a baritone named Vincente Sardinero, as a friend of the hero, exhibited a well-produced and entirely pleasing voice. The hero himself was sung by a tenor named Amadeo Zambon. His voice proved to be small, and he forced it throughout the evening, with results that were of a terrifying harshness. There was a pretty blond mezzo named Biancamaria Casoni in the second female role, but

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her voice had a serious wobble in it and often strayed from the pitch. Alan Ord, bass, was serviceable in a minor role.

LAST Monday night, Leopold Stokowski and the American Symphony Orchestra presented, among other things, a new work by the German-American composer Gene Gutche called "Genghis Khan." This piece has a barbaric subject and is appropriately barbaric in sound. It is not without originality, and its technique is difficult to classify. It certainly does not fit into any of the established schools of contemporary composition. As far as I am concerned, Mr. Gutche is a new voice on the current scene. Perhaps next time we can hear something less barbaric and more expressive from him. His work was immediately preceded on the program by Vieuxtemps's Fourth Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, with the solo part in the hands of the youthful Korean violinist Young Uck Kim. The concerto itself is just a mass of fireworks and bad romantic rhetoric, but Mr. Kim played it with an assured left hand, an accomplished bow technique, and a great deal of temperament. Sometime I would like to hear him in something musically more demanding. The concert opened with one of Mr. Stokowski's much denounced Bach transcriptions, the Passacaglia and Fugue in C Minor. I don't agree with the denouncers. Bach, too, was a romantic composer, and Mr. Stokowski has put this work in a romantic setting that I find majestic and moving. If anyone doesn't like it in this version, there are plenty of tinkling, baroque-organ versions available.

PIERRE BOULEZ's concert with the New York Philharmonic in Philharmonic Hall last Thursday evening showed the same qualities at work that were exhibited in his opening concert with this group. The exquisite sensitivity to intonation was there; so was the unobtrusive but highly efficient technique of the baton. For this concert he had brought along what is surely one of the most charming of Haydn symphonies, and one that is not often played—the No. 91 in E Flat Major—and he and the orchestra performed it with wonderful transparency and grace. Then came Ravel's "Shéhérazade," a setting of poems by Tristan Klingsor, with Judith Raskin as the vocal soloist. This time, Mr. Boulez was obviously proving himself a master program builder. This work of Ravel's, which, too, is seldom performed, is one of his finest, representing French musi-

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cal impressionism at its most magical. I could not understand a word of Miss Raskin's French, but she at least sang on pitch. After the intermission, Schoenberg's famous "Five Pieces for Orchestra," Opus 16, were given the most persuasive performance possible, but failed, as they always have, to evoke anything in me but mild boredom. These are anti-romantic pieces, and they just about mark the death of the great Western musical tradition, with Schoenberg wielding the axe. (There is a quite prevalent theory that the decline and death of Western music was a gradual process, and that Schoenberg's atonal experiments were the logical outcome of Wagner's chromaticism. Nonsense! Wagner's chromaticism was always tonal, and his melodies were generally diatonic, with a substructure of chords built in thirds—the same chords that, in simpler form, are characteristic of jazz and rock. Schoenberg, possibly the most arrogant composer in history, threw over the whole paraphernalia of Western musical tradition and eventually arrived at his simplistic system by which all those white and black notes are considered equal. His revolution has bedazzled contemporary composers, but contemporary audiences are no more interested in it than they were fifty years ago.) The evening closed with a fine performance of Charles Ives' "Three Places in New England."

I DON'T know whether Hartford considers itself a metropolis, but the Hartford Symphony is certainly an orchestra of metropolitan calibre, exceeded in refinement, tone, and everything else that makes a great symphony orchestra only by the big four of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Cleveland. I attended its concert in Carnegie Hall a week ago Sunday night and was amazed by the quality of this ensemble under the baton of Arthur Winograd, who must be a very unusual trainer of orchestral musicians. The orchestra's intonation is excellent, and its tone correspondingly luminous. Its woodwinds and brasses are played by musicians of the first rank, and their work is smoothly coördinated and polished. The program contained a Haydn symphony, Bartók's Concerto for Orchestra, and the Brahms Concerto No. 2 for Piano and Orchestra, with Beveridge Webster as soloist. The high level of performance that evening was a constant delight. Mr. Webster pounded a little, but he gave, generally, an eloquent and musicianly reading of the solo part of the concerto.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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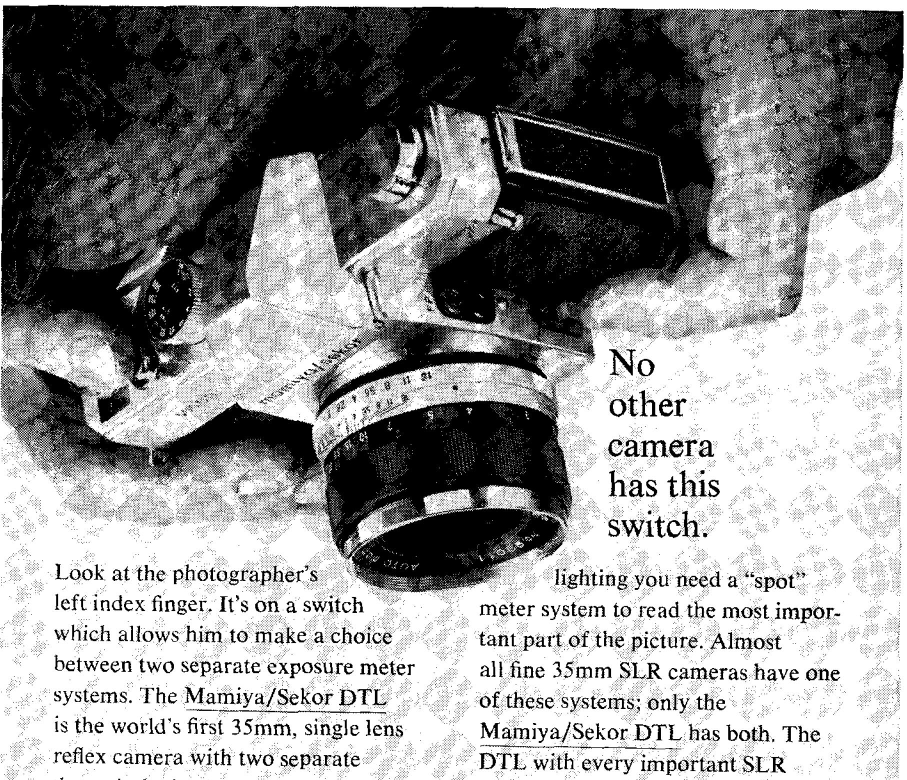

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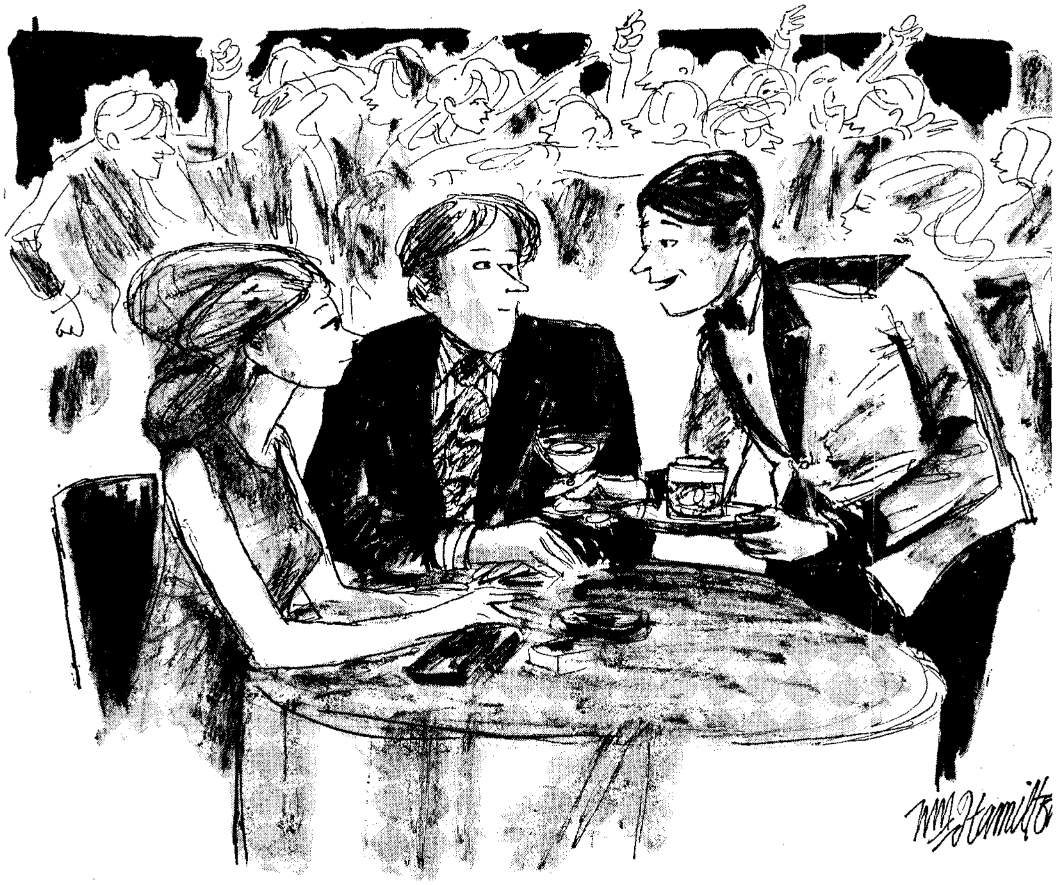
BOOKS

Walled City

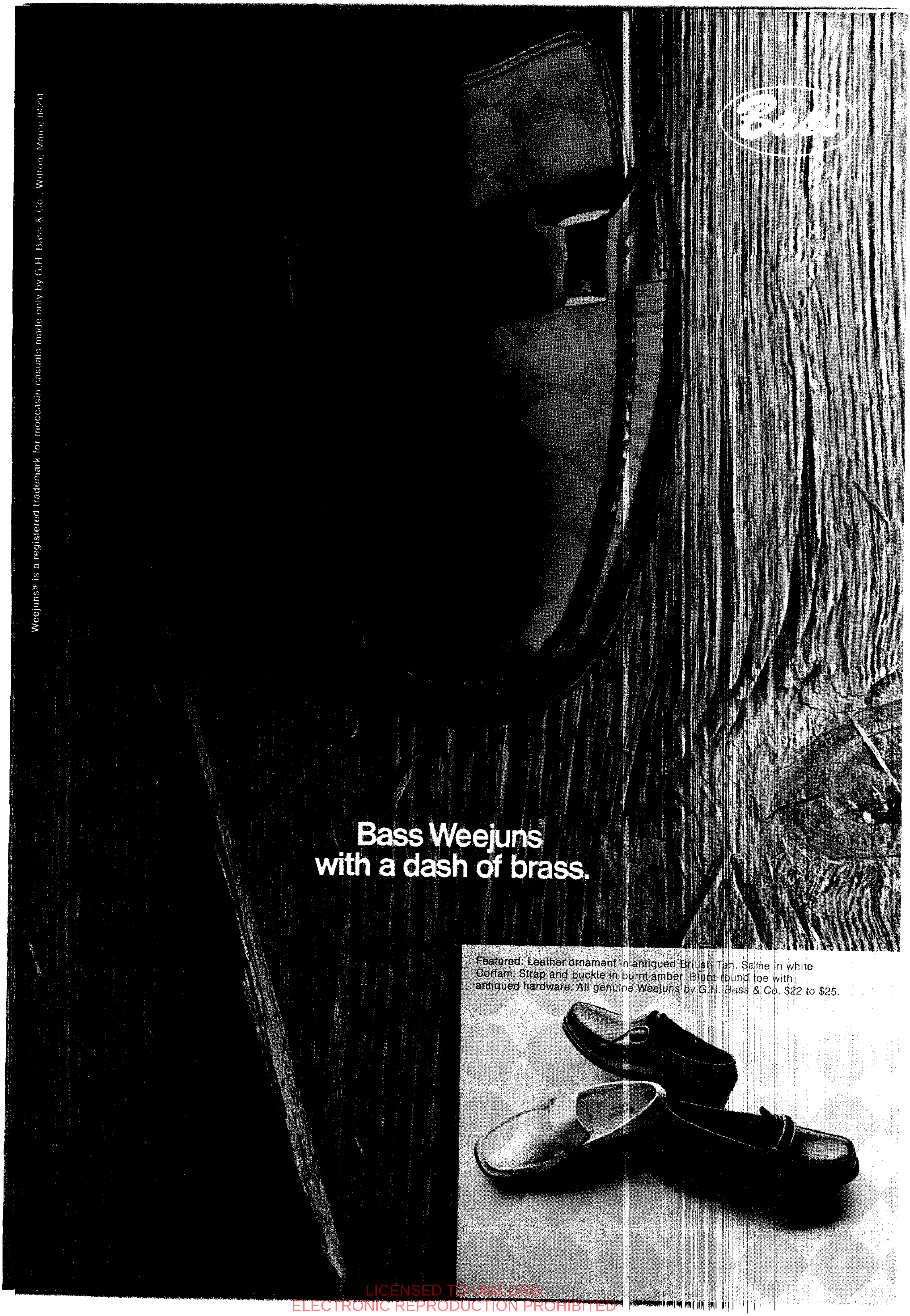
MANY accounts of life behind bars are gruesome tales of unsanitary conditions, sadistic warders, and ceaseless brawls. "Life" (Stein & Day), whose author has adopted the pseudonym Zeno, is less sensational and more thoughtful than most of them. While recognizing the impossibility of objectivity, since he is himself a prisoner, the author does his best to analyze the value of a prison sentence. Hoping for execution, he is sentenced to life imprisonment after being convicted of premeditated murder, and he discovers that curiosity and the will to live sustain him even under prison conditions. According to the British penal code, a life sentence is anything from nine to fifteen years, depending on the prisoner's behavior and the caprice of the authorities. "Life" is a record and the product of nine years' imprisonment, for the greater part in Wormwood Scrubs, London's largest and most famous prison. Never does the author attempt to justify the murder he committed; references to his crime are fleeting, and subsidiary to his musings about the purpose of imprisonment. "I started it. I took the whole of a life, at once and for ever. . . . I have killed—but they have not killed me. . . . Why, I wonder? Why imprisonment and not death? Have *they* salved *their* conscience, or is imprisonment really a better thing? What is imprisonment all about?. . . What is the twentieth-century intention behind imprisonment?" The occasional abrupt admission of guilt is startling, since a willingness to kill comes to seem a not completely overwhelming flaw in a man admirable in every other respect—for his intellectual honesty, his profound sense of justice, and his calmness, even when he describes his early years of unreconciled anger and despair. He hints at a justification of his action, claiming that it benefitted those near to him, but in his mind he is always a guilty man. His attitude toward his guilt and his punishment is constantly shifting. At first he is able to see his sentence as the working of a just fate and as atonement. Yet as he grows increasingly absorbed in the trivia of prison life and the play of personality, he can no longer think in such abstract terms. He becomes enraged, and rails against "Them," the forces dragging him away from the familiar world; then the prison staff resolve themselves into real characters, well-meaning, brutal, or merely hypocritical—men who oblige him to spin out long, wasteful days in meaningless activity. Society robs him of his freedom, and the exigencies of daily living, in making it impossible for him to devote as much thought to the enormity of his crime, stealthily remove even his certainty of purpose. Because he can still imagine a future happiness, he rejects the idea of suicide. And yet he realizes that this happiness is found only in human relationships, and he hesitates to encourage in others a less condemnatory view of killing, to allow them to say, "Murder is an evil thing, perhaps, yet did not he, our friend, do this?"

Another man of Zeno's talent, who has, like him, to some extent accepted the idea of his crime, would find the dramatic narration of its circumstances irresistible. Zeno tells nothing of it, and he similarly gives the crimes committed by his companions, however deeply he involves himself with his new friends, only cursory consideration. For them, as for Zeno, prison is the beginning of life, in a strange half world—the only one they are to know for many years. The author sees little benefit in their sentences. He, a lifer, is forced to achieve some kind of resignation, but those who are serving shorter sentences feel that they can survive without it, and they serve out their time in bitterness and with a hatred of all authority that will probably bring them back into the courts.

Time and again, Zeno is reminded of the lamentable discrepancy between justice and the law. Hugh killed his girl friend during a tiff; knowing nothing of the law, he signed a damning statement when he was arrested, and received a life sentence. Had he not signed, he would probably have served three years for manslaughter. The sentences for spying hardly seem just to Zeno, since they are meted out to those who are defending one ideology against another; the cold-blooded killing of a man is as nothing in compari-



"It's so nice to meet people sophisticated enough to handle the waiter-customer thing. Would you like to dance?"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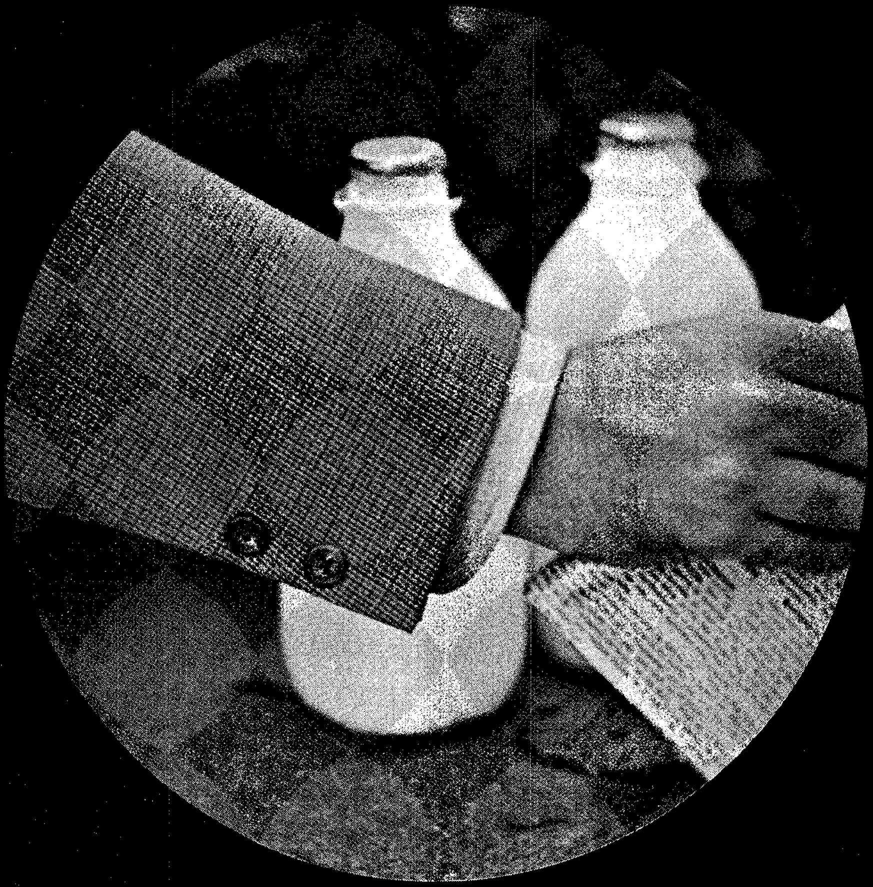

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son. After seeing many lifers like himself in prison, the author, though he hoped for the death sentence (now abolished in England), changes his mind about the practicability of capital and corporal punishment, both of which he had approved. "I have learned that in a large number of cases they were ultra-thin-skinned men who were unable to cope with the mental pain of a raw domestic issue, and that when eventually they could stand the pain no longer they struck out, and in striking removed the cause of a pain which a tougher, perhaps more selfish person in the same situation would have shrugged off or walked away from." It seems to him that it would be a greater crime to hang men for the lack of a strength possessed by others; in several cases this hypersensitivity is subsequently revealed to be certifiable madness. But he never really resolves the problem of the value of imprisonment, nor does he define a humane way of treating prisoners, either recidivists or once-in-a-lifetime killers. Imprisonment in itself is manifestly punishment enough, and he deplores the "screws" who make a hell on earth of prison life, yet the sadism and stupidity of this fifty per cent of the warders are in some ways no worse than the good intentions of the others. The practices of the "enlightened" prison governors, and the principle of "rehabilitation" and preparation for the outside world, are often only a more subtle form of the same torture. There is still too much of the fruitless and time-honored occupation of sewing mailbags, and even pastimes that are ostensibly more profitable, such as courses in bricklaying or plumbing, are rarely, if ever, undertaken by those who intend to ply these trades upon their release. "Association" and recreation periods are an improvement on the idea that a man should be in his cell when he is not at labor or shuffling brokenly around an airless prison yard. Yet enforced association with fellow-prisoners is as much torment as is solitude if a man is not free to change his mind and forsake the rowdy mob in favor of his cell. Even under the enlightened regime of a man chosen for his strength of character and his liberalism at a time when prison reform was politically modish, church attendance and evening entertainment are compulsory and those who balk are liable to punishment. Zeno's greatest interest is the possibility of prison education. He says that men who attend classes on Chaucer are men of intellectual curiosity anyway; he recommends instead that the mass of the prisoners, who are il-

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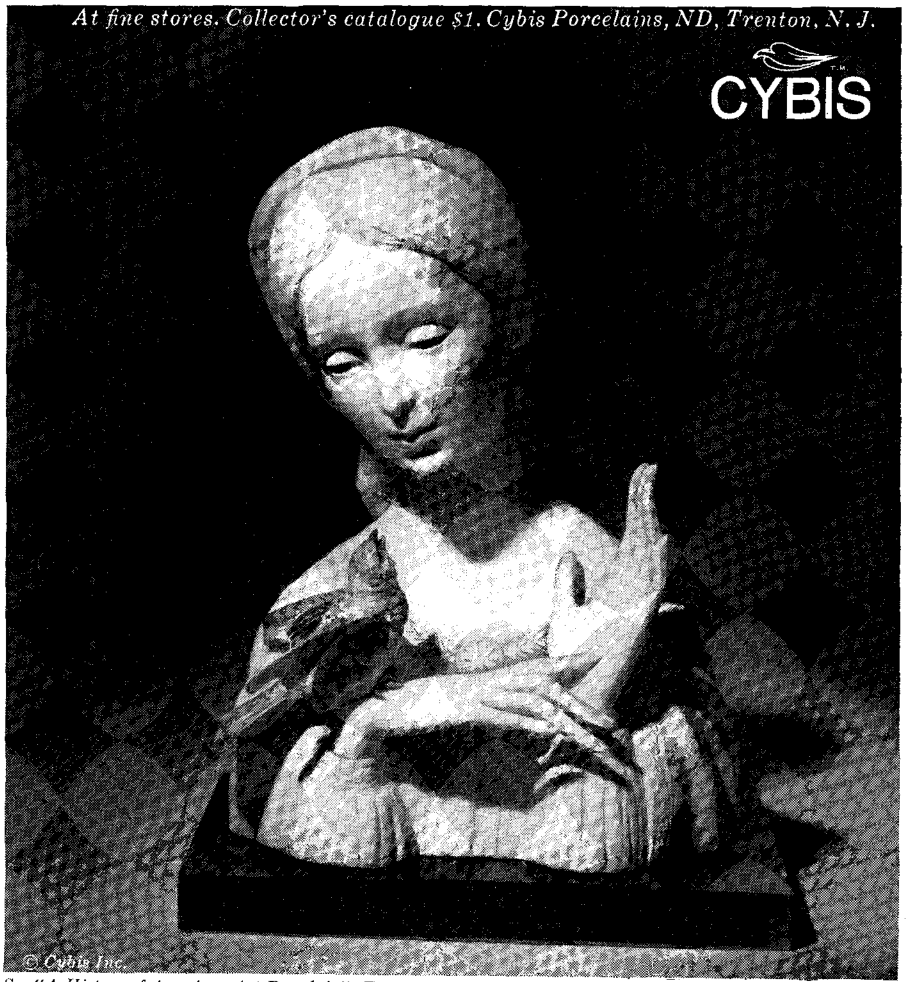

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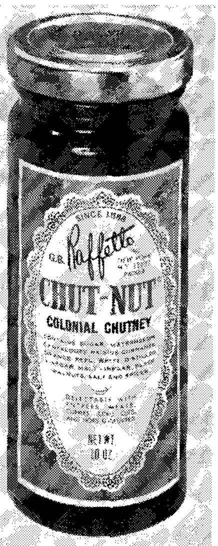

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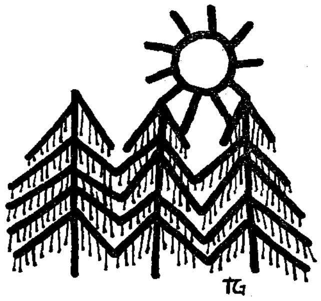
literate and inarticulate, should be so instructed that they leave prison able to read and write fluently (were it not for their inarticulacy, many of them would not be there), and he deplores the well-intentioned but misguided thinking that leads to the greatest failing of the prison system—the terrible waste of time, in intellectual as well as manual labor.

Few of Zeno's prison friends are English, and most are lifers. His existence is brightened by his contact with George Blake, the British spy of Dutch origin, sentenced to forty-two years' imprisonment. For five years in Wormwood Scrubs, the two are intimate friends. Zeno admires Blake for his love of mankind, which he himself feels but is unable to practice so wholeheartedly. Paradoxically, it is Blake the prisoner who points the way to the educational possibilities of prison life. He is the center of feverish intellectual activity. A brilliant linguist, he devotes hours to teaching German to a West Indian who is incomprehensible in his native English, and he is himself reading for an external degree in Classical Arabic. Zeno describes a frequent evening scene: Blake in his dimly lit cell, surrounded by his acolytes, who read to each other from French newspapers in strong Cockney accents. At other times, the scholar is discovered alone, standing, reading the Koran. It is this practical love of his fellow-prisoners that inspires universal respect and affection. After Blake's celebrated escape, in October of 1966 (he is presumed to have achieved the impossible feat of slipping through the police net to reach safety behind the Iron Curtain), a spirit of riotous hilarity overcomes both the "screws" and the prisoners. Characteristically, Blake had thought of his friends even at this crucial time; he had given Zeno no hint of his intention, for fear of jeopardizing his friend's impending release by subjecting him to charges of complicity. Zeno hears of the flight over the wall on a B.B.C. news program, and he has to grasp its personal significance amidst the sound of rattling bars, exhilarated whoops, and snatches of "For he's a jolly good fellow" from the other cells. When the inevitable clampdown of security and curtailment of leisure activities come, in response to political pressure, Zeno knows what Blake's reaction would be: "It would upset George to know that he, who while he was here had a greater concern for others than any man I have ever met, was responsible for this."



Zeno has a surprisingly balanced view of his hermetic world. He recognizes the good "screws" and the bad ones, the value of some reforms and the ill effects of others. He tries to accord just praise to every man, although his allegiance must remain firmly on the side of the prisoners. He admires Jack Beaumont, mail officer for the Central Prison, censor of the prisoners' letters, and repository of their most intimate domestic secrets, and compares him with "screws" who have been seen roaring with laughter over the contents of a prisoner's mail. He observes the prisoners' self-defeating thirst for violence and their desperate craving for affection. He sees inhumanity on both sides. He watches a short-term prisoner take his obligatory daily exercise on a patch of land where lies the unmarked grave of his brother, hanged in the same prison for murder. Zeno is clearly a kindly man, and if one forgets his crime he is a good man. Yet prison deprives him of some of his kindliness and warmth; he loses most of his friends to other prisons or the outside world, and he becomes more solitary, even misanthropic. After nine years, when he is released on parole for the rest of his life, he realizes that he has known contentment in his cell and is reluctant to leave it; freedom seems an intolerable imposition, and the endless days stretch menacingly ahead. Unable to make decisions, he loses himself in daydreams: "Perhaps this is a good thing, for was it not a decision of mine which resulted in the death of a man, and as a consequence the destruction of myself as a social entity of any value?" As he quits Wormwood Scrubs, his calm is as great, his curiosity as lively as in the microcosmic world within its walls. He knows something of the traditional agoraphobia of the released prisoner and he sees the bustling confidence of his friends with puzzled amusement. He is still proud, still dignified, but afraid of the humiliation he could so easily incur by violating an unfamiliar and contemporary social code.

In prison, tobacco is his lifeblood. The only commodity that provides continuity with the prisoner's former adult life, it is also a currency and the beginning of a chain of barter. It buys every luxury—alcohol, sex, another man to scrub out a cell, a little sugar to sweeten the unpalatable food. It is painstakingly smuggled in by men who have the good fortune to be in outside working parties, and is then rolled in papers into rough, wispy cigarettes. When Zeno steps outside the wicket gate of Wormwood Scrubs and enters a tobacconist's shop for the first time in nine years, it is for him the quintessential moment of freedom. The tobacconist's shop in a working-class district is the stronghold of the British workingman and the haven of the serious smoker. Along its shelves are ranged pipe cleaners, snuff, tins of tobacco, and packets of every brand of cigarette, in twenties, tens, and fives. Here, in the early-morning gloom, the government's betrayal of the Socialist cause is debated. One shop is frequented by the same men for their working life; they dream of possessing it upon their retirement from the factory. Zeno has been given four half crowns to see him through a day of freedom. Perforce a stranger in the tobacconist's shop, he is seized by panic and by the realization that he has forfeited his place in the scheme of solid British values; he is now a stranger in the confident routine. Should he surrender two of his half crowns for his packet of ten Players, or only one? The price has changed, he knows, but by how much? At all costs, the tobacconist must not suspect a hesitation in a stranger that in another man would be dismissed as temporary preoccupation. Zeno resolves his anguish by putting down two half crowns and asking, in addition, for a box of Swan Vestas matches, which by virtue of their smooth, stout wood and unerring flame are called The Smoker's Match; they cost fivepence. The man behind the counter notices nothing.

"Life" is an extraordinary record. It provides few definitive answers but poses many valuable questions. Zeno clearly illustrates the injustice of capital punishment. Are the judges and the juries who have sentenced his companions fit to condemn, and are the "screws" the men to perpetrate the deed? Far from being the saintly creatures who of necessity must run a really humane establishment of incarceration and prepare men for useful social life, the prison staff are men with weaknesses like any others—minions all too often paid to treat their fellow-men as beasts or morons. What does it mean to rob a man of his time, and who reaps the benefit? Is captivity a satisfactory way of paying back society, and is society aware that it is being served? "The public," Zeno rightly points out,

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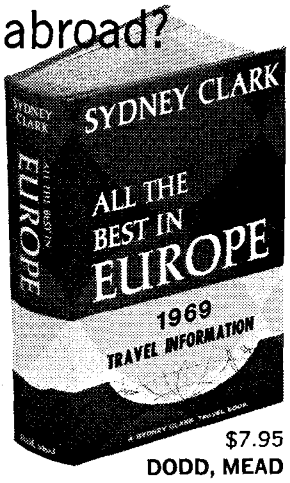

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"is not very interested in prisons or what goes on in them, unless it happens to be bloodcurdling and exciting." The public gasps when a judge metes out sentences of crippling length, but only the prisoner bothers to grasp the reality behind the figures. The sporting instinct of the hunt makes men relish the idea of a convict on the run, evading numerically superior forces. Beyond this, the citizen gives little thought to the men who are locked away for his protection.

We respect Zeno's pride in conditions that conspire to rob him of it, his dignity in undignified surroundings, his calm when every temptation is to impassioned lamentation. Chiefly, we admire him for his virtual silence about the terrible crime he has committed. In his case, murder seems a purely private affair and only incidentally a crime against society. He alone is concerned; he will not kill again, but he knew this without nine years in prison. We are made to feel irresistible and total sympathy for this unrepentant murderer. —KENNEDY FRASER

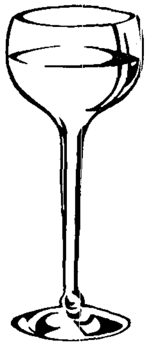
BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE MALEDICTION, by Julian Claman (Dutton). A high melodrama about the fulfillment of a horrible curse, uttered and tape-recorded in Chicago and mailed to the ruthless, vindictive owner of a large black yacht in the Mediterranean. Before the curse strikes him down, the prospective victim, an American financier, is shown exercising his contempt for the weakness of humanity in general on his particular sailing companions, who include his fainthearted son, a fat and foolish British millionaire, a crass movie star, and an international assortment of lascivious women. Mr. Claman is a severe moralist who expresses his own contempt for these members of society by defining them mainly in terms of bestial images. At the same time, the force of his continual moral judgments is qualified by the grandiloquent style in which he plots the magnate's downfall, implying that the viciousness of a very rich man is somehow heroic. The story is told in the present tense, which gives it the sound of a screenplay.

GENERAL

DIARIES, 1915-18, by Lady Cynthia Asquith, edited by E. M. Horsley (Knopf). Nearly every nickname in this perfectly annotated volume con-



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ceals a peer or a peer's relative; its author, a bright young beauty, was the daughter of an earl and the daughter-in-law of the Prime Minister, and most of the settings are stately homes. Yet, despite these worldly advantages, the diaries are sad. They record the gallantry and the ensuing decimation of the British aristocracy in the First World War. The men Lady Cynthia knew struggled, one after another, to get into action, and, one after another, were killed. She lost innumerable friends, two brothers, and a brother-in-law; her husband survived with a few minor wounds and what seems to have been a short bout of shell shock. Then, too, in the course of these years, Lady Cynthia realized that her elder son (born in 1911) was abnormal, though psychiatry could not then give his defect (autism) a name. The editor says that he has cut the most painful passages dealing with the boy, but some that remain are painful enough—among them D. H. Lawrence's well-meaning philosophical and psychological diagnoses (he was Lady Cynthia's close friend), which are as painful as only self-confident bad advice on a serious matter can be. Lady Cynthia took refuge from her troubles in flirting, reading, and self-pity. Poor butterfly? Not quite. A brilliantly gifted writer leading an intolerable life, and making that life—in prose, anyhow—engrossing. Ten dollars.

NAPOLEON AFTER WATERLOO, by Michael John Thornton (Stanford University Press). The title means *right* after Waterloo—the two weeks in July-August, 1815, when the ultimate fate of Napoleon, then confined on a British warship, the Bellerophon, cruising off the Devonshire coast, was being decided by the English government. This is an episode that has had scant attention, and Mr. Thornton here sets matters to rights. He tells us in detail about the brush-fire constitutional crisis that the possession of Napoleon's person caused in Britain, centering on his putative "rights" as a world citizen; he gives us a wonderful picture—assembled from the writings of those who dealt with Napoleon—of the man himself; and he offers an astonishing account of the behavior of the British citizens, who had been kept awake nights by Bonaparte for fifteen years and who now swarmed out from the coastal towns in hired boats to gawk at him, swoon over

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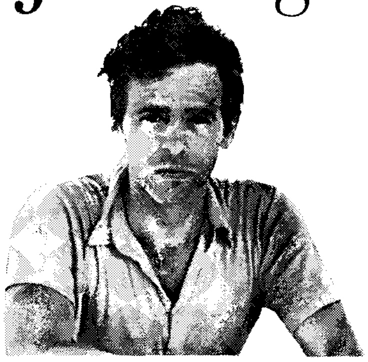

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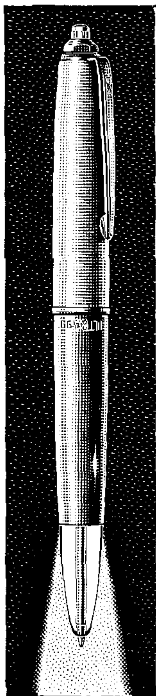

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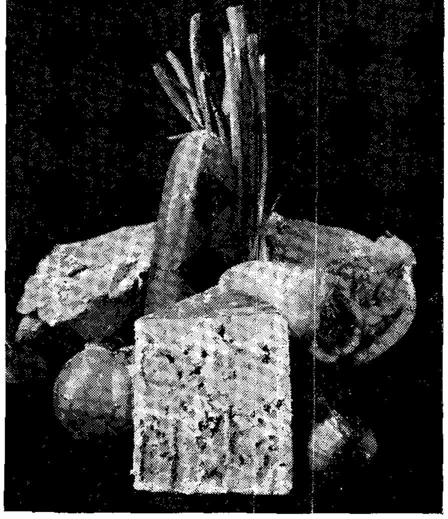
him, and cheer him wildly as he strode the decks of the Bellerophon and, cocked hat in hand, acknowledged the ovations.

THE CASE THAT WILL NOT DIE: COMMONWEALTH VS. SACCO AND VANZETTI, by Herbert B. Ehrmann (Little, Brown). The author, who was one of the lawyers for the defendants, has never doubted their innocence. His book, a careful review of the evidence and the personalities involved in the trial, shows why he believes their conviction was wrong. Mr. Ehrmann's work is persuasive, and it justifies its title—the fascination of the case *is* undying. His thesis—that the Morelli gang committed the crime for which Sacco and Vanzetti were executed—seems less important now than it did in the nineteen-twenties; by contemporary standards, the trial was so flawed that (with Morellis or without) few modern readers would convict Sacco and Vanzetti. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

THE HISTORY OF ITALY, by Francesco Guicciardini, translated and edited, with notes and an introduction, by Sidney Alexander (Macmillan). When Guicciardini (1483-1540), a Florentine lawyer, diplomat, and papal agent, ceased to make Italian history, thanks to his getting on the Medicis' blacklist, he retired and wrote it. His work was, to him, "modern" history—he narrated events from 1490 to 1534, the period in which Italy became the battleground of all Europe. His book, here revealed for the first time in a reliable English translation, is fascinating. His magnificent cast of warring, plotting rulers energetically pursues power. None is up to any good. Each is a remarkable figure, and everybody's wickedness is wonderfully refreshing—unlike twentieth-century wickedness, it does not pretend to moral or ideological justification. The pursuit of power is a sport and an art, and Guicciardini, in detailing that pursuit, is shrewd, pithy, and stylish. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

CHURCHILL REVISED: A CRITICAL ASSESSMENT, by A. J. P. Taylor, Robert Rhodes James, J. H. Plumb, Basil Liddell Hart, and Anthony Storr (Dial). Five English authorities discuss five aspects of the late Prime Minister in an attempt at an up-to-date and down-to-earth appraisal. Every one has something useful to contribute. Mr. Taylor and Mr. James, who, respectively, write

New Blue Law for green salad



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on Churchill as a statesman and as a politician, are particularly good—for Americans, especially—when they explain why Churchill's political colleagues long distrusted him. As a whole, though, the book does not give the reader a vivid sense of the man. It is a work of dissection; it makes its subject both deader than he is and less lively than he was.

Picturesque Itinerary of the Hudson River and the Peripheral Parts of North America, by J. Milbert, translated from the French and annotated by Constance D. Sherman (Gregg). Jacques Gérard Milbert was a French artist and engineer who came to the United States in 1815 to see what he could see. While here, he received a commission from the French government to collect and send home every animal, vegetable, and mineral specimen he could find. Milbert stayed until 1823, touring New York, New England, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. This enchanting book is an account of his travels. Though his interests were not primarily social, he did describe Americans and their society, as in his sprightly account of Saratoga's summer visitors: "In the morning everyone drinks the water religiously; at night they make fun of it." What Milbert conveys over and over is the thrilling beauty of our still new landscape. It is a delight to share his pleasure. The book is well translated and illustrated with reproductions of Milbert's engravings. It costs twenty dollars. A portfolio of somewhat foggy reproductions of Milbert's lithographs is seventy-five dollars.

Note: Bobbs-Merrill has published "Whitmore," Fred C. Shapiro's account of the almost endless legal tribulations of George Whitmore, who, during intensive police interrogation, confessed to a variety of crimes—including the murders of Janice Wylie and Emily Hoffert, for which another man was later tried and found guilty. Much of the book first appeared in these pages.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Slay Me Suddenly, by Antony Brown (Walker). Antony Brown's first mystery novel is a great success—no fault to be found with the plot, no fault to be found with the characterization, no fault to be found. Gil Penrose, a very young Englishman, has taken the job of running Coronet Airways' Valencia

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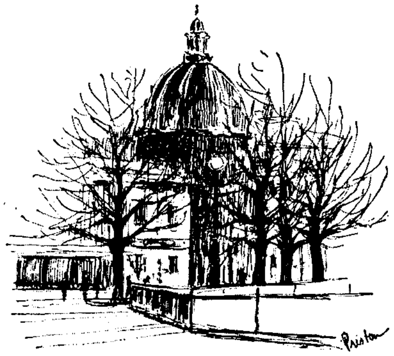

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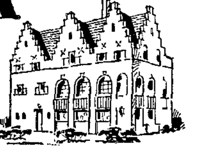

office to keep himself going until he gets up enough energy to resume his study of Spanish folk music, but he likes girls, and they like him, and his devouring passion for Miss Marlou Jones drags him right into the middle of a lot of trouble. This is one of the really nifty ones, with a fast start and an even faster finish.

DEAD STRAIGHT, by Donald MacKenzie (Houghton Mifflin). Another of Mr. MacKenzie's wellborn Canadian jailbirds (this time a former burglar named Macbeth Bain) answers an ad in a London newspaper and gets a job as a kind of bodyguard to a hysterical widow who is being threatened from beyond the grave. When, of course, she is killed, the luckless Bain is on the run with every man's hand (Scotland Yard's, the underworld's, the actual murderer's) raised against him, and, like Richard Hannay in "The Thirty-Nine Steps" and the heroes of a hundred other thrillers, he must solve the crime to save himself. Mr. MacKenzie sees that he does so in a manner that is sufficiently brisk and ingenious to fully fix our attention.

DIE LAUGHING, by Richard Lockridge (Lippincott). One more fast, light New York City smoothie by Richard Lockridge, who runs uptown, downtown, and straight into my lady's chamber, where he has to go, sooner or later, because the lady has been murdered there—not as she slept but as she was getting ready to go out to a nice Sunday lunch with friends. The lady has many friends—she is a beautiful, famous, rich actress with a lot of ex-husbands. One of them lives at the Players Club, on Gramercy Park, and Mr. Lockridge manages to get us all into the bar there for a few glamorous minutes.

•

Eban, in a press statement on the Nasser interview and which was published locally in the newspaper Haaretz, said Nasser's statements were so startling he will discuss their implications with other governments and with Gunnar, jarring the United Nations Middle East peace envoy.—*Boston Herald Traveler.*

Well, he's been shook up before.

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OUR OWN BUSINESS DIRECTORY

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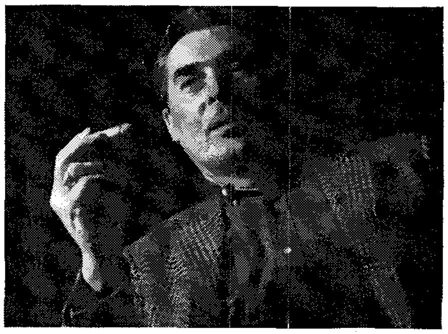

Dear Miss Walker,
I'm having a wonderful vacation and putting work completely out of my mind. The Colonial Inn in Concord has been the highlight of my trip, and I want you to thank your sister's friend for recommending it. In fact, it would be a good spot for our spring sales meeting. It has all the facilities, and it's reasonable – but let's not talk shop. The food is great, *real* New England cooking for a change. (Incidentally, don't let everyone go haywire on lunch hours while I'm away.) I'm getting to be quite a history buff, and this Inn has quite a story of its own . . . which I won't go into because I've already kept you from your work too long.
A.W.T.
P.S. What have you done about the Willard account?
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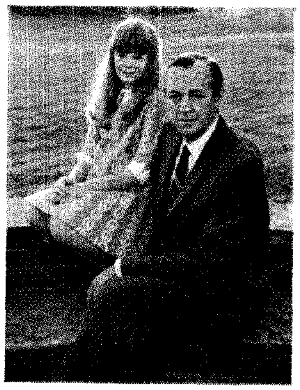

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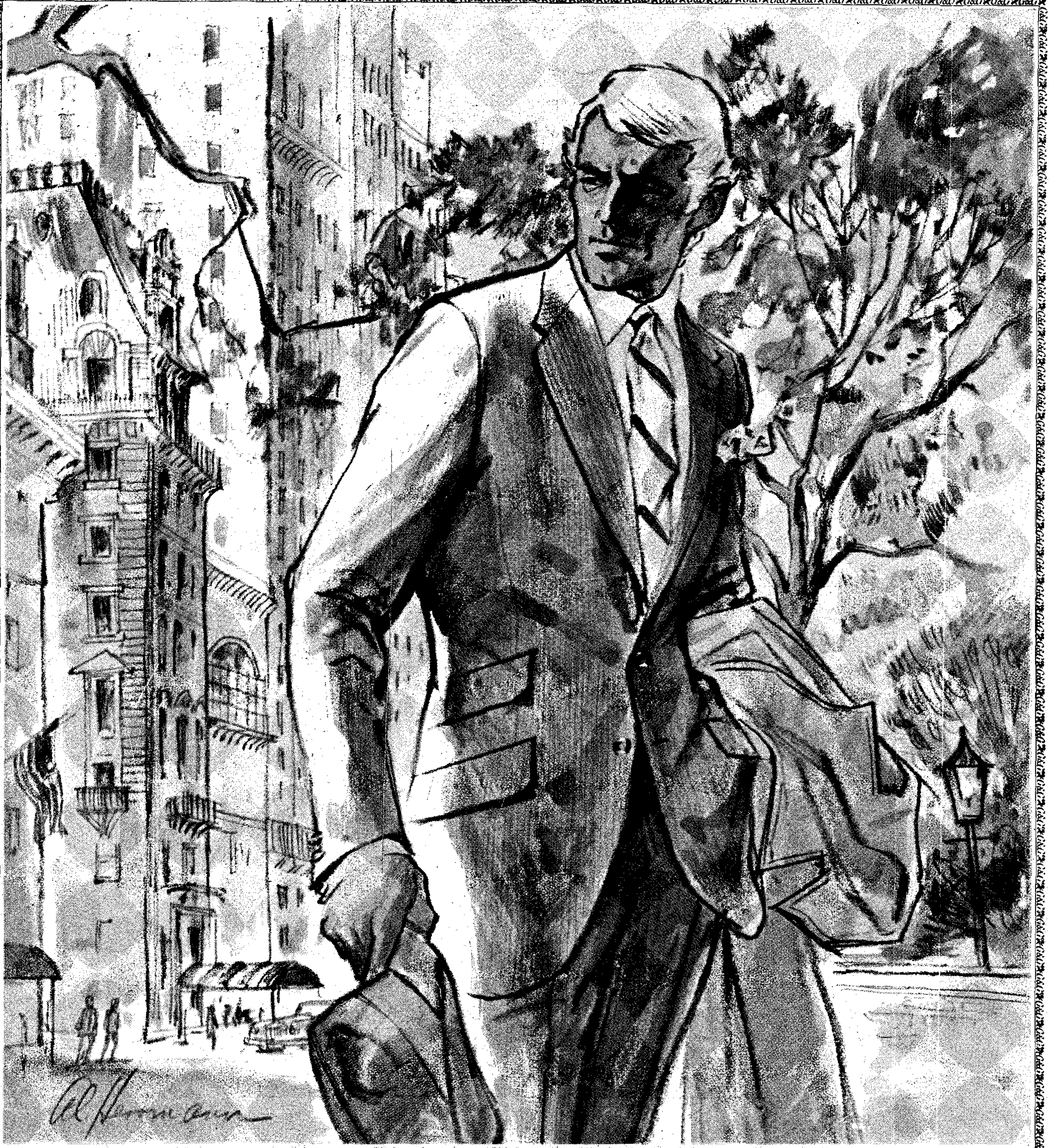

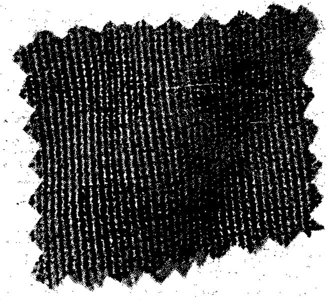

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